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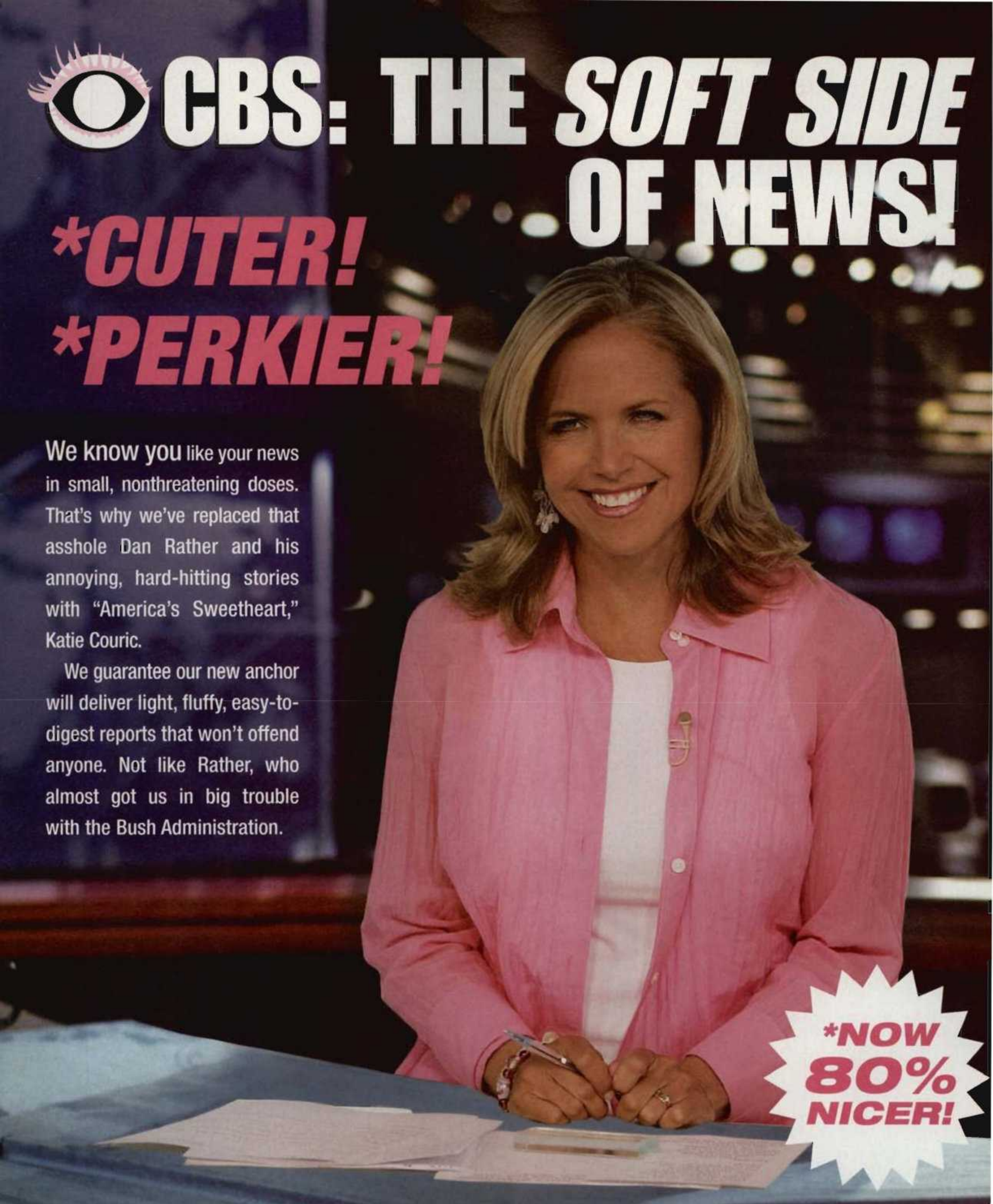

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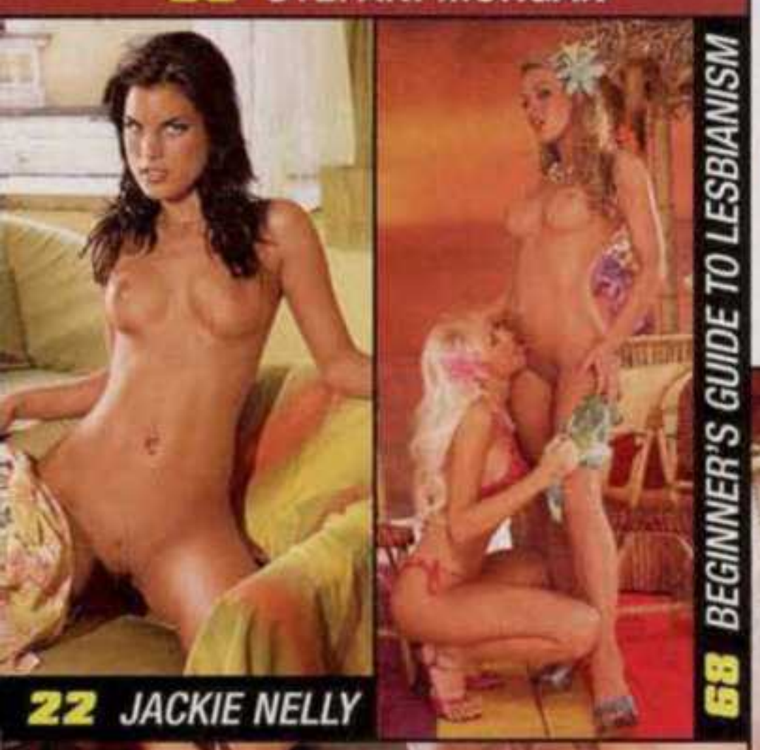

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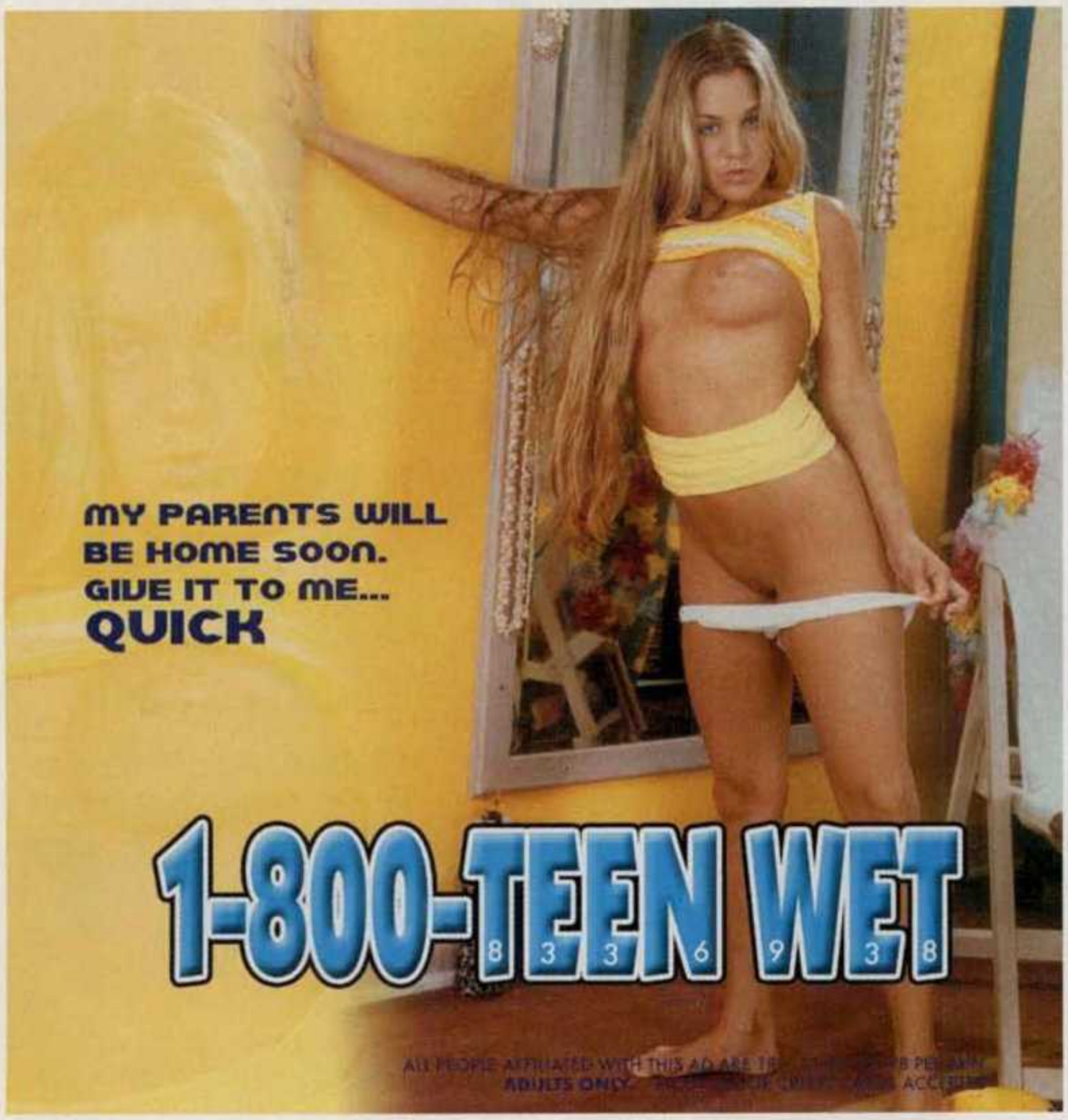

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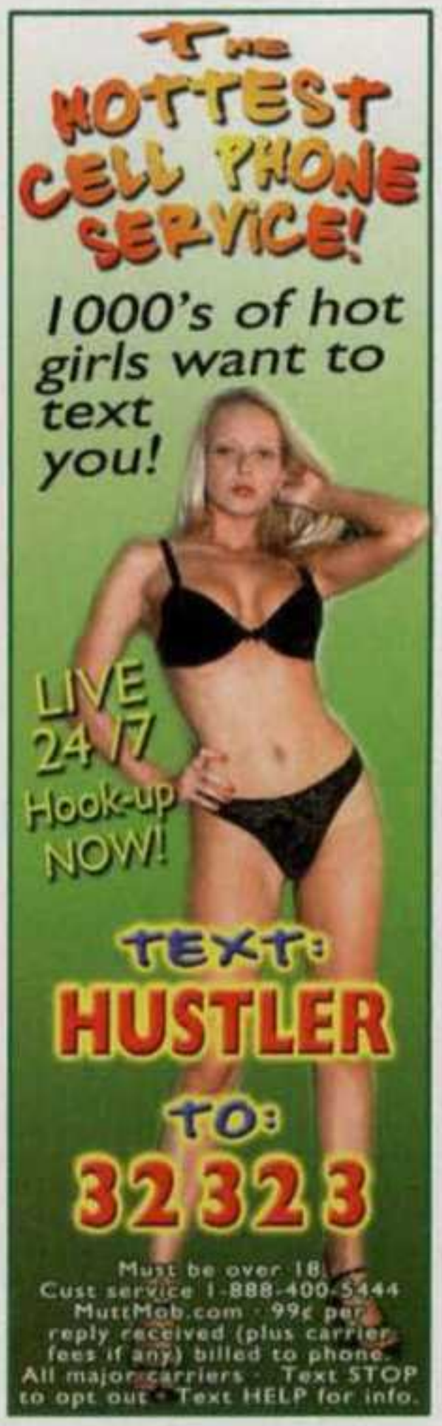
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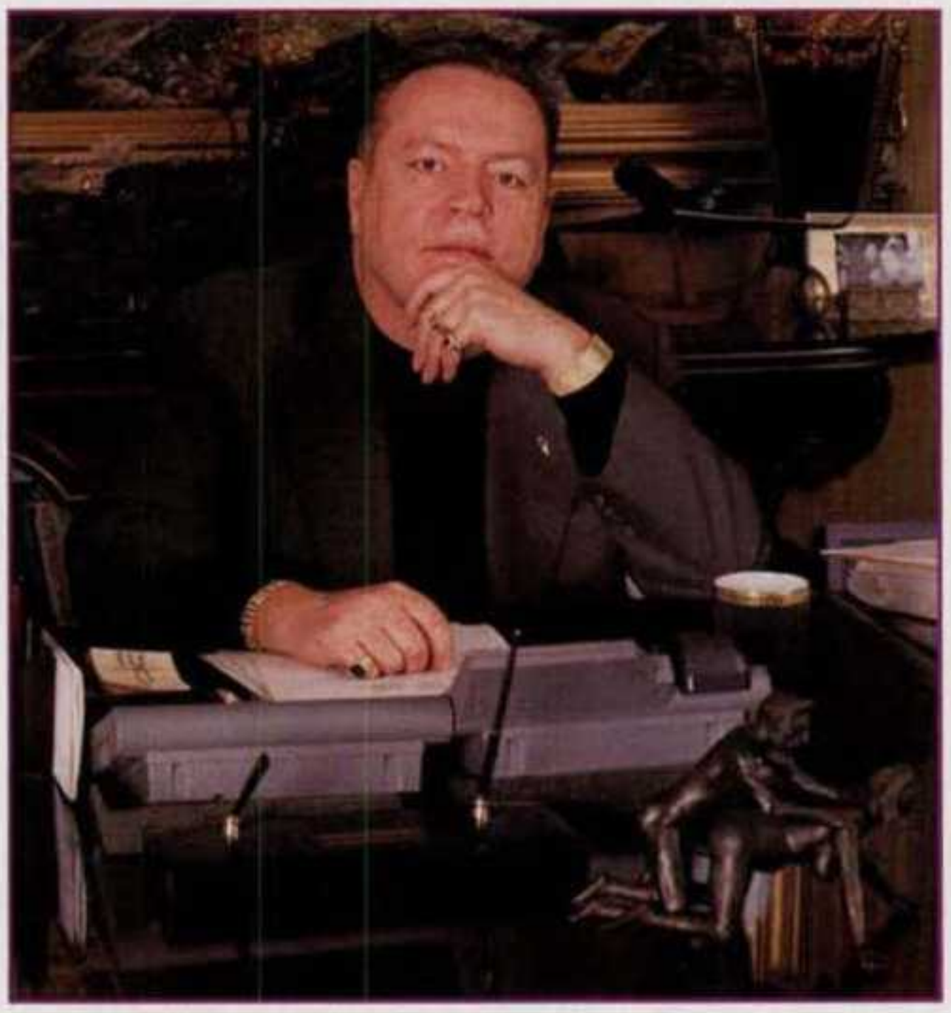
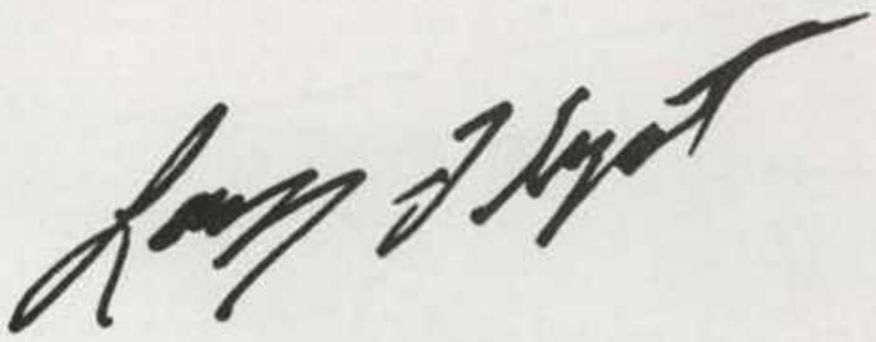


HOW TO INVEST YOUR MONEY

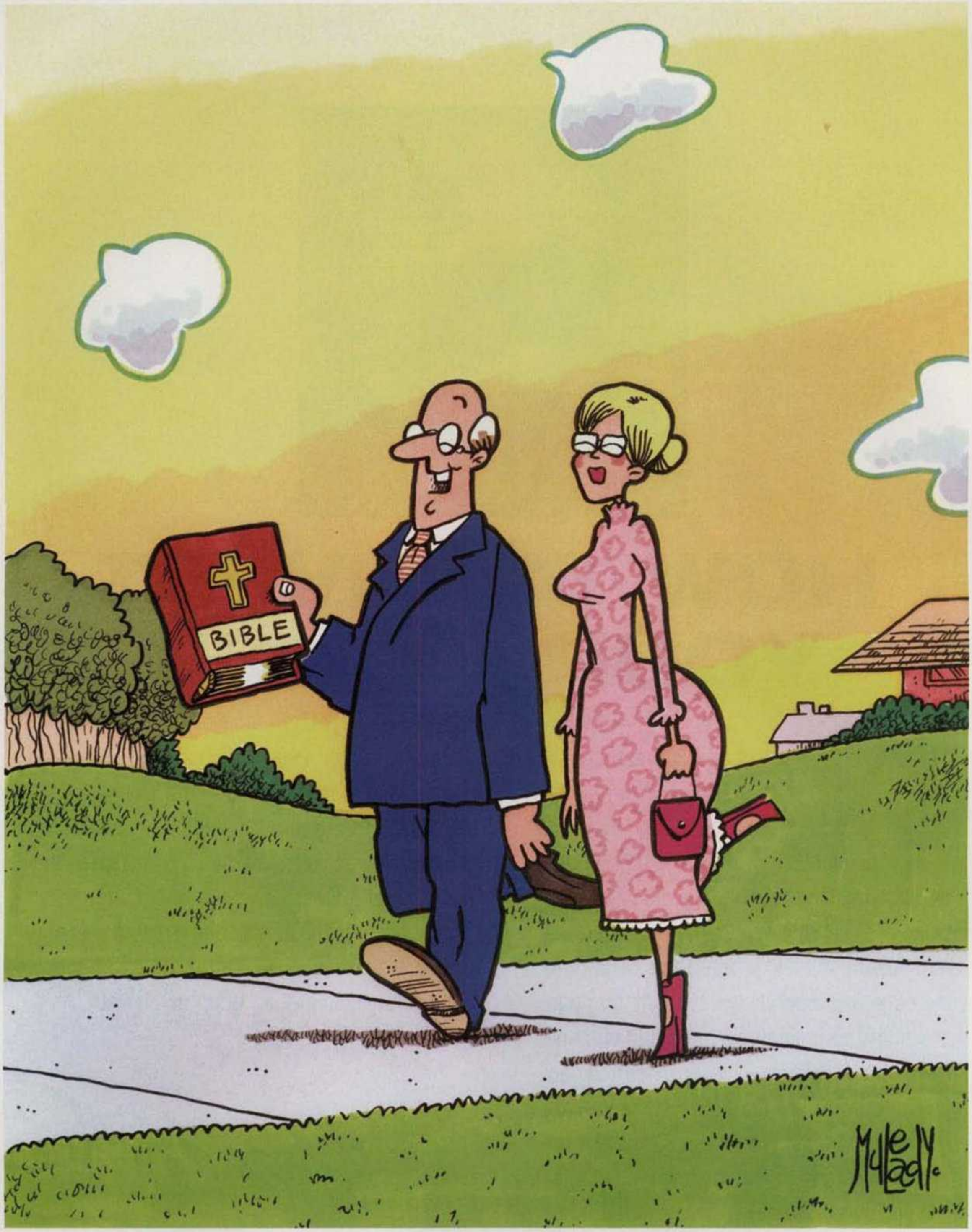
The prices of gold, silver and copper are going up. Or are they? From my point of view it only appears that their value is increasing, since the U.S. dollar is actually declining in value. Five and a half years of fiscal mismanagement by the Bush Administration have brought this country to the edge of economic collapse. All that has prevented complete economic ruin is China, Saudi Arabia and (to a lesser extent) Japan buying up much of America's staggering debt. Now there are signs that the Chinese, if not other trade partners, are getting tired of this deal.

If you've got money to invest, put it into something real, something tangible (such as gold or silver) that will retain its value if and when Bush finally causes the kind of hyperinflation that existed in the Weimar Republic of Germany following World War I. The currency there became so devalued in the 1920s that it took a wheelbarrowful of money just to buy a bottle of milk and a loaf of bread.

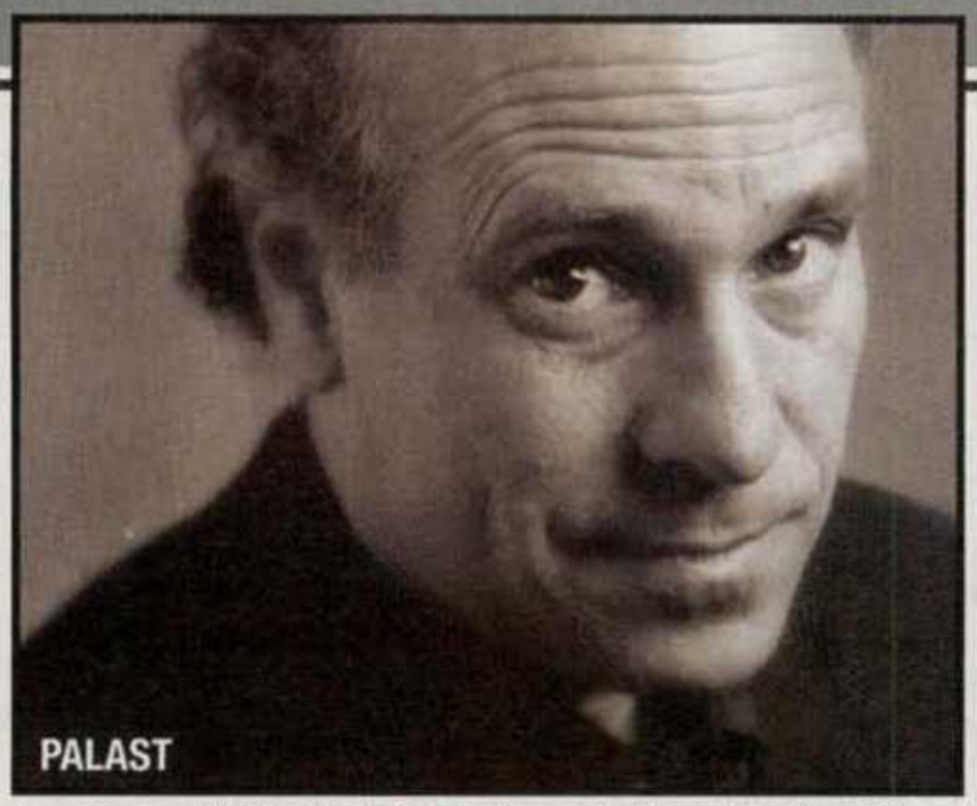
I hope that day never comes here, but the smart money is preparing for its arrival.



Larry Flynt
Publisher



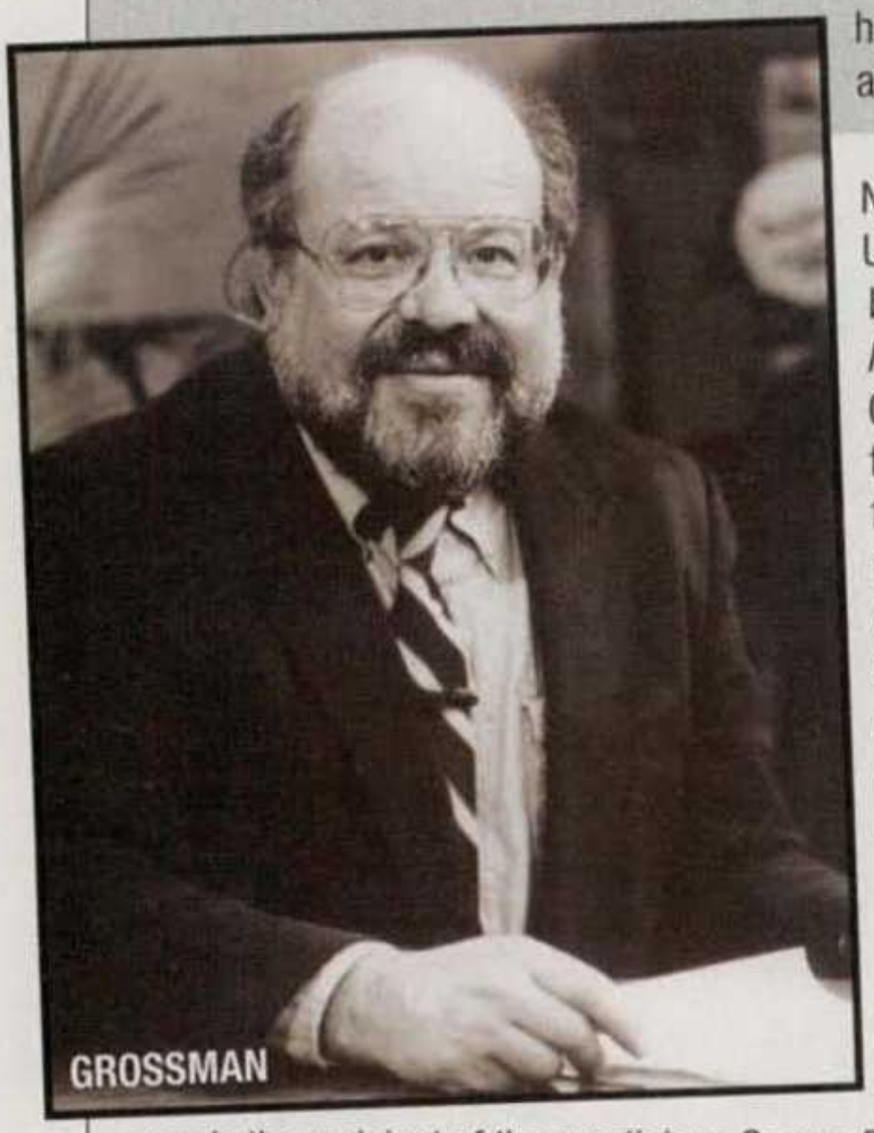
"While the Bible doesn't have *all* the answers, it does give me the opportunity to be as ignorant and unbelievably stupid in the face of cold, hard facts as I want to be!"


PALAST

Greg Palast is an American-born investigative reporter for the British Broadcasting Corporation and the author of several books, including *The Best Democracy Money Can Buy* ("The Truth About Corporate Cons, Globalization and High-Finance Fraudsters"). Beginning on page 36 is an excerpt from his latest exposé, *Armed Madhouse*, detailing the class war in America. Palast is well known for his Sam Spade-style accounts, from the Tony Blair "Lobbygate" fiasco in 1998 to vote-rigging in Florida during the 2000 election. From Enron to the IMF to the WTO, this tough-as-nails muckraker ruffles all the right feathers. Palast's reports can be seen on BBC Television's *Newsnight* and in the U.S. on BBC World, while his articles have appeared in Britain's *The Guardian* and *The Observer*, as well as *The Nation*, *The Washington Post*, *Harper's* and HUSTLER. At the 2005 Sundance Film Festival, Palast was presented the George Orwell Courage in Journalism Award for his documentary *The Bush Family Fortunes*.

PHOTO BY CHARLIE SOLOMON
TERRY

Dr. Natasha Terry is a relationship and sex therapist to the stars, author of the online book *365 Days, 365 Ways for Love, Sex and Romance* and has produced more than 23 "sex self-help" videos (all available at DrNatasha.com). The certified clinical sexologist, who earned a doctoral degree at the Institute for Advanced Study of Human Sexuality, uses her expertise to teach men and women to have a rich, rewarding sex life. Originally from San Antonio, Texas, Terry vowed to learn everything she could about foreplay and intercourse after a failed first marriage, and she hasn't had a bad time in bed since. The open-minded lady divides her time between Austin (operating a "love shop" called 365 Days, 365 Ways) and Los Angeles, where she has a private sex therapy practice. Dr. Natasha shares some of her secrets with us on pages 42-44 with the article *Multiple Orgasms for Men*.


GROSSMAN

Nuclear industry expert **Karl Grossman** is a professor of journalism at the State University of New York's College at Old Westbury and the author of several books, notably *Wrong Stuff: The Space Program's Nuclear Threat to Our Planet*. Continuing our investigation into the hazards of the "nukes" industry is the scholar's latest HUSTLER report, *The Coming Atomic Apocalypse: Part 2*. Starting on page 80, Grossman outlines the Bush Administration's push to revive nuclear power in America. For decades, he has combined investigative reporting and environmental concerns in articles that have also appeared in publications like *The New York Times*, *Newsday* and *The Nation*. Grossman is the recipient of the prestigious George Polk Award and other honors.

ALFVEGREN

Skylaire Alfvegren began delving into reality's inexplicable nether regions at a young age, conducting paranormal investigations while still in elementary school. Her forays into the odd and eerie continue with the opening installment of *Dogma Be Damned!* (pages 58-61), a retrospective on the legendary phenomenalist/skeptic Charles Fort. Currently a denizen of Las Vegas, Alfvegren launched her writing career at 17 with the column "File of the Damned" in the L.A.-based magazine *Fizz*. Her first book, *Weird Nevada*, will hit bookstores soon.

HEY, DADDY, WOULD YOU SAY THAT PRESIDENT BUSH IS A BIG LIAR?

ACTUALLY, I'D CALL HIM A *CONVINCING* LIAR, SON, BECAUSE HE CONVINCED HALF OF THE FOOLS IN THIS COUNTRY TO VOTE FOR HIM AND CONVINCED FOLK THAT SADDAM HUSSEIN HAD WEAPONS OF MASS DESTRUCTION.

WINNERS

Barbi Twins Update

We wanted to let you know about an animal-rights movement documentary we're allied with, a still-untitled film by two-time Academy Award winner Curt Johnson. [*The writer/producer's last project was the controversial, critically acclaimed Michael Moore Hates America.*]

Knowing how passionate we are about animal rights, Johnson made us consultants on his new documentary. In the film he covers animal rights trials and the historical arrest of an animal activist who was labeled a "terrorist" for using threatening words on a Web site. Even for non-animal-rights people, this is an outrage because of the breach of the First Amendment.

We have a top-secret list of 32 major celebs scheduled to appear in the documentary, and those already interviewed on camera include Christopher Hitchens, P.J. O'Rourke and Todd Oldham. We'll keep you and HUSTLER readers updated, as we know your magazine supports worthwhile causes.

—Sia Barbi and Shane Barbi-Wahl
Los Angeles, California

PHOTO BY KEN WAHL

The world-famous Barbi Twins showed more than ever when they were featured in our January and August '04 issues. Shooting nude pictures of his wife and sister-in-law was actor Ken Wahl (Vinnie Terranova on the 1987-90 TV series *Wiseguy*).

The photogenic Barbi Twins lend their support to various charitable causes, particularly eating disorders and saving animals. Overcoming bulimia, Sia and Shane have written two books, 1999's *Dying to Be Healthy: A Breakthrough Diet, Nutrition and Self Help Guide* and the recently published *Eco-Anti Diet.*

Republican't

You guys (and girls) rock! Just got the August '06 issue. The story on Ohio and the freaking "Republick'ns" [*Fascism on the March*] is really discouraging! The crap that's going on in this country right now is unbelievable. The problem with the U.S. is that nobody reads anymore. We all watch cable TV and get the government's propaganda on the network news. Howdy to everyone at the CIA!

—John F.
Dallas, Texas

Bald Is Better

I would like to congratulate HUSTLER on 32 years of success. I couldn't ask for a finer publication. I would also like to personally thank Larry Flynt and all involved for standing up for our freedoms. May HUSTLER survive forever.

Another thing: To all you men out there complaining about bald beavers, quit whining! I love seeing a shaved pussy. It looks much sleeker and cleaner, making a slit that much sexier. Face facts, gentlemen: It's all up to the lady, as it's her body and her right to choose.

Finally, I loved Brea, one of the layout models in your July '06 issue. She is a real hottie, and I hope to see more of her again. **—C.A.**
Mason, Michigan

Brea will be the marquee attraction of the next HUSTLER'S BACK-DOOR BABES. Look for the doll's fine fanny (and pretty face) at newsstands soon.

Beaver Chatter

Just a quick note to thank you for placing my picture in the July '06 *Beaver Hunt*. Since I found out I was going to be in the issue, I have been so horny, and my husband loves it! Then when I saw my picture in print, I got so excited, I damn near fucked him to death—and several of my friends, both male and female! I love to think of men from all over the world getting off on my picture. It has given me so much confidence to know that a 35-year-old mother of two still has what it takes.

If you ever need me to spread my legs again—either in a future issue of the magazine or in a *Beaver Hunt* video—please keep me in mind. **—Alyssa**
Carlisle, Pennsylvania

We're grateful that you wished to appear in *Beaver Hunt*, Alyssa. Judging from the following two letters, you've made some fans.

I was shocked and pleasantly surprised when I saw you

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- *Packaged in the perfect travel size tube*

WOMEN TALKING ABOUT PULSEX

DR. AVA CADELL, accomplished author and radio and television personality, is a leading love and relationship expert and has appeared on Good Morning America, CNN, NBC, ABC, Fox News, MTV, VH1, Discovery, Lifetime and E!

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Melody Vargas - Bronx, NY
I came across Pulsex at a recent "novelty" party I attended. I tried it that same night....WOW! ...is all I can say. It was very easy to apply and within a few short minutes, it gave me a warm and enhanced sensation on my vagina. Being in a long time relationship, any new spark I can get is surely welcome. Pulsex really works and I have already bought more last week.

Laura Hall - Los Angeles, CA
Who says sex can't get better? It did the first time I tried Pulsex. I would not have thought that "sexual enhancers" work cause you see so many of them on the market. Pulsex is different. I have used it a dozen times and had some of the best sex with my husband that we have had in our 11 years of marriage. I love it and my husband loves it.

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PulseX

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G. Roberts - Ramsey, NJ
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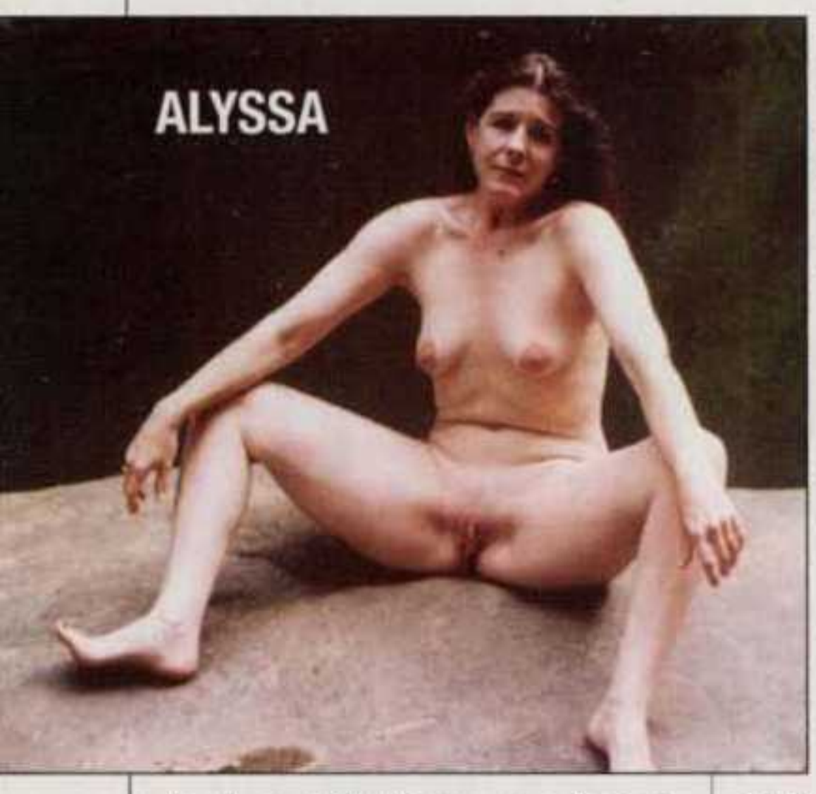


had a girl from my hometown in the *Beaver Hunt* section of your July '06 issue. Unfortunately, I've never seen Alyssa around, but believe me, I'll be keeping my eyes open wider from now on—and not just because we're both residents of the same burg.

After checking out the issue's 13 Beavers and looking back at several other issues, I had to note how real Alyssa looked as she posed in a natural setting—no makeup, no put-ons, just good ol' down-home beauty. My only wish is that you would have shown some more close-ups. She not only spread wider than any of the other contestants, but also showed much more enthusiasm.

I am requesting (and am sure that many other readers will concur) that you print some more of Alyssa's pics in *Beaver Hunt*. It would also be nice to see her as a finalist in the contest; she deserves it. Even better would be seeing that big clit getting licked in a *Beaver Hunt* video.

—Ken Williams
Carlisle, Pennsylvania

Ken, your neighbor will be sharing more of her nude images in BEST OF BEAVER HUNT, coming soon to a newsstand near you.

Hairy Humor

I loved your response to the July '06 *Feedback* letter about how beavers were supposed to be hairy. The humor and truth to that was excellent. I read HUSTLER from cover to cover almost every month, but I have not seen such a humorous reply in years.

Speaking of beavers, I love your *Beaver Hunt* department. However, it seems to me that the girls are showing less, but still getting their pictures printed. Why is this? I am sure that you are not hard up for entries. Too bad all the girls don't show as much as Alyssa. Please show us more of her!

—Jim Mandy
Conway, New Hampshire

Thanks for appreciating our sense of humor, Jim, and joining the Alyssa fan club. As for the Beavers, we'll strive to show more of the goods. Apparently, not all of our entrants have gynecologists shooting their photos. We promise that the pink-spotted beaver won't join the hairy species on our endangered list.

Up, Up and Away!

I'd love to see HUSTLER publish an all-out couples spread in a hot-air balloon or a helicopter with a clear gondola. It would be great to see hard-core sex and nudity in the sky! HUSTLER has the boldest, most outrageous and adventurous layouts of any magazine. How about a high-flying hot-air balloon race pitting two or more naked babes?

—J.P.
Bethlehem, Pennsylvania

We'll have to consult our insurance underwriters, J.P., but your suggestions sound very enticing.

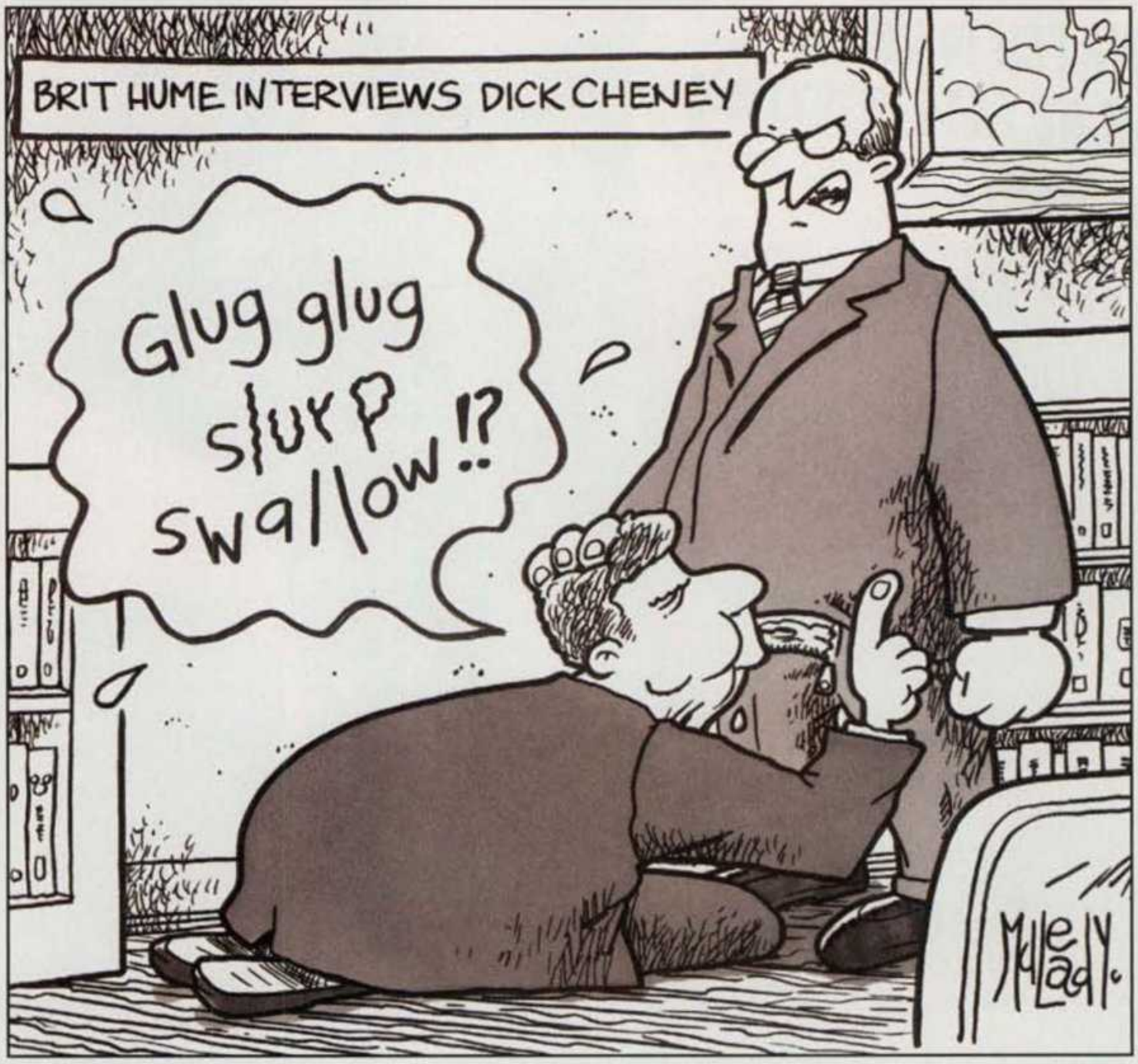
Rock Against Bush

I'm a fan of yours, Mr. Flynt, and I respect you for having the balls to stand up for our freedom of speech and what you believe in. If more people were like you and had a backbone, there wouldn't be a madman in the White House, and America wouldn't be in the current situation regarding Iraq. I'm in a rock band called Glitch, and we have an awesome anti-Bush/antiwar song that I'd like you to hear. Where can I send it to you?

—Andy Maines
Clyde, Ohio

Please send your band's tune to the address below, Andy. We look forward to hearing it.

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail to HUSTLER@lfp.com and be sure to indicate your hometown. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.



"Why, yes, Brit, the country is running smoothly, Sadaam Hussein was linked to al Qaeda, and I haven't shot anybody since February."

HE WAS TRANSFORMED BY HIS OWN SENSE OF SELF-IMPORTANCE.

ATTACK OF THE 500-POUND BLOWHARD!

*SEE THE BLOATED CREATURE ATTACK HIS OWN KIND!

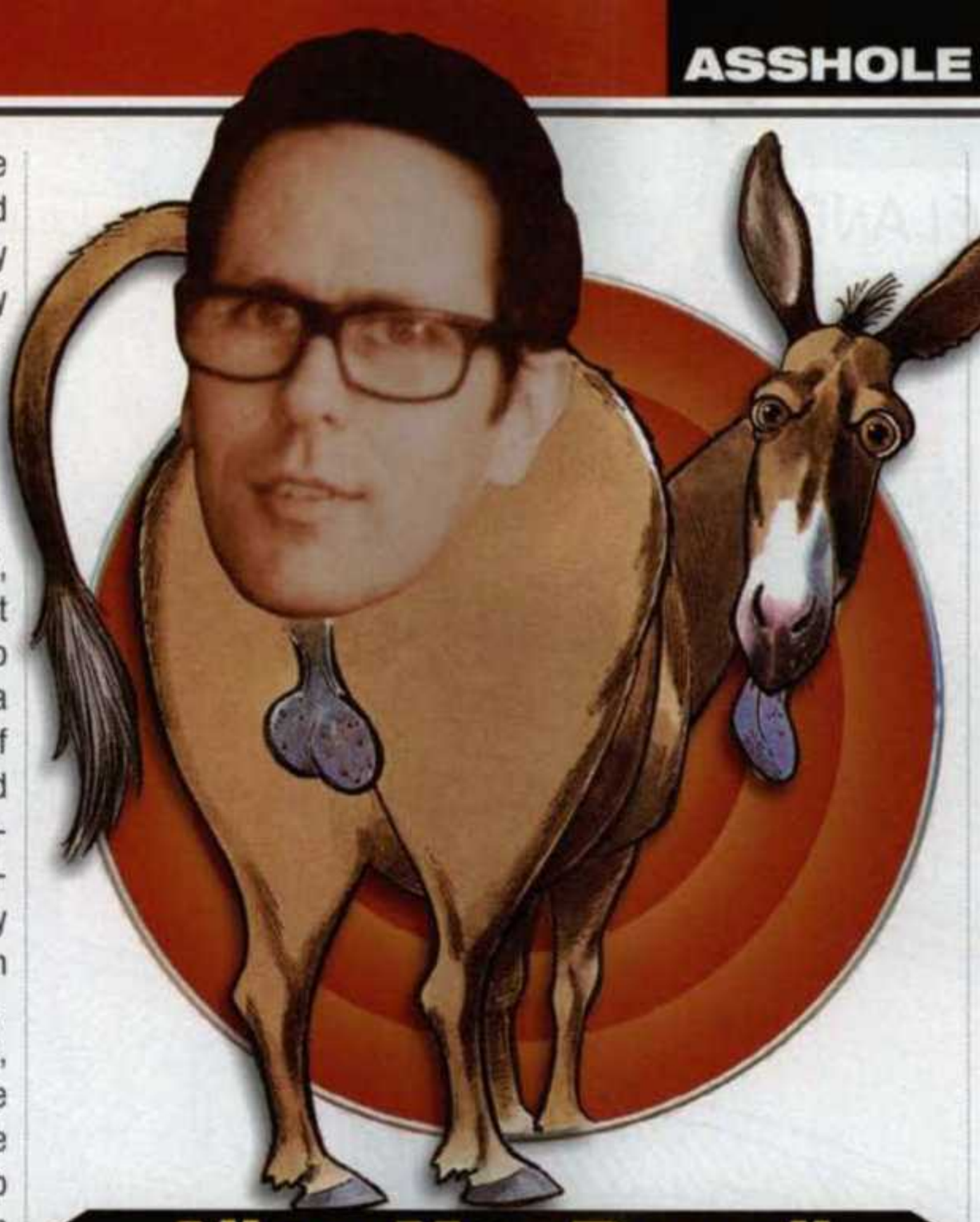
*WATCH IN HORROR AS HE EATS EVERYTHING IN SIGHT!

*GASP IN AWE AS HIS SIZE REACHES HUMONGOUS PROPORTIONS!

Direct to Video!

LARRY FLYNT PUBLICATIONS

HUSTLER Parody: This is not a real ad. This is political commentary in the wake of Alec Baldwin's attack on Larry Flynt. Once again liberals show they will eat their own. Remember, asshole, Larry Flynt was out there fighting the good fight long before your bloated ass ever heard of the corporate media. BTW, we never took sides on DESSARAE BRADFORD's claim that she fucked you in the ass with a purple dildo.



Allan MacDonell

It's been four years since Allan MacDonell (pronounced *MacDonald*) lost his job at Larry Flynt Publications, but some say his spirit still roams LFP's hallways, forlornly muttering about backstabbing staffers and old hangers-on out to steal his job.

MacDonell was HUSTLER's editorial director from 1989 to 2002, running roughshod while Larry Flynt was often out of the picture due to health issues stemming from a near-fatal 1978 shooting. Much of MacDonell's time here, as revealed in *Prisoner of X*—his recently published book—was spent in a drug-addled haze, a fact that partially explains HUSTLER's circulation plunge during his disastrous tenure.

"I smoked my wake-up weed, monitored three Darvocets," he writes of his morning routine. "We squatted back there and shot up portions of what was being sold as China White [heroin], more accurately a garage-lab pseudo opiate."

MacDonell goes on to admit, "I drank myself drowsy. A smoldering cigarette dangled from my fingers and fell into the cushions of the living room couch. The smoke alarm woke me." He once totaled his car and was arrested for DUI.

Drug and alcohol abuse alone cannot explain how this obsequious piece of human garbage brought Larry Flynt's great flagship to near ruin. For that you'd have to know about the fear and loathing MacDonell felt toward his occupation and colleagues. As his book acknowledges, he dreaded going to the office, believed the other editors were mean to him (come on, Allan, this isn't third grade) and disliked working for Flynt. "I had expected every intervening day to be fired," MacDonell writes.

Here's a question: If the guy hated his job so much, why did he stay for 18 years?! MacDonell provides the answer in his book: The editor's horrible attitude and helpless addiction to hard drugs prevented him from ever being hired elsewhere. By his own admission, he was lucky to get in the door at LFP.

Unwittingly, the paranoid, duplicitous weasel goes on to disclose the single greatest reason for his failure as HUSTLER's top editor: He had nothing but contempt for the magazine, considering it mere masturbation fodder. When Flynt warned him about slumping sales, all the intellectually bereft MacDonell could come up with was to make HUSTLER more "stroke-worthy" (his term). After all, how much "stroke value" can you add to what was already America's hottest sex magazine?

It never occurred to Twinkletoes, as some called him, that HUSTLER was missing the reportage, wit and irreverence that had made it so popular before his ill-fated arrival. Just compare the issue you are holding to any of the lackluster ones MacDonell put out. By sucking all the vitality and fun out of its pages, HUSTLER ultimately reflected his own bleak loser's view of the world and himself.

Like all losers, the cowering, cringing MacDonell learned nothing during these crucial years of his life. He blames HUSTLER for the dissolution of his first marriage. (Couldn't it have been the drugs, Allan, or perhaps your funereal personality?) Even more ludicrous, he claims his termination was the result of a speech he gave at a Flynt roast. MacDonell contends that Flynt—who has been called every derisive name imaginable—was offended that his employee had called him cheap.

Listen, scumbag: You were canned for being a total, abject failure. As you drove sales into the basement, your only apparent recourse was to blame others—particularly the cartoonists, writers and photographers. But never yourself.

Take a look in the mirror. Figure out who and what you really are. And do it quickly before your second wife cuts you loose as well. Remember this, you turd: Larry's only mistake was that, out of a misguided sense of loyalty for your years of service (or we should say disservice), he waited so long to let you go.

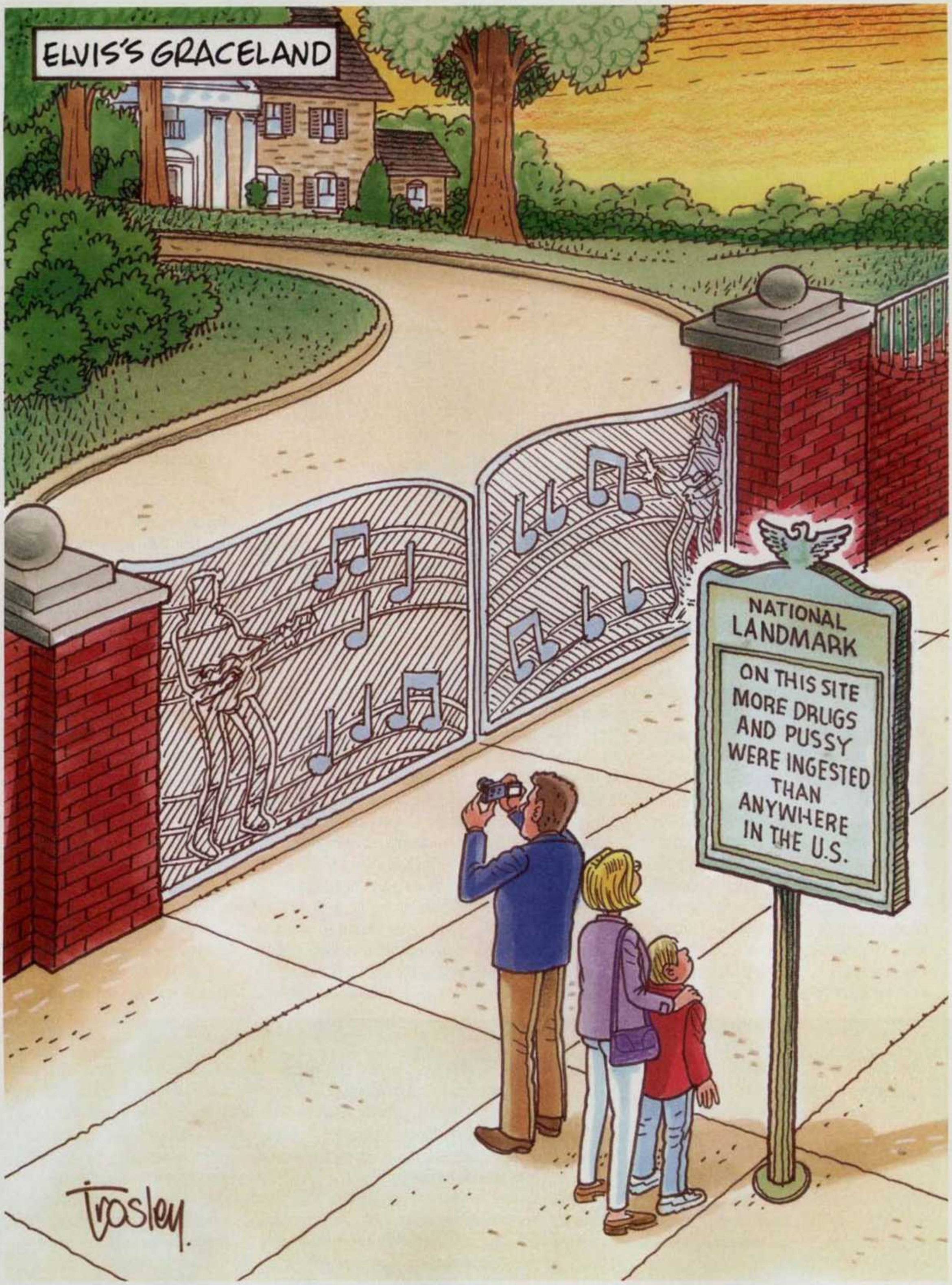
Your book is an embarrassment to us, not because of what you say about LFP, but because of what you reveal about yourself. Every current staffer feels cheapened by their association with you, tenuous as it might be. We don't want anyone to think, even for a moment, that you are representative of Larry Flynt's employees.

You are a wreck of a human being, Allan. Fear seizes you, even in benign situations. Terror grips at your heart like a steel vise, coloring everything you see and do. Unless you have some kind of breakthrough, it always will. How sad.

Farts in the Wind

SCOTT McCLELLAN, President Bush's ass-licking press secretary, has finally been given the boot. As a parting gift, we'd like to recall just how worthless ol' Scotty McDouchebag was. McClellan, known for his androidlike responses and expressionless idiocy, also had the reputation for providing fewer honest answers than even his evil overlord. McClellan used his boring, monotone brand of spin to suppress important questions from the media and flat out lie to the American people about crucial issues like torture, Karl Rove's role in Plamegate, the outsourcing of homeland security and why VP Dick Cheney could conceal information about shooting people in the face. Goodbye, Scott, and good riddance.

ALPHONSO JACKSON is the African-American U.S. Housing and Urban Development Secretary who stirred up controversy after speaking at a national minority real estate consortium. He told the gathering about denying a government contract to a bidder that had professed anti-Bush sentiments. The right-wing powermonger declared, "Why should I reward someone who doesn't like the President, so they can use funds to try to campaign against the President?" Jackson has since denied compromising the bidding process, but he's already a fetid mustard fart to us.


ELVIS'S GRACELAND
NATIONAL LANDMARK
ON THIS SITE MORE DRUGS AND PUSSY WERE INGESTED THAN ANYWHERE IN THE U.S.
Trosley.

Veronica Hart makes quite an impression.

Flynts and XXX stars: (left to right) Eric Edwards, Jimmy Flynt II, Larry Flynt, Joey Hart and Veronica Hart.

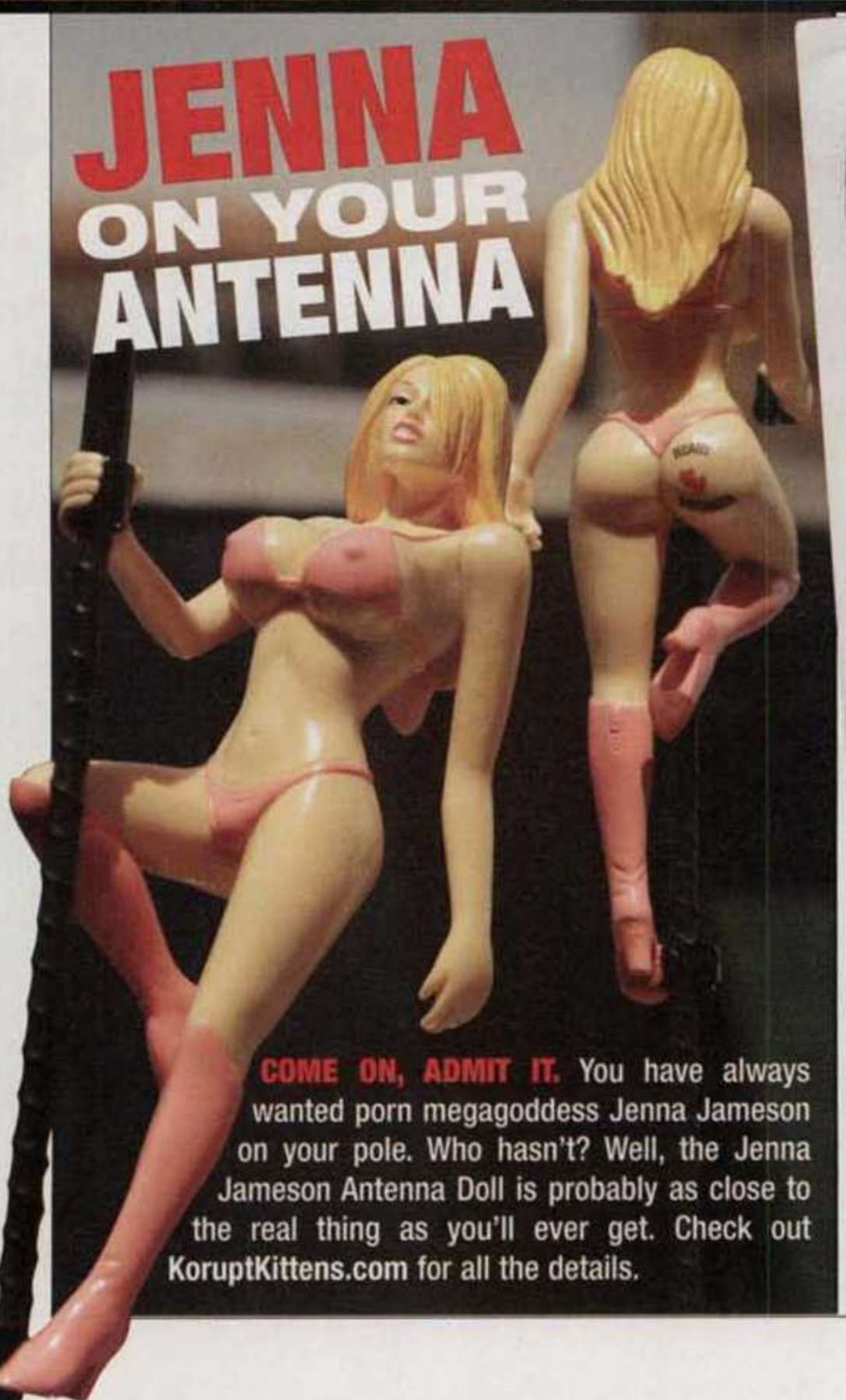
HISTORICAL FIGURES

THE RED CARPET was rolled out once again as HUSTLER Hollywood inducted a pair of porn legends into its ever-growing Walk of Fame. **Veronica Hart** and **Eric Edwards** both had enduring careers as performers in adult films. Larry Flynt, rising video vixen Joey Hart and other industry notables were on hand as these blue movie icons made their mark.

Men of porn.

Jody Maxwell and Bill Margold lend their support.

JENNA ON YOUR ANTENNA



COME ON, ADMIT IT. You have always wanted porn megagoddess Jenna Jameson on your pole. Who hasn't? Well, the Jenna Jameson Antenna Doll is probably as close to the real thing as you'll ever get. Check out **KoruptKittens.com** for all the details.

PORN FROM THE PAST

Thanks and $150 go to B.O. of San Gabriel, California, for this "refreshing" photo. Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER's "Porn From the Past," 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Please include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned.

"There is nothing safe about sex. There never will be."—NORMAN MAILER, AUTHOR

CELEBRITY FANTASY

WHAT WOULD *Sharon Stone* LOOK LIKE WITH A DICK IN HER MOUTH?

SHARON STONE has long presented herself as a Hollywood actress with real star power. So we imagine it was easy to get producers to ante up $70 million to make a *Basic Instinct* sequel, which featured full nudity from the aging blonde.

It must have come as a shock to them (not us) when the film came in at number 10 opening weekend, earning a mere 3 million clams at the box office. Some star power! Guess Sharon is going to have to suck a lot of dick if she ever hopes to get another acting gig. This is a good start.

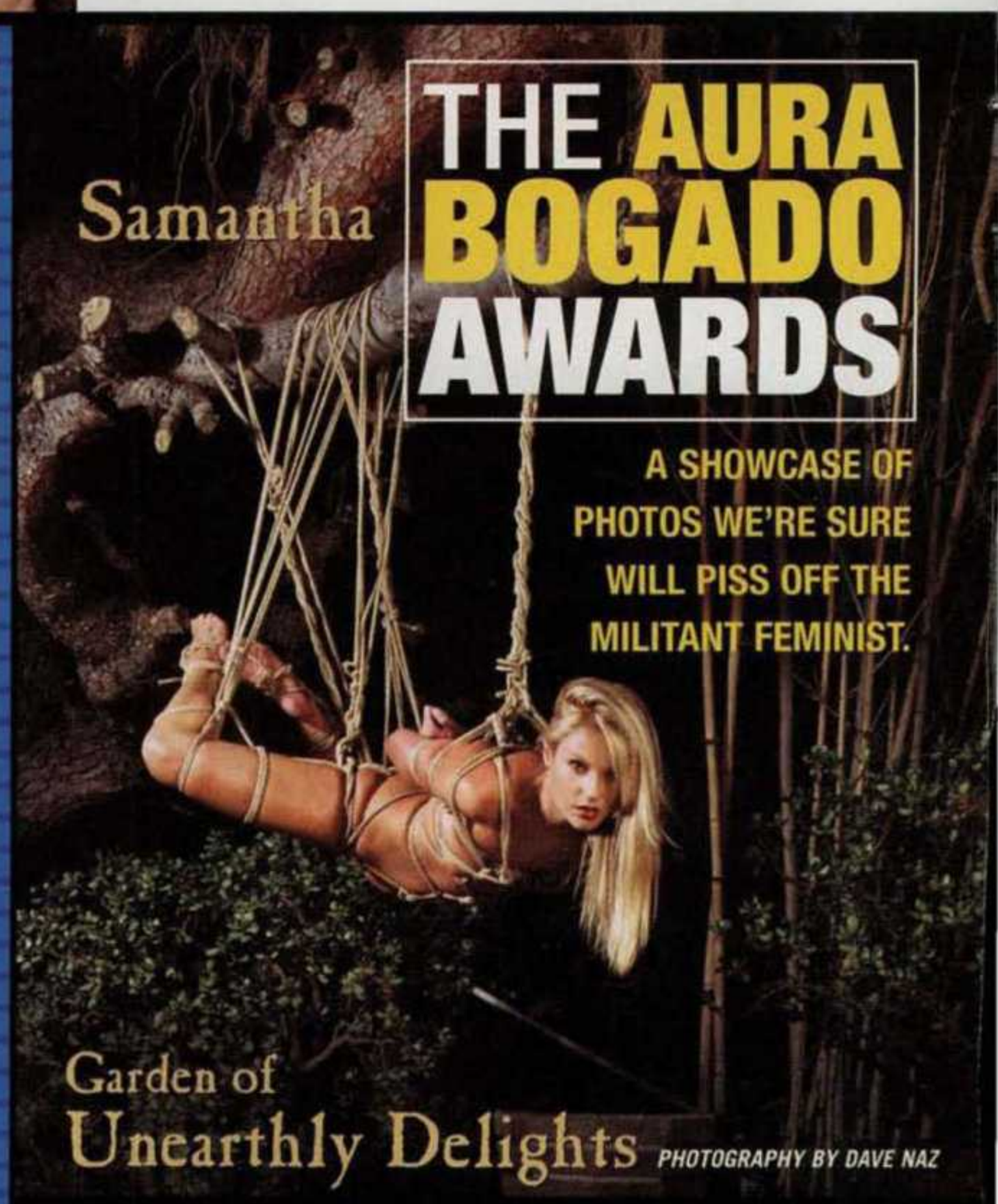
DISCLAIMER. Parody picture; no such picture of Sharon Stone actually exists. This composite fantasy picture is altered from the original for our imagination, does not depict reality and is not to be taken seriously for any purpose. Do not masturbate to this picture.

"It was a woman who drove me to drink—and you know, I never even thanked her." —W.C. FIELDS, 1930S COMIC ACTOR

NEWS BABES

THIS MONTH'S NEWS BABE is Alexandra Steele from The Weather Channel. One look at her, and we're grabbing our umbrellas—and it's not even raining! Thanks to S.G. for submitting this exceptional talking head. Remember, you too can nominate a local or network TV personality, and if we select her for publication, you'll win a HUSTLER Prize Pack.

Send your choice, complete with full name, station and channel (include a picture if possible) to: HUSTLER Magazine, "News Babes," c/o *Bits & Pieces*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.


Samantha
THE AURA BOGADO AWARDS
A SHOWCASE OF PHOTOS WE'RE SURE WILL PISS OFF THE MILITANT FEMINIST.
Garden of Unearthly Delights
PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVE NAZ

Damn, that's the sexiest bird feeder we've ever laid eyes on! Actually, it's an image from a recent issue of our sister magazine TABOO. We can't say enough about a girl who loves to just "hang out."

NEWSBITES

Sex-Crazed Sorority Sisters

Police in Tampa, Florida, arrested 23 members of Westborn College's Sigma Delta Pi sorority on charges that included pandering, racketeering and hazing violations. Seems full-fledged sisters required 36 pledges to each have, within a two-week period, oral sex or intercourse on the first date with seven total strangers. (The arranged partners were men advertising on an online dating service.) Two seniors arrested allegedly had received over $2,500 from guys who went on these sex dates. Man, college sure has changed lately. Some of the editors here are thinking about going back...or at least starting a frat.

Happily Married

A pair of Italian newlyweds really couldn't wait to consummate their marriage. Police in Bergamo who pulled over a weaving vehicle as it drove away from a wedding reception made a startling discovery. Behind the wheel was the partially naked 70-year-old groom, his 59-year-old bride astride him having sex. The man was cited for dangerous driving. A geezer getting laid while operating a car? Yeah, we guess that's dangerous on several levels.

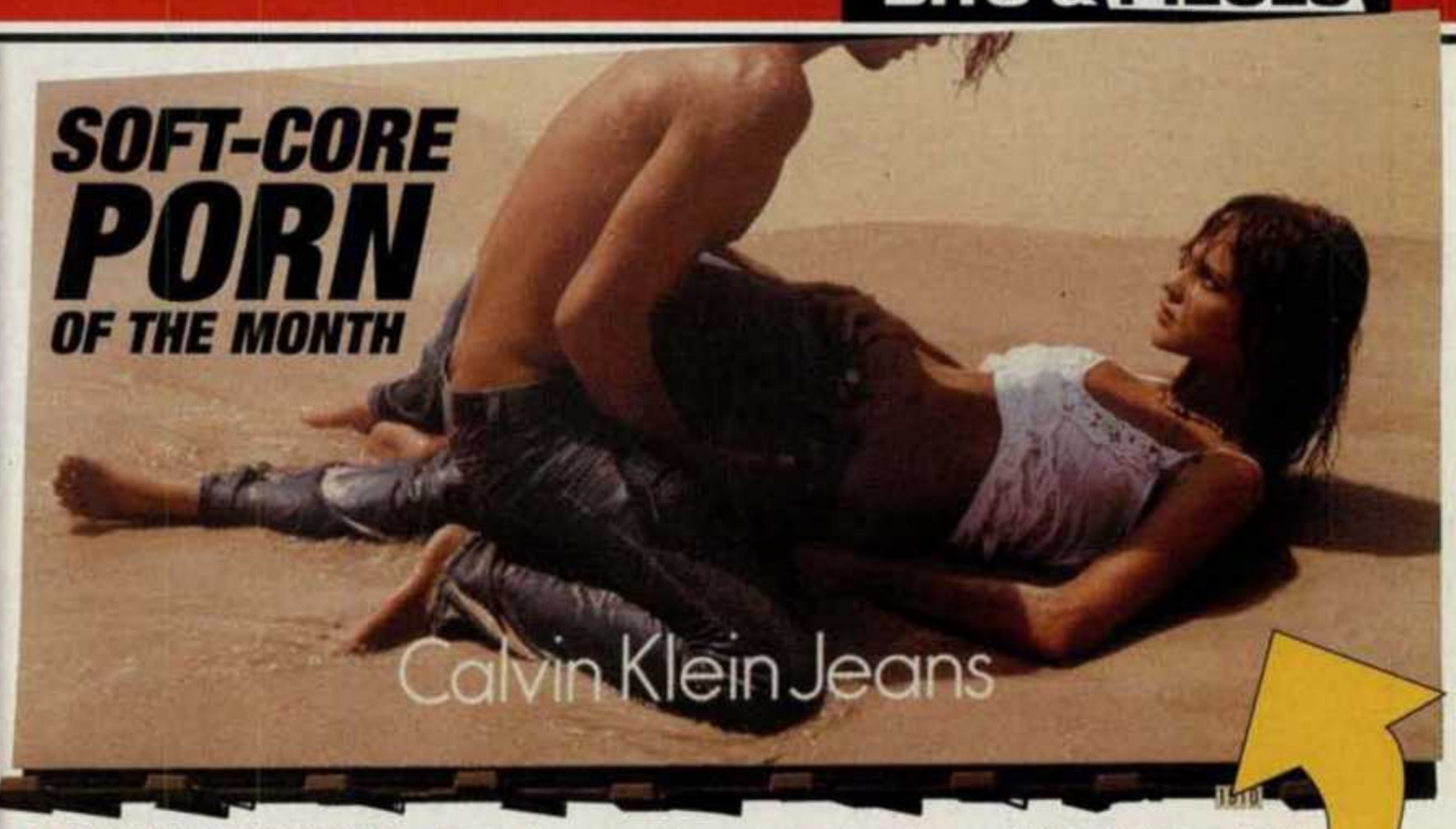
Breaking Bread

A Slovakian woman recently got a little more than she expected from her fresh-baked bread. The lady was cutting a loaf in half and discovered a surprise inside that turned out to be a rubber. She returned the tainted loaf to the bakery in exchange for a piping-hot, condom-free loaf. Yes, nothing beats fucking fresh bread. Oh, our apologies! We mean making love to fresh bread.

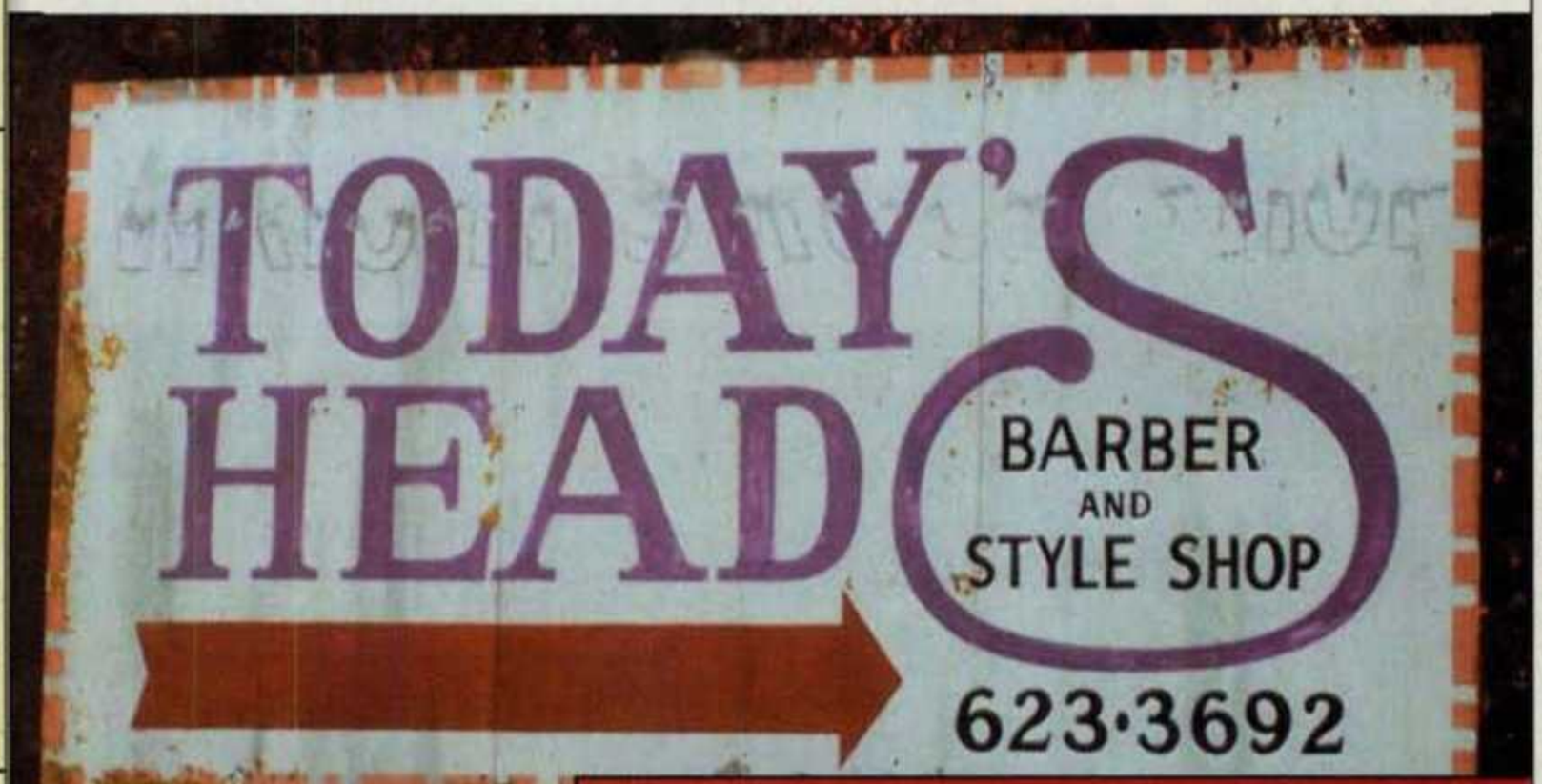
Cozy Quarters

Looking for an affordable place to live in New York City? Well, a wealthy, 33-year-old businessman has a prime Manhattan pad complete with TV, DVD player and computer—rent-free. But only an "attractive, playful and submissive woman" willing to have sex need apply. The charitable, lonely fellow has since pulled his ad off the CraigsList Web site after police informed him his indecent proposal was tantamount to prostitution. And they say you can't find reasonably priced housing in the Big Apple.

SOFT-CORE PORN OF THE MONTH



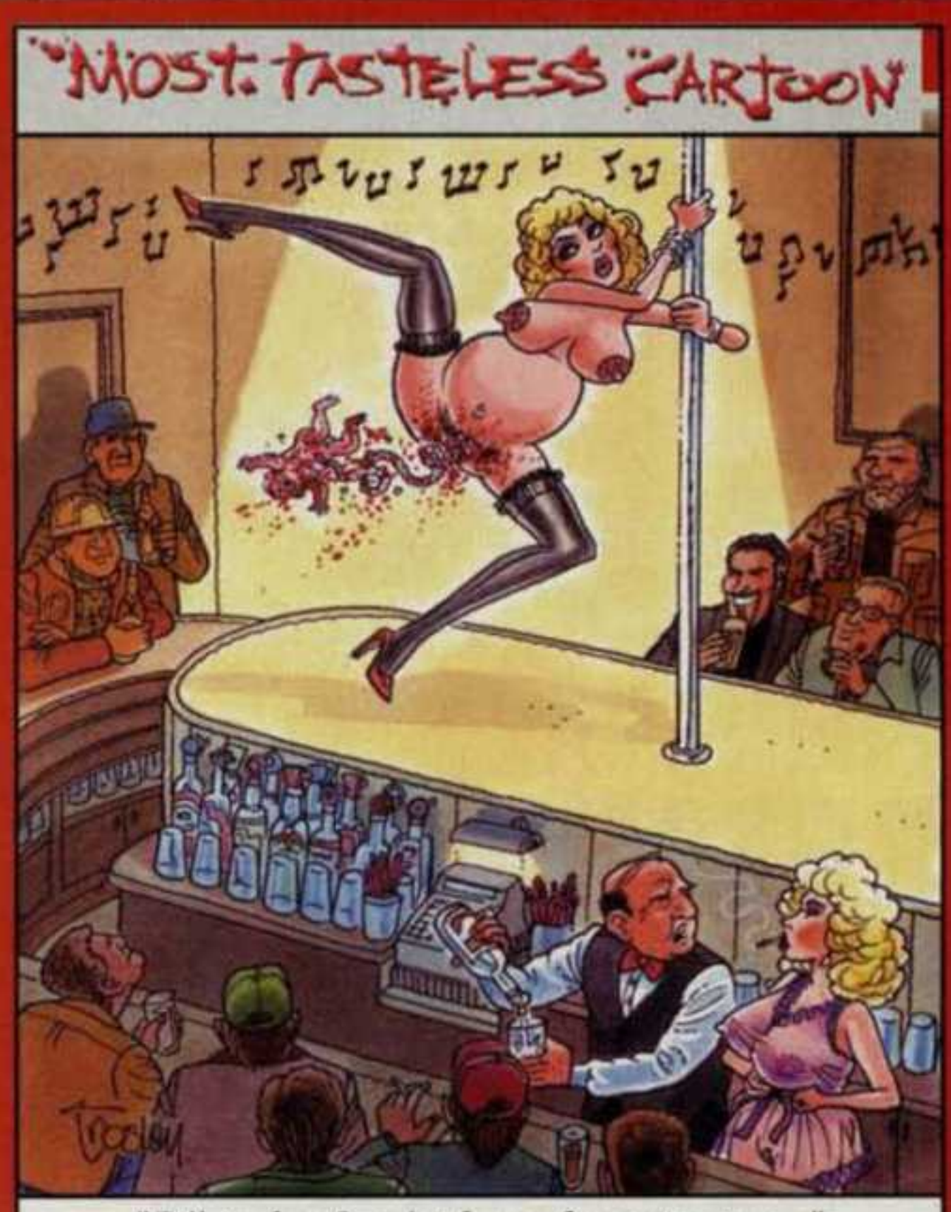
▶ **IS THIS A CLOTHING AD** or the opening shot of a steamy HUSTLER boy/girl pictorial? Thanks to Calvin Klein for this month's unwitting porn.



Sign of the Times

TODAY'S HEAD is better than yesterday's, but not quite as good as tomorrow's will be. Any way you look at it, you gotta love head.

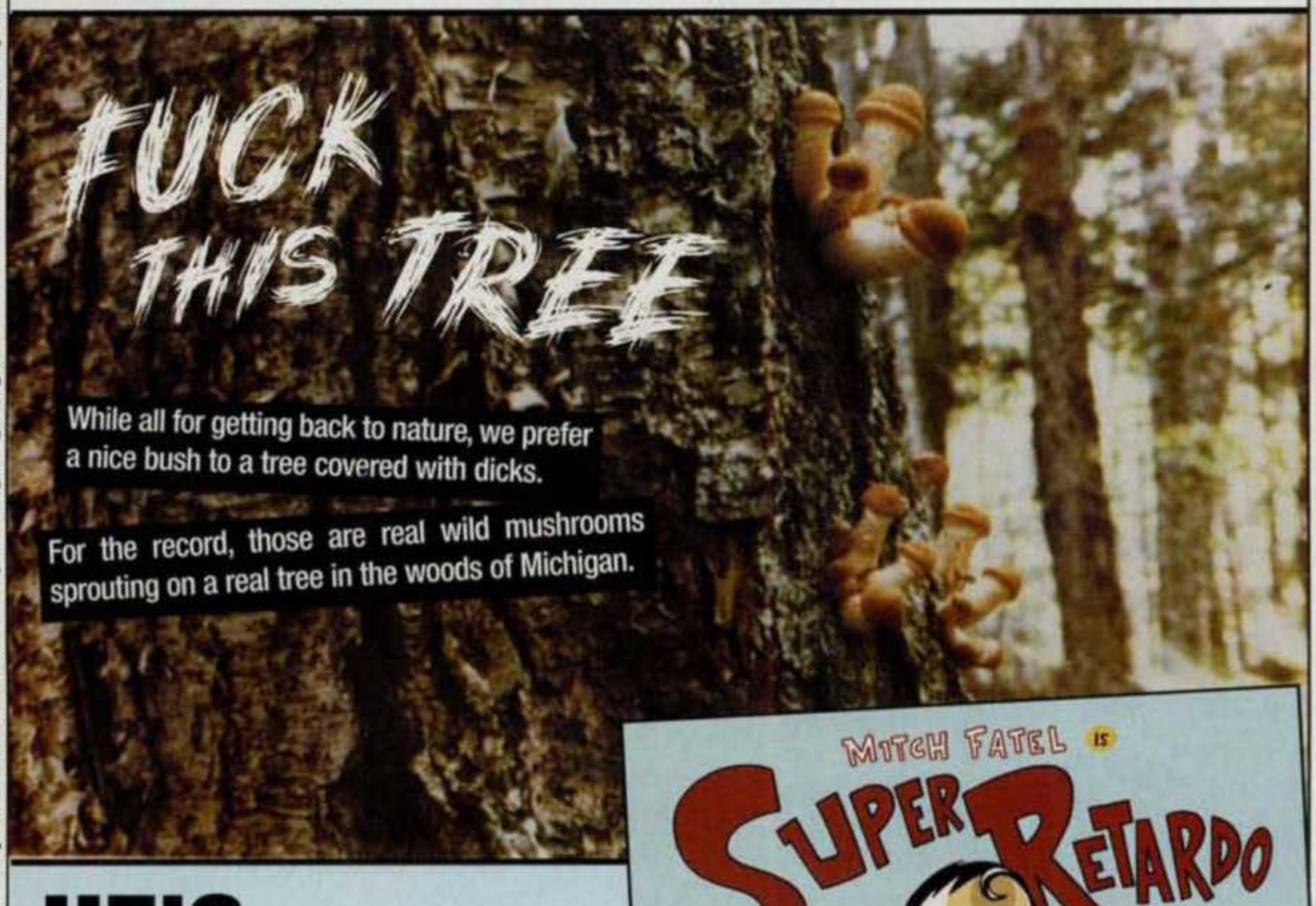
Have you seen a funny sign? Snap a photo and mail it off to: HUSTLER, "Sign of the Times," c/o *Bits & Pieces*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. If we print the picture, you'll get a signed check for a hundred bucks.



"Fill in for Bambi for a few minutes...."

"Sex appeal is 50 percent what you got and 50 percent what people think you've got."—SOPHIA LOREN, VOLUPTUOUS ACTRESS

▶**CHECK OUT THIS SIZZLING EROTIC COMIC** now running in BARELY LEGAL Magazine. *Twenty*, by Erich von Gotha, follows the coming-of-age sexual awakening of a young hottie and her friends. ***Check it out!***


FUCK THIS TREE
While all for getting back to nature, we prefer a nice bush to a tree covered with dicks.
For the record, those are real wild mushrooms sprouting on a real tree in the woods of Michigan.

HE'S RETARDED... BUT IN A FUNNY WAY.

FUNNYMAN MITCH FATEL returns with his latest irreverent CD, *Super Retardo*, in which the New York-based comic takes on sex, sex and more sex. Fatel even plugs his love of HUSTLER Magazine on a bonus track. Check out **MitchFatel.com**.

THE HUSTLER LIFESTYLE IS HERE!

HustlerWorld.com

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Hustler.com
BarelyLegal.com
BustyBeauties.com
Taboo.com
HometownGirls.com
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INFORMATION SITES
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HustlerBarAndGrille.com
HustlerCasinoLA.com
HustlerClubs.com
HustlerClothingUS.com

"Girls are much more psychic than guys. They're the first to know if you're going to get laid." —PAUL RODRIGUEZ, COMEDIAN

WE'RE ALL ADULTS HERE

PHOTO BY J.R. REYNOLDS

Julia Bond

Chanel St. James

McKenzie Lee

Ashton Moore

PHOTOS BY THEHARDCORESOURCE.COM

ClubJenna girls in the house.

SOME OF ADULT ENTERTAINMENT'S BRIGHTEST STARS, including a bevy of ClubJenna girls, turned out for the recent Adultcon. Held at the Los Angeles Convention Center, this biannual event offers fans of porn a chance to get up close and personal with their favorite performers.

Puma Swede gives you what you need.

PHOTO BY J.R. REYNOLDS

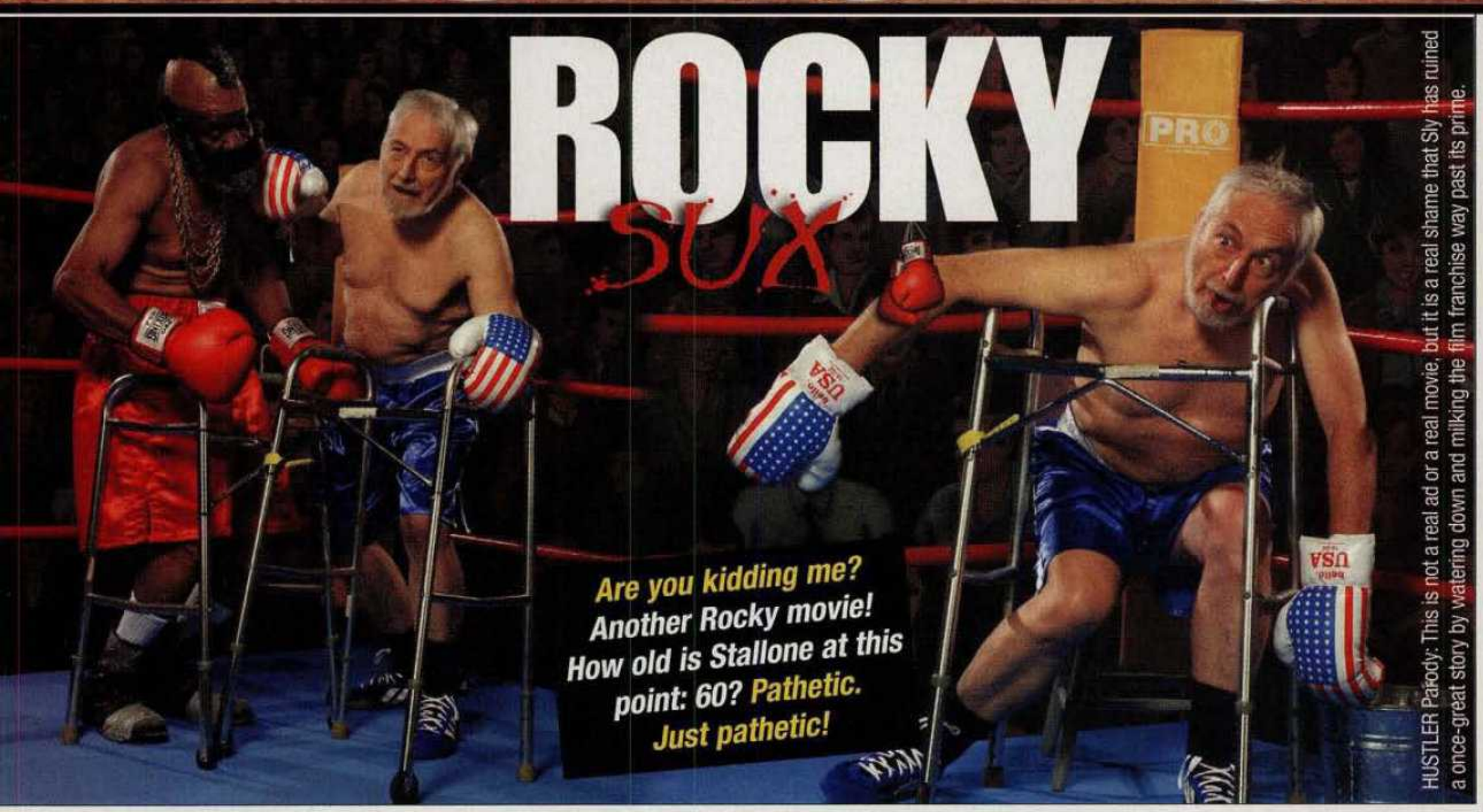
HUSTLER WILL NOT INTERVIEW THE FOLLOWING CELEBRITIES BECAUSE THEY ARE DEAD.

DANA REEVE
It's a bird! It's a plane! It's a corpse!

"GRANDPA" AL LEWIS
From undead to dead.

JACK WILD
Child star dead; H.R. Pufnstuf questioned.

ROCKY SUX



Are you kidding me? Another Rocky movie! How old is Stallone at this point: 60? Pathetic. Just pathetic!

HUSTLER Parody: This is not a real ad or a real movie, but it is a real shame that Sly has ruined a once-great story by watering down and milking the film franchise way past its prime.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

JACKIE NELLY

HOME ALONE TOO

JACKIE NELLY

Jackie Nelly may just be the perfect woman. "I'm not the kind of girl that you have to wine and dine to get sex," the HUSTLER first-timer proclaims. "My idea of fun is just hanging out at home with the right guy—or the wrong guy if he knows how to do me!"

"I've had sex on every horizontal surface in my apartment," Jackie proudly reveals. "Sex in bed is a little too boring for me. I love it when a guy fucks me on the kitchen table, in the bathroom sink or on the floor. Some girls may like to make love in the bedroom, but I like to *fuck* everywhere!"

Does Jackie fathom having sex where others might get a peek? "I'd love to get it on in a public place," the horny fox confides, "but I've yet to find a guy who's daring enough to try it with me. Maybe one of your readers could help me?" Just one, Jackie?

Does the brash brunette have any hobbies? "You mean besides sex?!" she exclaims. "I like to watch movies, and I'm a pretty good cook, but I think most people would rather hear about sex."

That's true, dear. See, didn't we tell you that Jackie Nelly may just be the perfect woman?

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

"Some girls may like to make love in the bedroom, but I like to fuck everywhere!"

"I'd love to get it on in a public place, but I've yet to find a guy who's daring enough to try it with me."

SPANKY-PANKY

At about 6 p.m. I unlocked the door to my bachelor pad. Broken CDs littered the carpet and—oh, no, what the fuck?! Not my Japanese vinyl! I picked up one of the LPs, a rare R.E.M.

Dazed, I followed the path of destruction through the living room and down the hall. It stopped at the bedroom door. Hesitantly, I peered inside. Squatting on the bed was my new girlfriend, Elise, wearing bobby socks, a plaid miniskirt and white-cotton panties that barely covered the moons of her ass. Beside her lay a small paddle, and I discerned a dark, wet spot at her crotch. I would have smiled if I hadn't been so fuckin' pissed.

Elise didn't move, didn't look at me. Her face was turned to the wall as she murmured in a soft, childish voice, "I've been so bad, Michael. Punish me!"

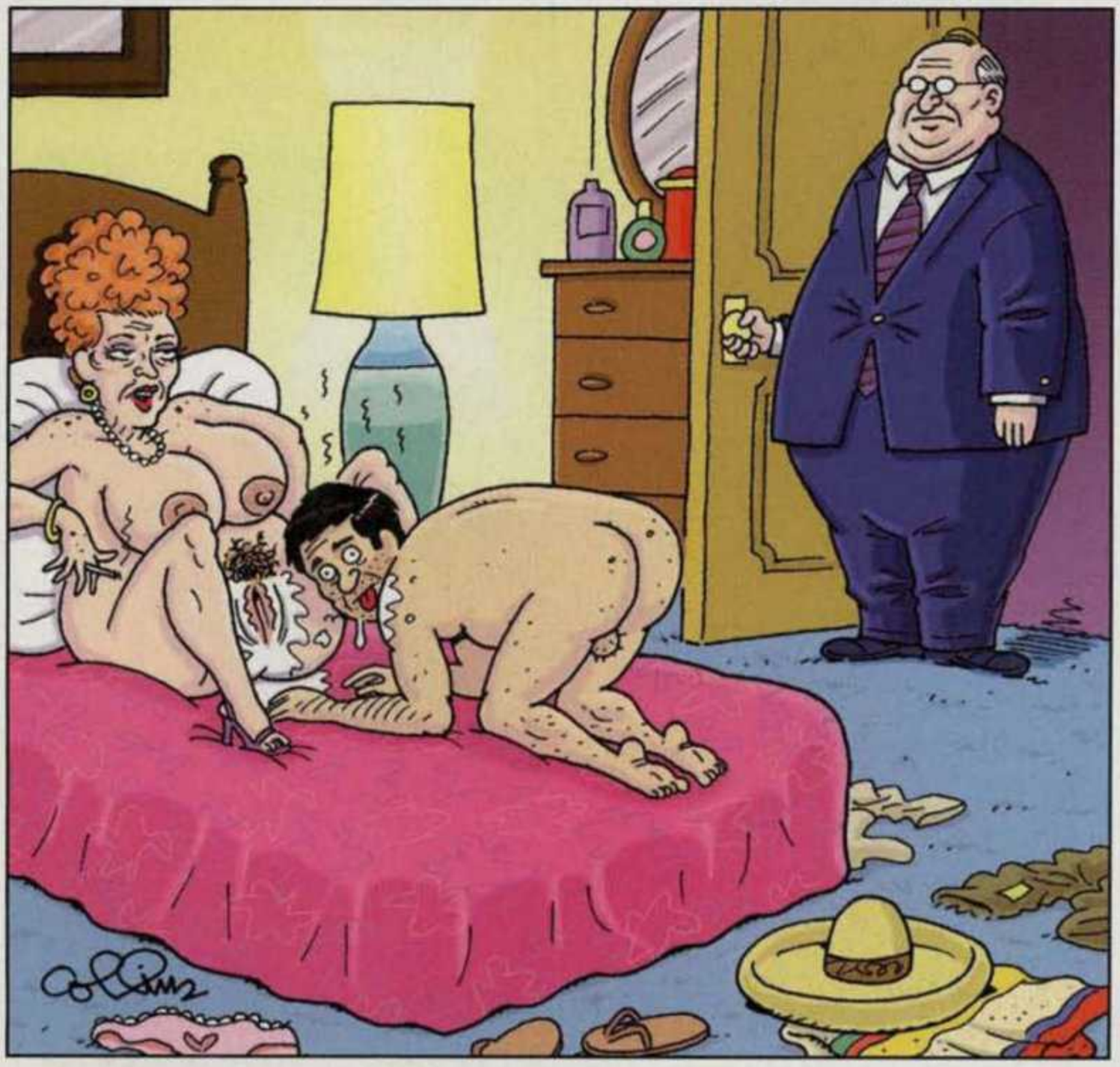
My shooter twitched in my jeans. Had she run across my secret stash of kinky pornography, or was this her thing? It didn't much matter.

Moving to the bed, I traced a finger along the edge of her panties. *Mmmmm.* Elise had shaved her slit, making it smooth as silk. Unbuttoning my pants, I relieved the pressure on my pulsing hard-on.

I was still carrying a broken record, and I rolled the edge down the doll's butt crack. (Have I mentioned that Elise is only 19?) The jagged vinyl snagged her undies, and I tugged them down her firm, round globes till they reached her knees.

Sitting on the bed, I pushed two big pillows beneath Elise's hips, jackknifing her high in the air. Then, finally, I picked up the wooden paddle and tested it against my hand. *Whack!* Nice. My honey was old school. No foam rubber here, just wood.

When Elise whimpered, "Please," I raised the paddle high in the air, took aim and *smack!*—right in the center of her superb, alabaster derriere. Instead of striking her again right away, I then teasingly rolled the wooden slab over her reddening tush. Soon Elise was squirming and begging for more.



"You didn't want the job, so I got an immigrant to do it."

Ten solid blows turned the babe's booty beet red. She was moaning and groaning and liking this a little too much. So I stopped and slowly undressed. I couldn't help but admire my new sweetheart's petite frame, particularly her thrashed backside.

"Naughty—bad—need to come," she mumbled desperately. And in a moment of sudden inspiration I picked up the paddle and jammed the handle up her tight quim.

Elise's body started trembling, her scarlet fanny beckoning. Leaning over, I tongued her bum and lapped as much clam juices as I could. *Mmmm.*

Growing concrete hard, my fat fuckstick demanded immediate attention. So I straddled Elise's thighs and dick-spanked her heinie. She started coming again! I was liking this chick more and more all the time.

Before her climax ended, I yanked out the paddle handle and replaced it with my stiff cock. I've never felt a hotter twat in my whole life! As I boned her doggy-style, it felt like her pussy muscles were rippling up and down my shaft—squeezing, massaging. My ball sac was dripping wet.

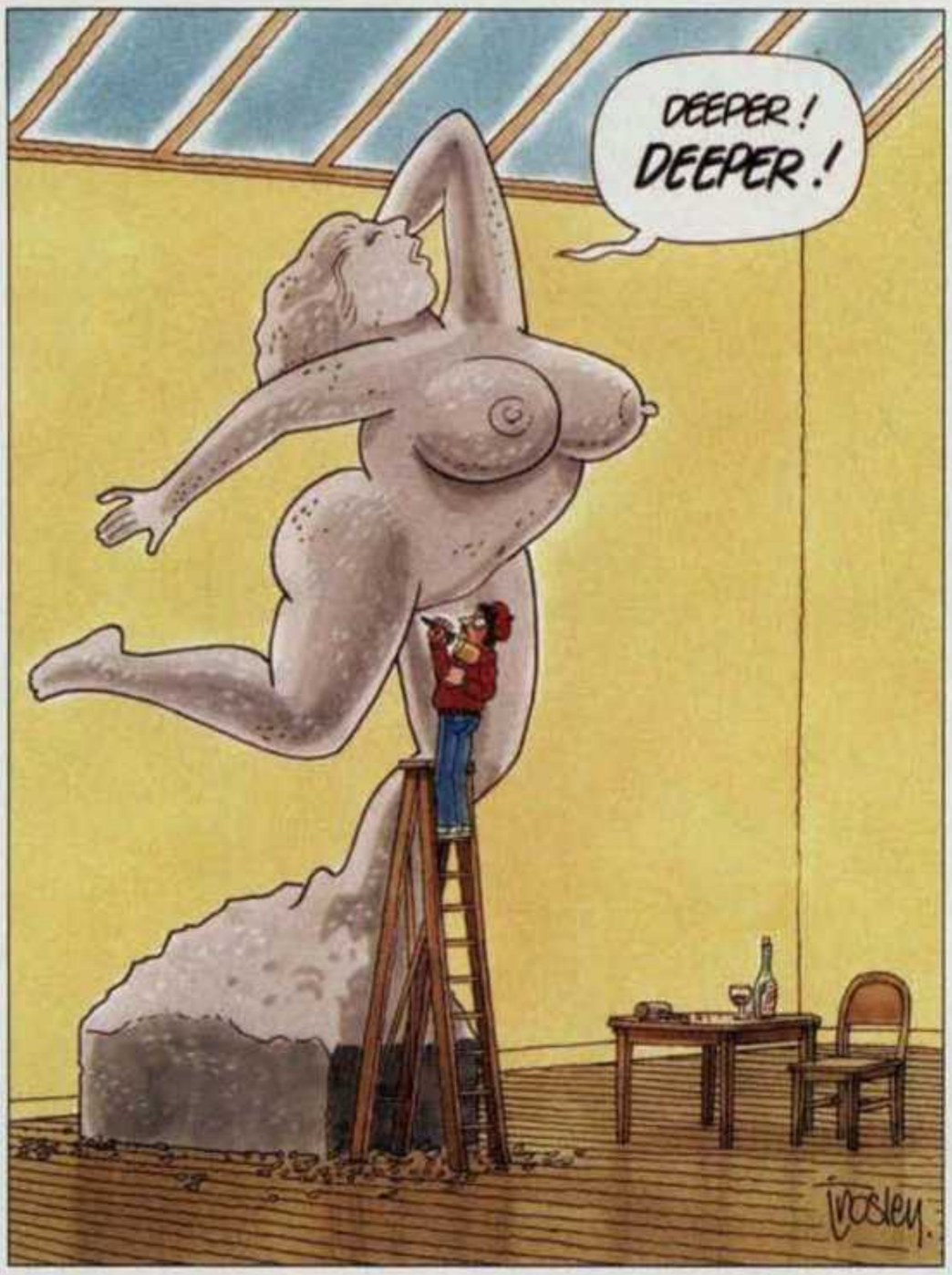
I tried to hold back, but this fuck was too damn good. Within three minutes or so, streams of nut juice sprayed Elise's cunt walls before I thought to pull out and paint her ass.

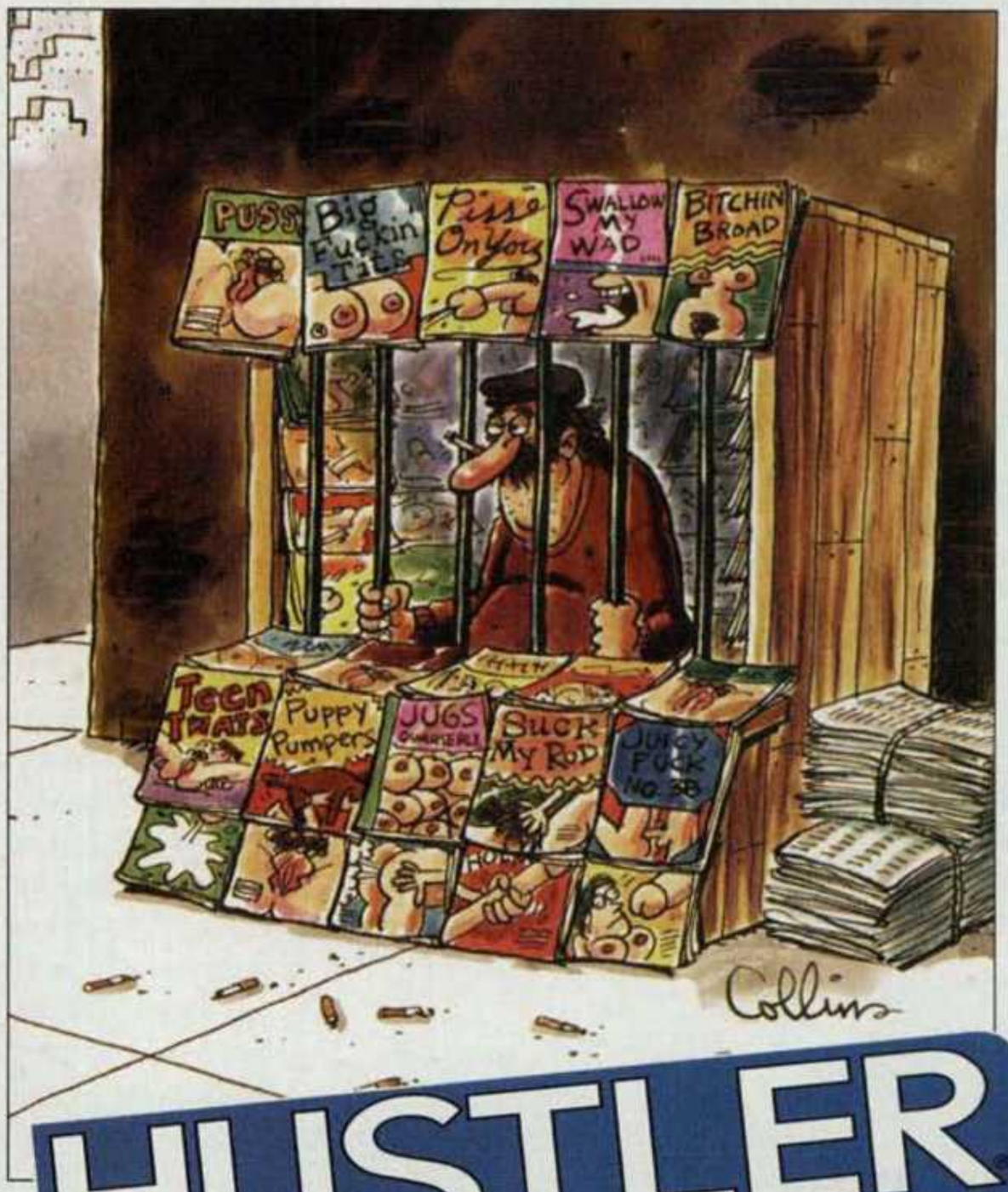
Seeing lines of white jism criss-crossing her crimson keister kept me hard. In fact, it got me all emotional. Taking her from behind, I wedged my pipe into her crack and whispered in her ear, "Elise, I think I love you."

Giggling, Elise turned her head for a kiss. Then she rolled me over and swished her long chestnut mane over my nipples and down my belly before twining strands around my prick, like silk rope. Teasing my balls with her nimble fingers, the naughty tart yanked her makeshift noose tighter. Finally, Elise dipped her tongue into my piss slit, blew hot air over my pecker and whispered, "I think I love you too."

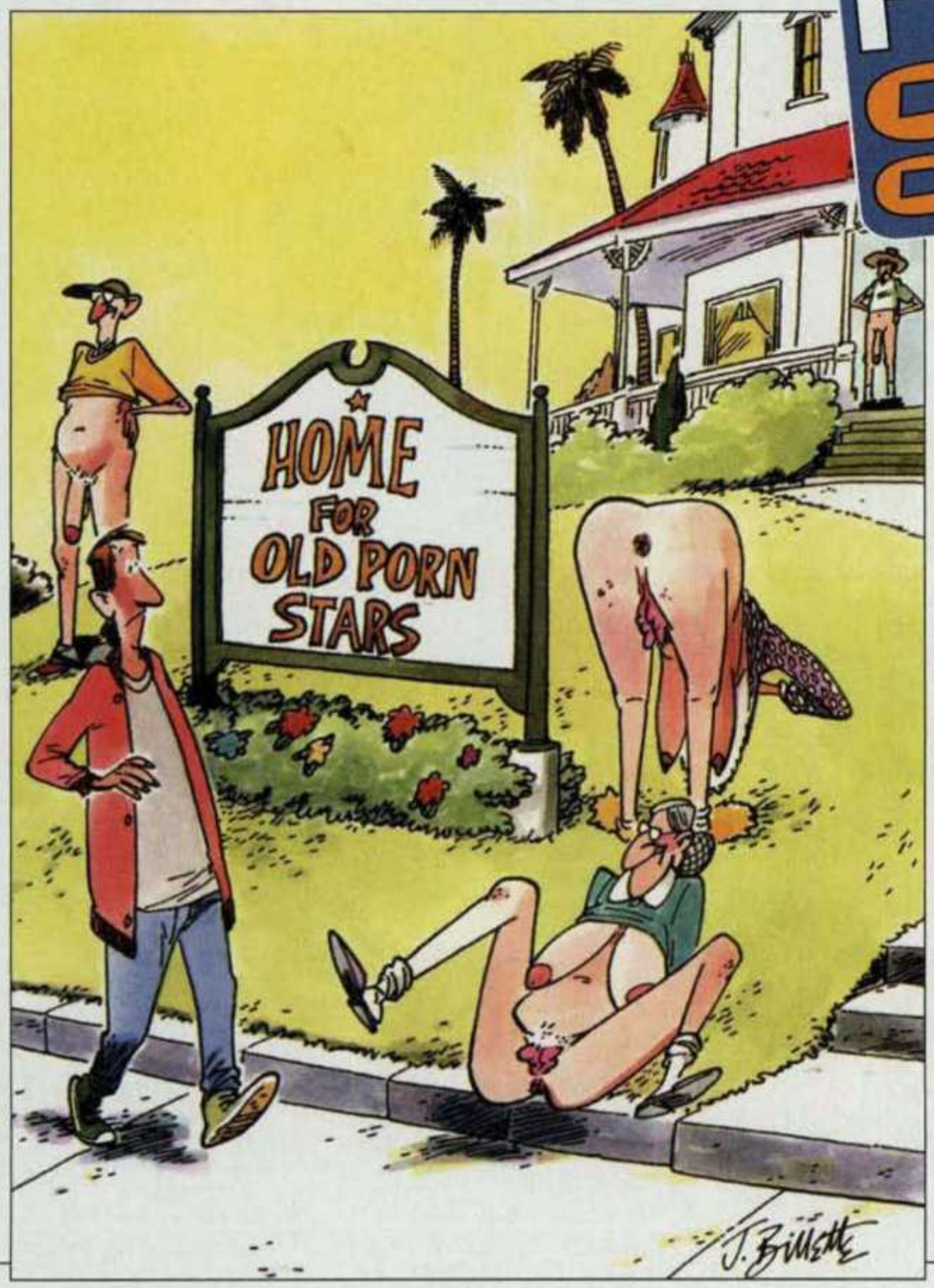
—PUNITIVE BEAU
KOKOMO, INDIANA

Send your personal sexperiences to HUSTLER *Hot Letters*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.





HUSTLER CLASSIC CARTOONS



"This is my son. I call him Blowjob because I wish he'd been one."

GAME ON

BY TOM FARRELL

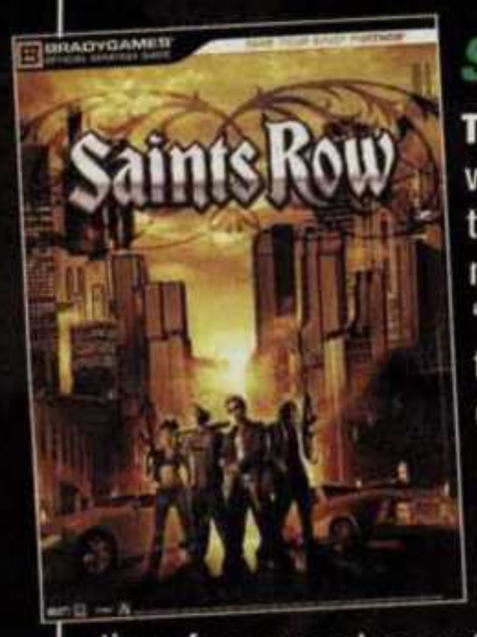
ACTIVISION'S HEROES FOR HIRE

Activision has a couple of comic book titles to keep you enthralled. First there's ***X-Men: The Official Game***, which puts you in the shoes of three mutants. As Wolverine, you're armed with brute strength and adamantium claws; as Nightcrawler, you can climb walls and teleport to surprise your enemies; and as Iceman, you can unleash powerful ice storms. You'll be joined by fellow X-Men Storm, Colossus and Cyclops for a host of missions that include combat, stealth and time-based challenges taking you to X-Men movie locales like Alkali Lake and more. ***X-Men: The Official Game*** is available for a multitude of systems, including PS2, PC and Xbox, but it has different features according to certain consoles. On the Xbox 360 you'll get amazing HD. Only the Game Boy Advance version allows you to play as Colossus. Play as Magneto on the Nintendo DS version—a platform exclusive—and use the touch screen and stylus to activate your character's supermove and "X-Factor," plus grab objects, target lock and more.

Also from **Activision**'s superhero lineup, check out ***Marvel: Ultimate Alliance*** for PSP, Xbox and Xbox 360. Slated for a fall release on next generation systems like the PS3 and Nintendo Wii, ***M:UA*** will also be available for the PC, PS2 and Nintendo GBA. ***M:UA*** is an action RPG that allows you to play as some of Marvel's most revered characters—Spider-Man, Thor, Captain America, Wolverine and many more. You'll play across comic book locations like Atlantis, the Shield Heli-Carrier and the Skrull home world in an attempt to smack down some of the planet's most notorious villains since the Bush Administration.

DON'T FEEL GUILTY ABOUT BEING JUDGMENTAL

Majesco has released ***Guilty Gear Judgment*** for PSP—the latest offering in its arcade fighter/side scroller series. This time you're a mercenary investigating the blood-soaked land of Villtania, taking on the bad guys. You've got 20 ***Guilty Gear*** character favorites, story mode (five characters have unfolding storylines that reveal themselves during gameplay), survival mode and co-op mode, where you can play with a friend using PSP's wireless connectivity.



SAINTS PRESERVE US!

THQ's ***Saints Row*** drops you into the world of street gangdom and fast cars. In this Xbox 360 exclusive, you play as a member of the 3rd Street Saints—a "youth organization" bent on taking over the fictional city of Stilwater, a fully dynamic domain with free-form gameplay. That means you can go anywhere, anytime. Form gangs, earn respect points and recruit new members, all with thousands of character customizations for you and your ride. And don't forget the hint and walkthrough book from **Brady Games**, which gives you all the inside info on the city of Stilwater and more. Available fall 2006.

A GHOST OF A CHANCE

Hip Games has released ***Ghost Wars***, a new real-time strategy game for the PC. ***Ghost Wars*** puts you in charge of an elite antiterrorism unit armed with air, land and sea units. You outfit your troops and send them into battle. Top-notch graphics abound.

WOO! WOO! WOO! WOO!

Ever wonder what it would be like to be Chow Yun-Fat in one of those John Woo action flicks? **Midway Games** has answered your dreams with ***John Woo Presents Stranglehold***, an action-packed third-person shooter that will have you holding your guns sideways and flying through the air. The game drops you into the heat of Woo's movie ***Hard Boiled***, where you take on the role of Chow Yun-Fat as Inspector Tequila. Massive gunplay, destructible environments and cinematic action abound. For PS3, Xbox 360 and the PC.

CLANCY'S FANCY

Ubisoft continues its fine job of bringing books by the best-selling author to gameplay with ***Tom Clancy's Splinter Cell: Double Agent*** for the Xbox 360, Xbox, PC, PS2 and GC. Perhaps the darkest of the ***Splinter Cell*** series, ***TCSC:DA*** finds returning protagonist Sam Fisher on an undercover mission to infiltrate—you guessed it—a terrorist cell. There's new gear (everything from NSA gadgets to the enemy's arsenal) and innovative multiplayer modes for online action.

BOMBERMANS AWAY!

Konami has released two new installments of its popular ***Bomberman*** series. The hero makes his debut on the PSP with ***Bomberman***, which incorporates several new twists for the hand-held system as well as multiplayer action. And look for ***Bomberman Act: Zero*** with breathtaking hi-res graphics and all-new gameplay elements. In ***BA:Z***, your mission is to free enslaved humans who have become imprisoned and trained to become deadly soldiers.

"Hey, don't stick your finger up my ass like that, honey!
You're gonna make me come too soon!"

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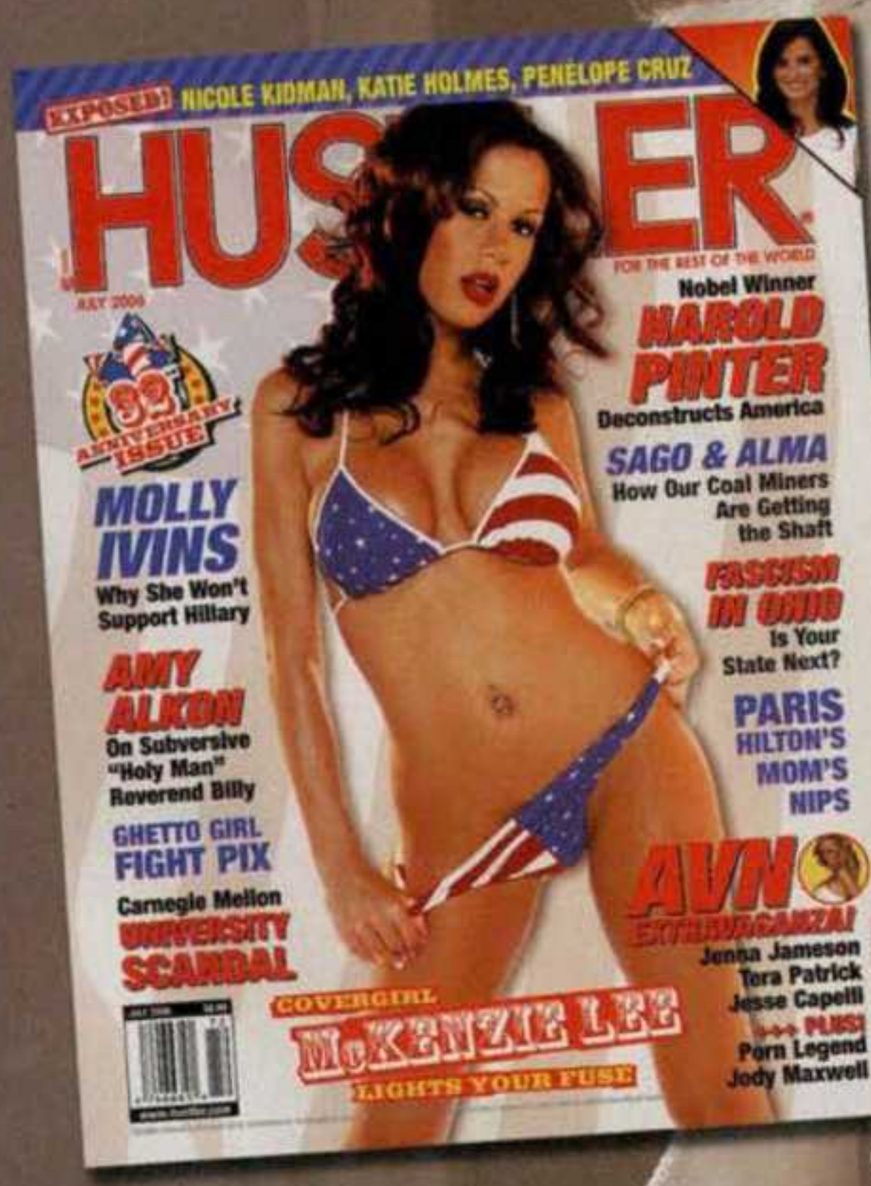

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OFFER EXPIRES JANUARY 10, 2007 **CGWAA-I**

ARMED

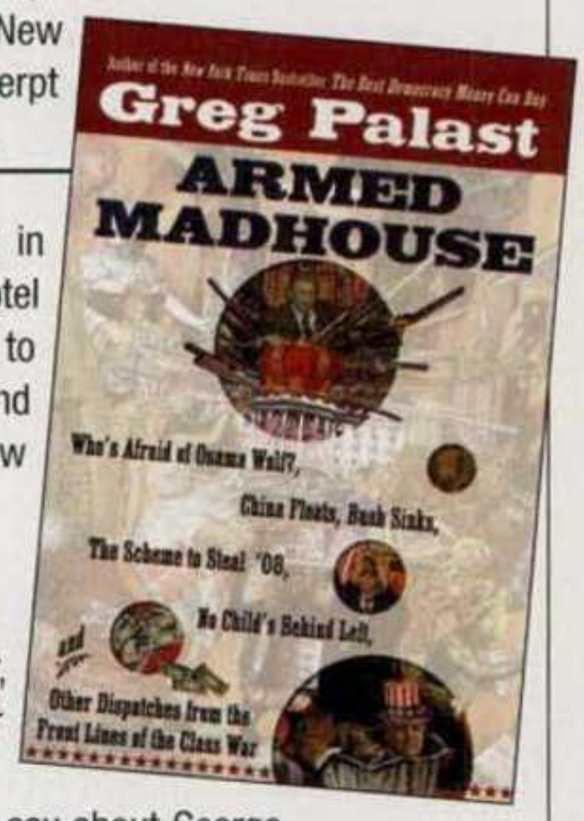
MADNOUSE

BY GREG PALAST

THE CLASS WAR

PART ONE OF A TWO-PART SERIES

FOR TWO YEARS AWARD-WINNING REPORTER GREG PALAST has been working with a team of journalists and researchers to complete his latest work, *Armed Madhouse* (available now in bookstores and at GregPalast.com). Described by Palast himself as "dispatches from the front lines of the Class War," the reports in *Armed Madhouse* take readers from Beijing to New Orleans to Caracas to Baghdad to New Mexico in a chilling, five-part investigation of global economic greed. What follows is the beginning of a two-part excerpt from *Armed Madhouse*, detailing how, more than ever, the American working class is at the mercy of Big Business.


Greg Palast
ARMED MADHOUSE
Who's Afraid of Osama Wolf?,
China Floats, Bush Sinks,
The Scheme to Steal '08,
No Child's Behind Left,
and
Other Dispatches from the Front Lines of the Class War

HOPE I DIE BEFORE MY NEXT REFILL

Dispatches from the war of the movers and shakers against the moved and shaken, including No Child's Behind Left, the Grinch That Stole Overtime and the Chávez of Louisiana. Welcome to 1927.

This is an impressive crowd: the Haves and the Have-Mores.

—Presidential candidate G.W. Bush, Waldorf Astoria, $800/plate dinner, October 2000.

You don' geddit, Palast, do you? They din' screw up. They love it. What's Cheney's old Halliburton business? "Oil services"—that means drilling platforms and pipes and all that. "Emergency services" too. And I been working "infrastructure A.E."—architecture-engineering, my friend, with Brown & Root. Well, Cheney's hit the trifecta with this one, "the biggest reconstruction project since the pyramids"—oil, emergency repairs, bridges, levees, canals, power plants. You know it and I know it: Dick Cheney's the only guy in America who'd rather have a hurricane than a blowjob. —Fishhead, Ninth Ward, New Orleans, September 2005.

America went through a terrible year. The levees broke in New Orleans. When bodies floated in the streets, the Republican Congress saw an opportunity for more tax cuts and consolidation of the corporatopia they had created for their moneyed donors. The Democratic Party was clueless, written off, politically at death's door.

The year was 1927.

Back then, when the levees broke, America awoke. Public anger rose in a flood tide, and in that year, the USA entered its most revolutionary period since 1776. The 34-year-old utility commissioner of Louisiana, Huey P. Long, conceived of a plan to rebuild his state based on a radical program of redistributing wealth and power. The ambitious governor of New York, Franklin D. Roosevelt, adopted it and later named it The New Deal. America got rich and licked Hitler. It was our century.

It's 1927 again.

But this time, the Haves and Have-Mores have something better for you than a New Deal. They are offering "opportunity"—a lottery ticket instead of a guarantee. Like double-or-nothing in the stock market instead of Social Security—will the suckers go for it? There's one born every minute. I can't believe they're the majority, but at last count they numbered over 59 million. And they vote.

Years from now, in Guantánamo or in a refugee relocation "Enterprise Zone," your kids will ask you, "What did you do in the Class War, Daddy?"

We may have to admit that conquest and occupation happened before we could fire off a shot.

The trick of class war is not to let the victims know they're under attack. That's how, little by little, the owners of the planet take away what little we have.

As both a journalist and economist (trained by Milton Friedman and Art Laffer, no less), I think of myself as a war correspondent in the class conflict. The point of this chapter is to find out, from the trenches, what happened that left the average American in peril. It will take us from the Peninsula Hotel in Beverly Hills to *Larry King Live* to Japanese swine-feed microbe thieves and back to "The City That Care Forgot," New Orleans.

TOMORROW'S BACON

So who's winning? It's a crude indicator, but let's take a peek at the Class War body count.

If you thought I have nothing nice to say about George W. Bush, look at this: The World Bank reports that the USA has more millionaires than ever—7.4 million! And over a decade, the number of billionaires has more than tripled, 341 of them! And, if they're lucky enough to die before the inheritance tax break expires, they won't have to pay taxes on any of it.

If that doesn't make you feel like you're missing out, this should: You, Mr. Median, are earning, after inflation, a little less than you earned when Lyndon Johnson reigned. Median household income—and most of us are "median"—is down. Way down.

Here's a typical Bush year.

Mr. Bush and friends are offering us an "ownership" society. But he didn't mention who already owns it. The richest fifth of America owns 83% of all shares in the stock market. But that's a bit misleading because most of that, 53% of all the stock in the market, is owned by just one percent of American households.

And what does the Wealthy One Percent want? Answer: more wealth. Where will they get it? As with a tube of toothpaste, they're squeezing it from the bottom. Median paychecks have gone down by 4% during the current regime, but Americans in the bottom fifth have seen their incomes sliced by 20%. And CEO pay at the Fortune 500 has bloated by 51% during the first four years of the Bush regime to an average of $8.1 million per annum.

When Reagan took power in 1980, the One Percent possessed 33% of America's wealth as measured by capital income. By 2006 the One Percent has swallowed over half of all America's assets, from sea to shining sea. One hundred fifty million Americans altogether own less than 3% of all private assets.

Yes, American middle-class house values are up, but we're blowing that gain to stay alive. Edward Wolff, the New York University expert on income, explained to me that, "The middle class is mortgaging itself to death." As a result of mortgaging our new equity, 60% of all households have seen a decline in net worth.

Is America getting poorer? No, just its people, We the Median. In fact, we are producing an astonishing amount of new wealth in the USA. We are a lean, mean production machine. Output per worker in America has zoomed by 15%

over four years through 2004. Problem is, although worker productivity keeps rising, the producers are getting less and less of it.

The gap between what we produce and what we get is widening like an alligator's jaw. It's nearly identical to the pattern in India and China. The same jaws—productivity widening over wages—open here because they open there as workers, not products, compete.

The more you work, the less you get. It used to be that as the economic pie got bigger, everyone's slice got bigger too. No more. The One Percent have swallowed your share before you can get your fork in.

Of course, there are killjoys who cling to that Calvinist-Marxist belief that a system forever fattening the richest cannot continue without end. Professor Michael Zweig, director of the State University of New York's Center for Study of Working Class Life, put it in culinary terms: "Today's pig is tomorrow's bacon."

THE GRINCH THAT STOLE OVERTIME

What we see is that the richest get richer not by "creating wealth" but by taking yours. How? In their "jaws" they are eating up America's productivity like a salami, a slice at a time. And when they're really good at it, really subtle and sly, you don't even know the knife is going in.

Here's a significant example. America's 40-hour workweek? Well, forget it, it's gone—for 2.7 million workers, at least. The rest of us are next. I'm sure you've already caught that interesting little item on page 15,576 of the 2003 Federal Register.

According to the Register, where the Bush Administration likes to place its little gifts to major campaign donors, those 2.7 million workers will lose their overtime pay. What this means is that nearly 3 million workers receiving time-and-a-half by law after they've worked 40 hours will no longer get the extra. It's a change in the Wage and Hour Law, blowing a big hole through the 60-year-old rule that established America's workweek, cornerstone of FDR's New Deal. The idea of that law was to discourage wage-slave hours and encourage hiring additional staff. And it worked. Now it won't.

The Bush Administration dropped this little piranha into the Register just before Labor Day 2003. Are these guys droll or what?

Look on the bright side. In the Register, Mr. Bush's Labor Department says the change in the Wage and Hour Law will produce a "benefit" of $1.53 billion. I put "benefit" in quotes because, in the official cost-benefit analysis, the amount employers will now be able to slice out of workers' pockets is tallied on the positive side of the rules change.

Mr. Bush has a good cover story. In September 2004, at the Republican Convention, the President announced he was changing overtime rules to give workers "comp time" off instead of pay, so we could spend more time with our families. Thanks, Mr. President. He forgot to mention that a few days before, on August 23, 2004, his Labor Department had already put in half the plan—eliminating overtime pay, the page 15,576 scheme—while failing to put into the regs one word about comp time. In the pre-September 11 days, we called that "lying."

We're not talking high-level executives or lawyers here; they've always been exempt from the 40-hour-week rule. We're talking mostly restaurant-chain workers.

Nevertheless, workers getting their pay snipped shouldn't complain; they will all be receiving promotions to management, because all an employer has to do is reclassify his worker bees as "managers" and they lose the legal right to overtime. Would you be surprised to learn this new rule was slid into law at the suggestion of lobbyists for the National Council of Chain Restaurants? You've met their "managers"—they're the ones in the beanies and aprons whose management decisions are "Hold the lettuce on that."

My favorite little rules change that sneaked into the Register would also reclassify as "exempt professionals" anyone who learned their skill in the military. In other words, thousands of veterans will now lose overtime pay on their return. For life. Now there's a veterans' benefit.

In fairness, I must add that, according to Labor Secretary Elaine Chao's press office, the rules changes will extend overtime benefits to 1.3 million burger-flippin' managers. How does that square with the billion-dollar "benefit" to business owners? Simple: The Chao hounds at the Labor Department suggest that employers cut wages so that, added to the new "overtime" pay, the employees won't actually take home a dime more.

I can hear the moaners and bleeding hearts saying this sounds like the Labor Department is telling Big Business how to evade the law. Yep, that's what the Department is doing. Right there on page 15,576 of the Federal Register it says: Affected employers would have four choices concerning potential payroll costs: ...(#4) converting salaried employees' basis of pay to an hourly rate that results in virtually no changes to the total compensation paid those workers.

And in case some employer is as dense as a president and doesn't get the hint, Comrade Chao repeats, "...The fourth choice above results in virtually no (or only a minimal) increase in labor costs." For decades the courts have thrown the book at cheapskate bosses who chisel workers out of legal overtime by cutting base pay this way...but now they'll have a new defense: Bush made me do it.

But then, there likely will not be any cases against employers anyway, since Secretary of Labor Chao herself is the labor cop whose job it is to stop paycheck theft by chiseling employers. She's well qualified for her job. Her résumé reads, "Married to Republican Senator Mitch McConnell of Kentucky." I called her press office to ask if she qualifies for overtime, but they'd left the office early.

On Labor Day weekends, our President likes to play a few holes of golf. These labor law changes contain some good news for our sporting President. Under Chao's new rules he need not worry if he wants to replay that hole. "Exempt professionals" who cannot earn overtime—once defined as doctors, lawyers and those with specialized college degrees—will now include anyone who provides skilled advice...like caddies ("You might try the other end of the club, Mr. President").

NO DEAL

What's at stake here is the New Deal, Franklin Roosevelt's 1933 program that guaranteed what he called "Freedom From Fear and Freedom From Want." It was not, as misrepresented today, a program just for pulling America out of an economic depression, but a vision of government that takes ultimate responsibility for protecting its citizens' lives and livelihoods from misfortune and injustice. That was one hell of a radical program then. Before Roosevelt, if you got old and starved, well, tough luck. If you lost your job or your home blew down in a hurricane, too bad, Jack. If the power company charged you half your wages for your light bill; or the grain monopoly refused to buy your crop for more than the price of dirt; or if you worked 60 hours in the steel mill with no overtime pay; or if you joined a union and got busted over the head, it was that's business, buddy.

In his first 100 days in office, Roosevelt tried to break the back of the that's business, buddy monopolists, passing through Congress a firestorm of legislation including the Wage and Hour Law, Social Security and the National Reconstruction Act.

And the current crew in Washington just hates it. This chapter, indeed this book, is all about how they are taking these American rights away, stripping them off you one by one, from the Wage and Hour Law's 40-hour week to the Clayton Antitrust Law to the False Claims Act to the laws that

keep your lights on and your pensions protected. Many are laws that you've probably never heard of, like the Public Utility Holding Company Act. But, take my word for it, you'll miss them when they're gone.

THESE LITTLE PIGGIES WENT TO MARKET

Honolulu, Hawaii. Four men in a hotel room. Unaware of the camera hidden in the bedroom lamp, they begin to share their most intimate secrets, as they had so many nights before, about pig food.

It's not a Paris Hilton video, but the FBI's grainy film of the chiefs of the world's pig feed industry is weirdly fascinating. Listen to Terry Wilson, a vice president of Archer Daniels Midland (ADM), the biotech food giant that NPR News calls "Supermarket to the World." In the 1994 Hawaii meeting, Wilson stood up to preach passionately ADM's customer relations philosophy to Japanese and European competitors:

We are gonna get manipulated by these goddamn buyers. They are not your friend. They are not my friend. All I wanna tell ya again is, let's put the prices on the board, let's all agree that's what we're gonna do and then walk out of here and do it!

And they did it. They literally drew lines through a map of the planet and marked up which corporation got which slice of the world market for different products, including Vitamin C and lysine, the pig-feed additive; then they set the price. They kicked up the price of the pig food from $0.70 a pound to $1.20.

We have the tape of the Hawaii price-fixing confab (and a dozen others recorded in Paris, Tokyo and Mexico City) only because the FBI got lucky. The head of ADM's Frankenstein foods (bioengineering) division at the time, Dr. Mark Whitacre, is a self-confessed swindler and psychopath who enjoyed recording 237 meetings in which delegates bickered over the boring details of the administration of a billion-dollar conspiracy.

On the tapes, you can see how ADM easily got Roche, the Swiss drugmaker, on board, but the Japanese were squirrely. So ADM's vice chairman, Mick Andreas, made the Japanese an offer they couldn't refuse. Borrowing from the Saudi Arabian playbook for cartel creation, ADM built a lysine plant in Illinois with enough capacity to fatten every pig on the planet—and bankrupt every producer worldwide. With this reserve he could tell competitor Ajinomoto of Tokyo: Either the Japanese agree to fix prices and market shares or ADM will open its lysine reserves and drown the globe in swine food.

When the Japanese executives questioned ADM's ability to produce the biotech food in such quantities, Andreas took them on a tour of the enormous U.S. plant. The Japanese came away awed by ADM's technology. (They also came away with proprietary microbes which they had stolen by wiping handkerchiefs on machine railings.)

On June 27, 1995, a team of 70 G-men raided ADM's Chicago headquarters. The company, along with Japanese firm Ajinomoto, Roche and Bayer, was charged with conspiracy to fix prices, a felony. Several executives did jail time: Mick Andreas, Wilson and Whitacre.

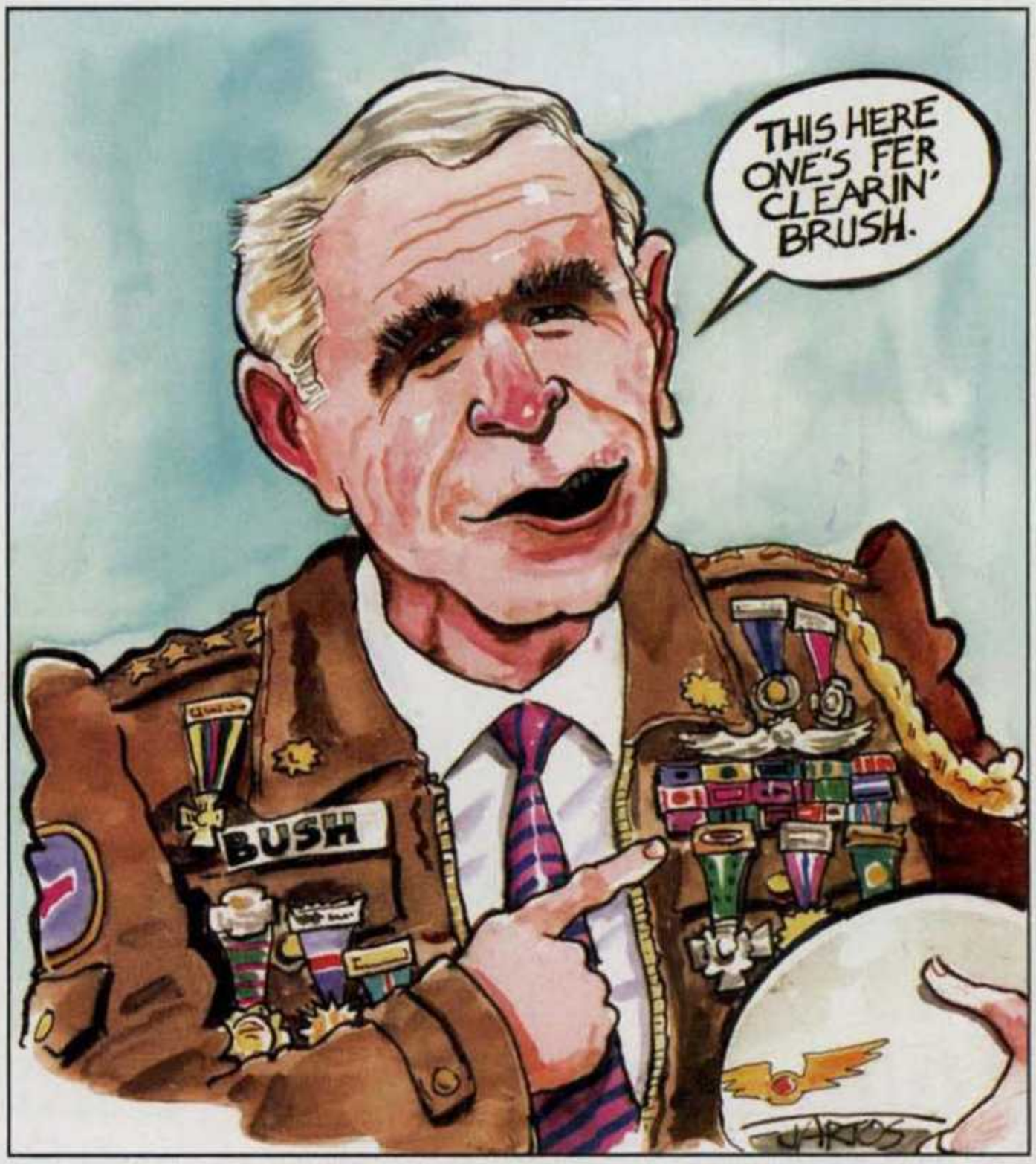
But ADM had prepared its defenses. The company's Chairman (Mick's dad), Dwayne Andreas, a friend of President Clinton, was known as the single largest contributor to both the Democratic and Republican parties (until Ken Lay took that honor away). Andreas père once left an envelope in the Oval Office for Richard Nixon containing $100,000 in cash—funds that ended up paying for the break-in at the Watergate.

The ADM cabal may have cuddled and coddled our lesser presidents, but Teddy and Franklin Roosevelt's laws that made fixing prices a felony remained on the books to nail Andreas's son. In 1999 ADM paid $195 million in fines and Mick Andreas was sentenced to break rocks on a chain gang (and, weirdly, Roche even flew in an executive to serve time with Mick). Then U.S. lawyers for consumers hit ADM and conspirators for $800 million in restitution.

Truth, justice and the men with shiny badges win. So it seemed, but something was bugging me. Swiss, French and Japanese executives had cashed in with ADM. But except for Roche's designated fall guy, the other European and Asian conspirators were still skiing the Alps and sucking sushi in style, spending the ill-gotten loot they'd drained from their designated monopoly slices of the planet. The European Union didn't touch a hair on their heads or a dime in their bank accounts.

Then I remembered what an acquaintance, Stanley Adams, had told me. He said that Roche had been running a multibillion-dollar price-fixing ring decades before the FBI started recording the world carve-up sessions. Adams should know: He was in charge of enforcing the price-fixing scheme as head of Roche's North and South American Bulk Vitamins division.

The conspiracy upset him, and he blew the whistle in February 1973, or tried to, by mailing evidence to European authorities. But the law's a little different over there. In Switzerland, giving up a corporate secret is a crime. And Adams had given up quite a secret about Europe's biggest corporations. The Swiss jailed him—incommunicado, without trial. When his wife, Mariléne, tried to locate him, she was told he would be held in solitary confinement, without any communication for 20 years. The 31-year-old Mariléne wrote that, despite their three children, *(continued on page 87)*



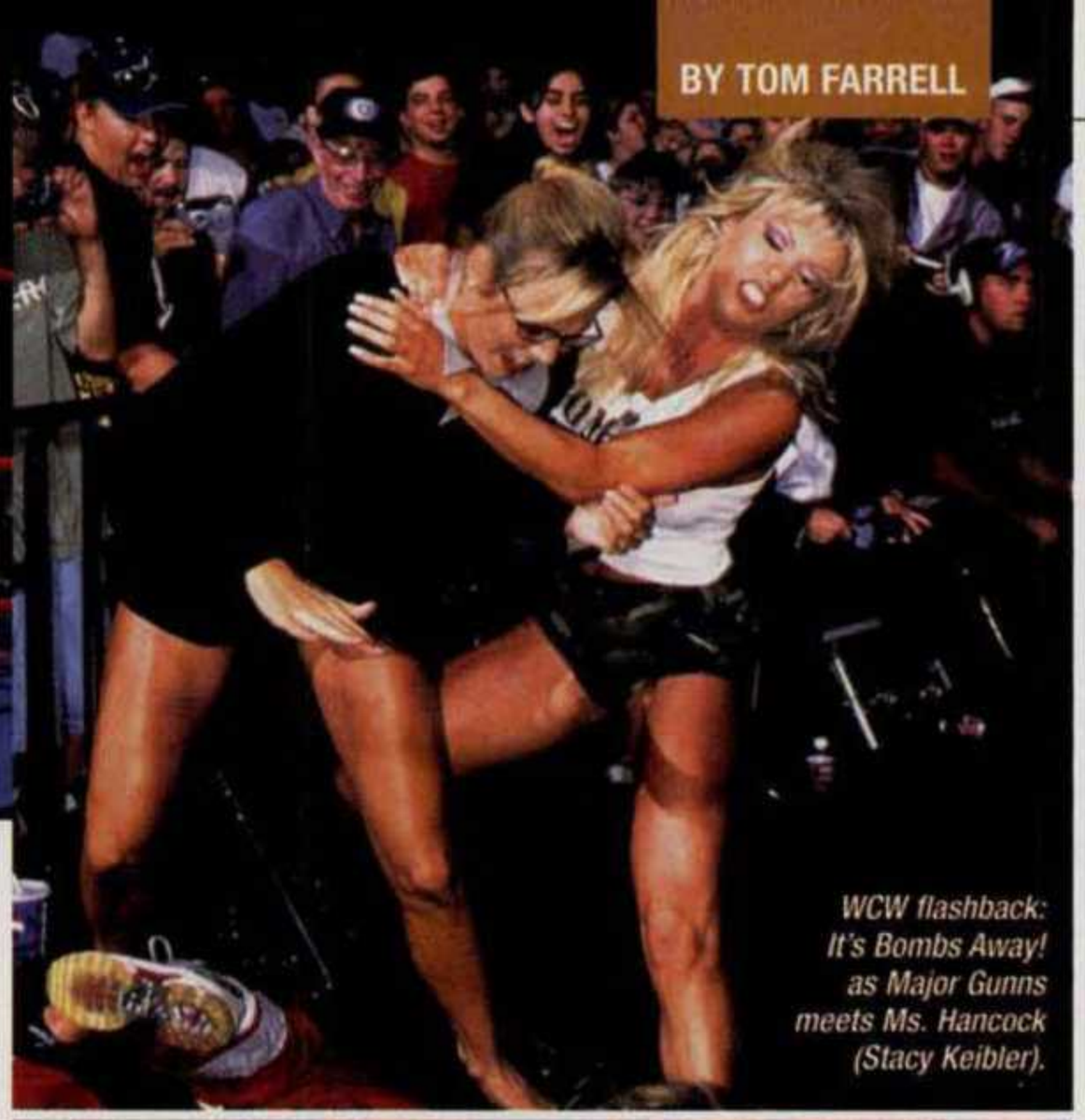
MAJ GUN GOES GOOD-BI

NUDE PHOTOS COURTESY TYLENE BUCK

Knockout Tylene Buck heads from the

PORN$

BY TOM FARRELL



WCW flashback: It's Bombs Away! as Major Gunns meets Ms. Hancock (Stacy Keibler).

Starring in **Pussy Party #14**, Tylene a/k/a Brandi Wylde tangles to orgasm.

PHOTO COURTESY CSI/PURE PLAY MEDIA

WRESTLING PHOTOS BY GARRETT ELWOOD

IN 2000 FITNESS AND BIKINI MODEL TYLENE BUCK joined the World Championship Wrestling circuit, eventually took the moniker Major Gunns and became a superstar. With the demise of the WCW, the 5-foot-6, 34DD Californian sought new outlets for her talents, and now she's ditched half-nelsons and combat fatigues for a career as a porn diva.

After breaking into the biz with *Asshunt*, the Seymore Butts protégé renamed herself Brandi Wylde for the Pure Play release *Cousin Stevie's Pussy Party #14: King Klit*, but has since gone back to her established moniker. We catch up with Tylene Buck on the set of her second Seymore Butts flick, *Ass Good Ass It Gets*. Relaxing in a makeup chair, the bombshell takes us from the ring to engaging in lesbian sex as her initiation to the XXX lifestyle. (She's only done girls so far.)

HUSTLER: Tell us a little about your wrestling days.

TYLENE BUCK: I started as a ring girl and valet, then I wrestled a couple of years with the WCW. My character name was Major Gunns. I played an all-American girl, and I got my butt kicked a lot! It was a great adventure. I wore camouflage, combat boots and wife beaters.

Who were some of the big-time wrestlers you worked with?

Bill Goldberg, Scott Steiner, Hulk Hogan, Scott Hall, Jeff Jarrett.

Did you ever get badly injured?

Oh, yeah. I was taken to the emergency room. There was a match between myself and a female wrestler named Paisley. We were going over our moves in the ring. She did a backflip, and both of her feet landed square on my chest. They had to rush me to the hospital to make sure I didn't break any ribs—or break my guns. (*Looks down at her breasts and laughs.*) Luckily, I was okay. I had quite a few incidents of getting bruised and banged, but that's part of the wrestling world.

What was the highlight of your wrestling career?

Getting to smear Stacy Keibler's face into a big cake and then kick her butt in a mud bath. [Buck's statuesque adversary has since become a TV sensation as a ballroom dancer.]

Tell us about your transition from wrestling to the adult-film world.

The WCW got bought out by WWE. I had an offer to go to WWE, but I turned it down. I wanted to be my own boss again. I've always been a very sexual person, so I thought, *Hmmm, it's time for me to come out of the closet and have some fun with my life!* You only live once. I love beautiful women, and I love cock; so if I can be around it 24/7 and get paid, why not?

What is your most memorable moment so far?

After my first movie, *Asshunt*, everyone on the set had to have a cigarette—even the ones who didn't smoke.

What's in store for the scene you'll be doing today?

I'm doing a hot, three-girl set with lots of toys! Another movie for Seymore Butts. So far I'm having fun doing my girl and toy scenes. That's not saying that I won't ever do guy scenes. You never know what I'll do next.

Are there any porn girls you dream of working with?

Janine. She's one of my favorites. She's dynamite. I saw her at the AVN Awards, and I just wanted to jump her bones right there. And Jesse Jane. She's a doll. She's tiny. And I got a chance to work with Jessica Drake. She tastes *so* good!

What else is on your plate?

I worked on a reality show called *Pimp My Wife*. It's going to be on Cinemax. I played a director for a day. A girl wanted to do a sex scene with a porn star, so I set her up with Evan Stone.

I've also got my original Web site, Tylene.com, and a newer one, TyleneBuck.com. That site is more hard-core. I have my galleries and weekly Webcam shows for members. I do private shows, which are more spicy—bring out the toys, whatever you want to see. I like really wild requests. I'm up for fantasies. I love fulfilling peoples' fantasies.

Any message for your fans?

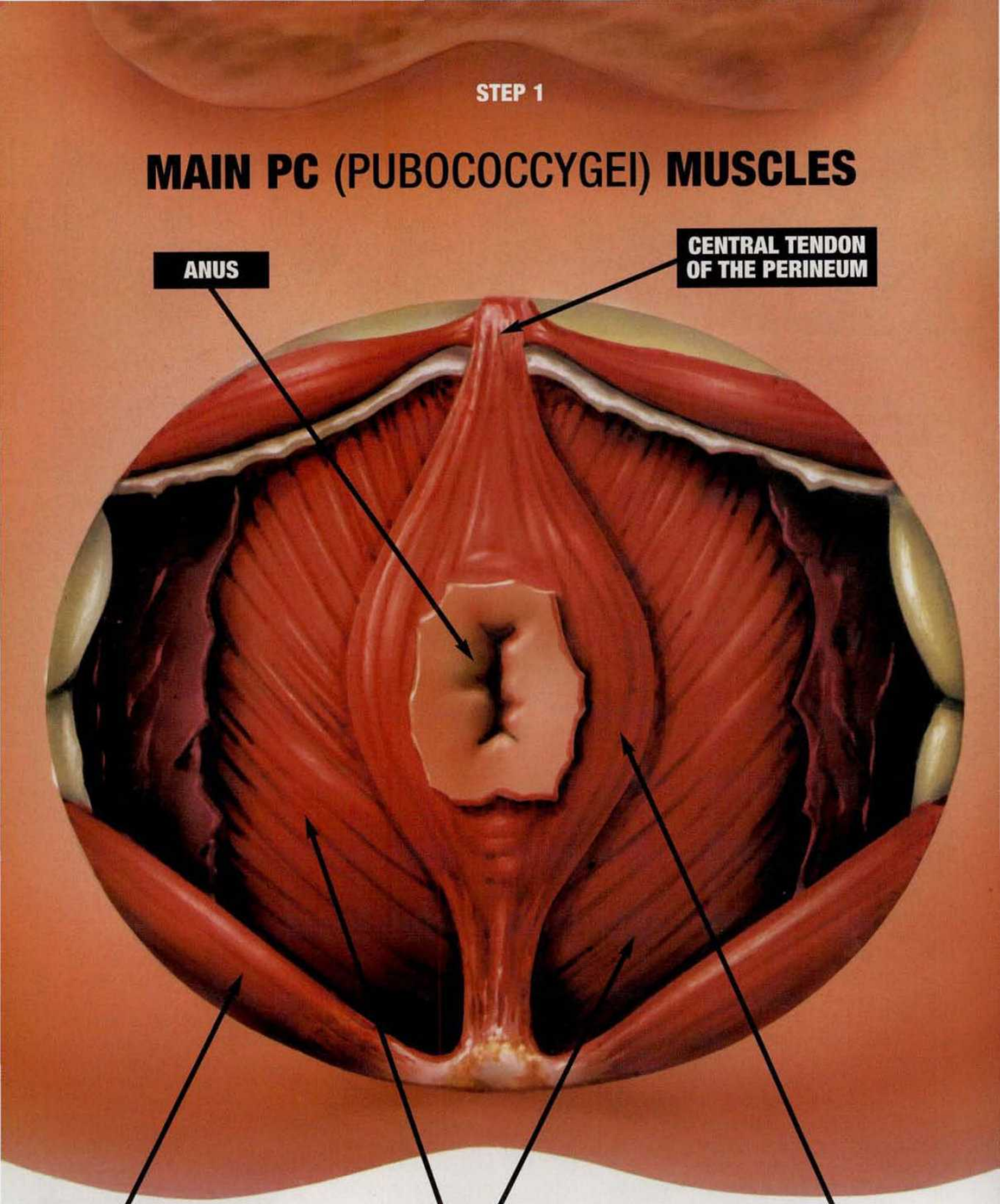
I want to thank them for all the years they've been so loving and supporting of me, for all the great e-mail I get every day. I hope they enjoy everything I'm doing.

ring to dirty-movie schwing!

For more of Tylene Buck as a hot-and-horny XXX starlet, turn to page 143!

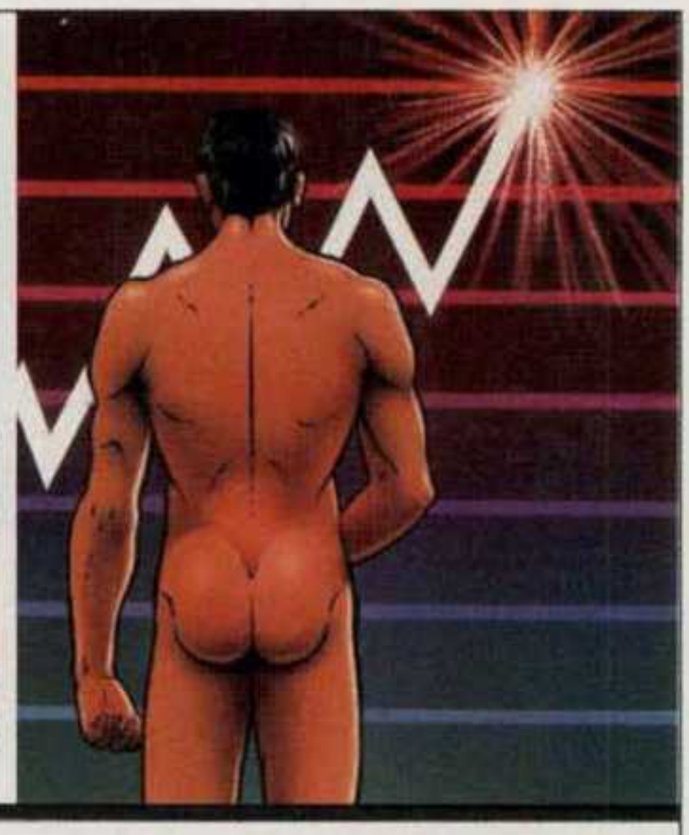
STEP 1

MAIN PC (PUBOCOCCYGEI) MUSCLES



MULTIPLE ORGASMS

CERTIFIED CLINICAL SEXOLOGIST DR. NATASHA TERRY REVEALS FOR MEN HOW TO STAY HARD AND EXPERIENCE A CLUSTER OF CLIMAXES!*



EVER HEAR OF A MALE MULTIPLE ORGASM (MMO)? If you think it's impossible, think again. Eastern cultures have been practicing the technique for 3,000 years, and today it is becoming more common.

An MMO occurs when a man has a series of climaxes sequentially without ejaculating. That's right, orgasm and ejaculation are two different experiences and can happen at two different times. But most men assume they are one and the same because they occur so closely—orgasm first and then ejaculation. In fact, when a man has multiple orgasms, he doesn't lose his erection or arousal in between.

Unfortunately, this little-known truth has been lost in the sheets, and today much of a man's sexuality is focused on ejaculating instead of the process of lovemaking. Switching the focus can do wonders for a sex life and can greatly help your refractory period—defined as the time between ejaculation and a new erection.

On average, a man's refractory period is about 30 minutes, but depending on the man, it can take anywhere from a couple of minutes to an entire day to get it back up again. Commonly, during the time immediately after ejaculation, the penis is too sensitive to go on.

Learning the MMO technique is important because it teaches how to separate orgasm from ejaculation. MMOs can help men who want to last longer shorten the refractory period, increase intensity during sex and have full ejaculatory control. If you crave sexual confidence and also want to have simultaneous orgasms with your partner, having an MMO could be an incredible experience for you.

The best thing is that it can be learned quickly at any age, even if you have problems lasting. But it takes serious dedication to learn the various techniques involved.

Becoming Mr. Multigasm

Practice the following exercises alone and with a partner. When exploring as a team, be sure to indicate what you're trying to accomplish; don't leave your mate wondering what the hell you are doing. Be aware that your practice will not be perfect. There will be times where you have a partial orgasm or partial ejaculation or nothing happens at all. Relax and try again later.

Step 1: Find and strengthen your PC muscles.

The secret to having an MMO begins and relies on the strength of your pubococcygei (PC) muscles, which stretch from the pubic bone to the tailbone. You use these muscles to stop the flow of urine, and it is the same muscle group that contracts when you ejaculate. Good news: They are muscles, and you can strengthen them at any age.

There's an easy way to isolate your PC muscles and become aware of them. The next time you urinate, try to stop the flow just for a second. If this proves difficult, your PC muscles are weak. To strengthen them, a ten-day "workout" is required. First, stand up straight, then squeeze and hold for two seconds, 50 times a day. After five days add ten long squeezes at ten seconds each to the 50 short ones. You might experience some soreness in the beginning, but it will subside.

Step 2: Learn how to breathe.

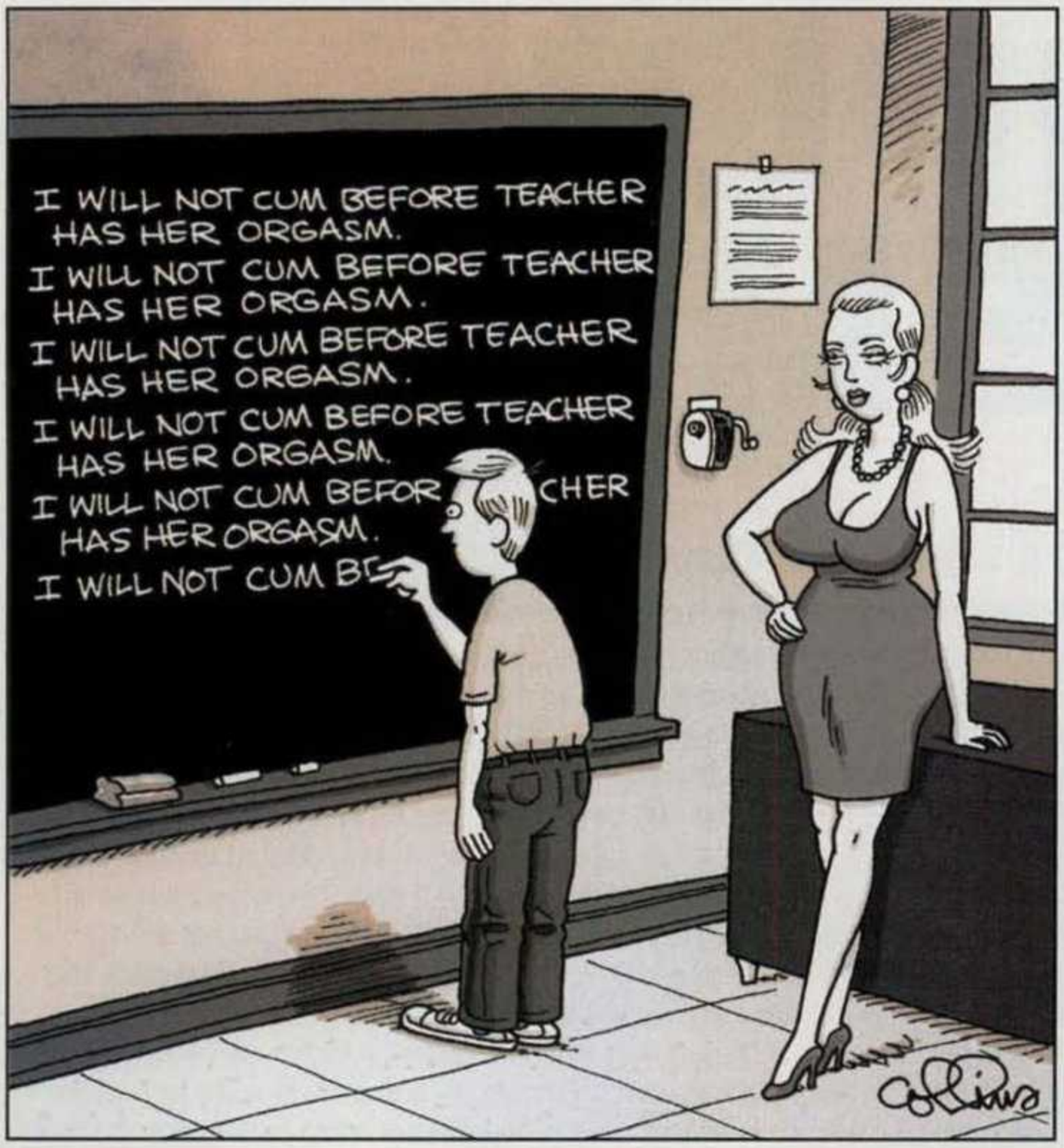
Standing straight, with both hands on your lower abdomen, breathe in and out five or six times; then breathe in a little deeper and exhale, pulling your abdomen back as if it were going to hit your lower spine. Feel your penis and testicles move up? Repeat around 25 times a day. Breathe in, breathe out and pull your abdomen, penis and testicles back and up, release. This will help you to regain control when you need to.

Step 3: Become aware of your Point of No Return.

It is imperative that you become acutely aware of the stimulation stages: arousal, excitement, erection and resolution. Do this by self-pleasuring all the way to the brink. Begin masturbating at a leisurely pace. Relax and pay close attention to what happens when you pass through each stage up to when you finally ejaculate. Can you feel the involuntary

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALEX EBEL

*This article is for informational and educational purposes only and does not constitute medical advice.


I WILL NOT CUM BEFORE TEACHER HAS HER ORGASM.
I WILL NOT CUM BEFORE TEACHER HAS HER ORGASM.
I WILL NOT CUM BEFORE TEACHER HAS HER ORGASM.
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I WILL NOT CUM BE

"Guess who, good lookin'?!"

spasms around your prostate? Can you feel each contraction building up to ejaculation? Repeat this exercise over and over until you can identify each of the four phases.

Step 4: Learn how to switch focus and regain control.

Switching focus takes the attention off your genitals and teaches you to spread it out to other parts of the body. When you feel yourself getting too excited, become aware of your breath (you can do this by slowing it down and counting). Focus on your partner to get your attention off the penis and genital area (opening your eyes naturally switches focus). Slowing down or thrusting in a different way can help; stopping altogether immediately switches focus.

Step 5: Practice peaking and squeezing.

While masturbating, bring yourself to a point near ejaculation, then stop and rest. See if you can get closer and closer to ejaculation. When you feel like you are losing control, put on the brakes and squeeze your PC muscles to stop the flow of ejaculate. Squeeze as hard as you can and slow down. This should stop you from coming, but if not, no big deal. You can always try again later. Practice this over and over until you get to the point where you can get superclose to ejaculating. Do not forget to breathe, and have your eyes open at all times.

It is important to reach a peak and be able to back down from it, which is essentially what this exercise teaches you. After you regain control, repeat as many times as you want. But eventually you will want to ejaculate, so go for it before you get too worn out.

When you practice these techniques with a partner, your rhythm should go something like this: While thrusting, you begin to approach ejaculation, so you stop or slow down your thrusting. Then squeeze your PC muscles, thereby regaining control. Begin thrusting again. Your first orgasm will happen while squeezing your PC muscles, and it is up to you where you want to go from there.

If you put the five steps together and practice them rigorously, you will eventually experience male multiple orgasms. Some men are only able to have one orgasm before the "ejaculation orgasm," and that is fine. But some can have anywhere from two to four.

Common Problems

Failure to squeeze the PC muscles enough to ward off ejaculation and not being able to distinguish between orgasm and ejaculation seem to be the biggest hurdles. Simply go back and work through the steps again. If you experience retrograde ejaculation, where the seminal fluid flows back into the bladder, not to worry. It might sting, but it is harmless. If you have partial orgasms or partial ejaculations, you are getting closer to separating them out. Just keep practicing until you get your timing right.

Since many men are goal-oriented during sex, I recommend that the MMO *not* be a "do or die" goal. Relax; don't try too hard. Be patient and have fun with the technique. Having a multiorgasmic experience the first night is possible, but it will likely end up taking several weeks or even months to master the MMO method. Rest assured, it is definitely worth the wait.

For more sex tips, check out **DrNatasha.com**.

Nancy Ann is a freelance writer contributing insights on love and romance. As a service to happy couples everywhere, she highlights the latest sexual enhancements in the U.S, Canada, and Europe (see www.nancy-ann.com for related columns).

Installment 1
(in an ongoing series)

Loving the Colossal Load

What Women Really Want: A Monster Facial

Learning "The Ropes" . . .

This is the first letter that sparked readership awareness. It was written by a lady reader of my advice column and it concerns a supplement that made her sex life "explosive" (literally). I'd like to reprint her words; it is the 1st installment in a series of upcoming columns with similar themes.

Rebecca writes:

Nancy, my boyfriend has always satisfied me sexually. With an ample cock-size, average endurance, and creative oral technique, he almost never fails to get me off. But what I experienced the night he returned home from a business trip in Europe was the surprise of my life — a fucking I will never forget, and an orgasm that no man before him has ever come close to equaling.

Since I love to suck cock, the second my boyfriend dropped his luggage, I stripped off his clothes and proceeded to please him with my best welcome-home blowjob.

Before long my wet mouth had him pumping gob after hot gob down my throat and on my face. With a fistful of throbbing cock, I held on for dear life as he unloaded his sweet jism; these were "power throbs" that kept launching massive amounts of cum. I've never seen anything like it — a man having a multiple! I was so totally turned on being nearly drowned with his super-human load. And it didn't stop there! He stayed erect, throwing me down on the floor and pounding my twat until we both had simultaneous, earth-shattering orgasms, practically causing both of us to pass out. The rest of the evening and throughout the week we fucked ourselves into a frenzy; his recovery time between these super-charged orgasms was that of a teenage boy.

Since that night, all I can think of is sucking and fucking my new "power lover" all hours of the day. Finally, curiosity got the best of me, so I asked what had turned him into such a fuck machine. His answer: He had learned "The Ropes."

Turns out my boyfriend had spent an evening in Europe with a Swedish nutritionist and his wife of 20 years. The couple was openly sexual and couldn't keep their hands off each other, so my boyfriend asked them their secret. The nutritionist explained he regularly took a natural supplement, and gave my boyfriend a month's supply, telling him it would teach him "the ropes" of great sex.

The supply is about to run out, and we want to know where we can buy this incredible enhancement. Do you know if this product is available in the States?

Rebecca M.
San Diego, CA

Rebecca, I do know all about what your boyfriend used to enhance his orgasms. I'm happy to report that across the U.S. and Canada more and more men are finding out about and using this unique supplement, learning that not only do they themselves benefit sexually, so too do their partners.

The contractions and release during male orgasm can be multiplied using an all-natural product called Serogen. Although formulated to trigger stronger, longer orgasmic experiences by strengthening the vas deferens muscle in men, an added bonus — from a woman's perspective — is that these powerful contractions men achieve while in the throes of an orgasm can induce an intense, female climax.

Moreover, the term "ropes" Rebecca mentions in her letter is actually European slang for the added contractions and heightened release that cause these "rope"-like effects during male orgasm.

As far as finding Serogen in the States, I know of just one importer — Somalab. The company has a product line for men that includes newly added Serogen-SP, a premium blend of the original. If interested in purchasing Serogen or SP, Somalab can be contacted toll-free at 1-866-SOMALAB. Orders can also be placed through Somalab's informational Web site: www.learntheropes.net.

Nancy Ann

Nancy Ann

PAID ADVERTISEMENT

Redneck Sex Toys

YOU FIND RIGHT AROUND THE TRAILER!

By George Trosley

BIG BOY CONDOMS
A PLASTIC BAG WITH A TWIST TIE—*AND CHECK THAT RESERVOIR TIP!*

LOVE LUBE
IF IT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR THE TRANS AM, IT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ELLIE MAE!

ARTIFICIAL VAGINA
SOFT, WARM, AND IT'LL ALWAYS SHARE A SIX-PACK WITH YA!

BEN-WA BALLS
PUTT PUTT GOLF BALLS *THE RIGHT SIZE AFTER EIGHT KIDS!*

A STRAP-ON
THE HELL WITH *HER* PLEASURE... YOUR HAPPINESS IS IMPORTANT TOO!

DAMN YOU... THAT'S MY SISTER!

VIBRATOR
MOUSETRAPS PROVIDE AN ENDLESS SUPPLY!

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YOU DON'T HAVE A PUMP? GOT A *SHOVEL?*

MOTHER
1922
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FRENCH TICKLER
LAST WEEK'S FRENCH FRIES, SOME ELECTRICAL TAPE...*AND YOU!*

BAR

FRESH CORN

ALL-NATURAL DILDOS
FROM MOTHER EARTH HERSELF!

XXX SPREAD

Hey, you there! Yes, you—the guy holding the magazine with your pants puddled around your ankles. The text you are now reading is what the editors call "girl copy." We slave over this stuff month after month. Do you appreciate all the effort we put into it? Or would you rather just jerk off in peace without all this mumbo jumbo clogging up the images?

Like here. Should we even bother writing something like "While Amy's magnificent headlights glisten in the afternoon sun, Julian checks her curvy chassis for emissions"?

Or how about "The sexy female grease monkey really knows her way around tools."

Or this: "Julian drives his throbbing stick shift deep into Amy's hungry manifold."

Or even this doozy: "Looks like someone blew a gasket!"

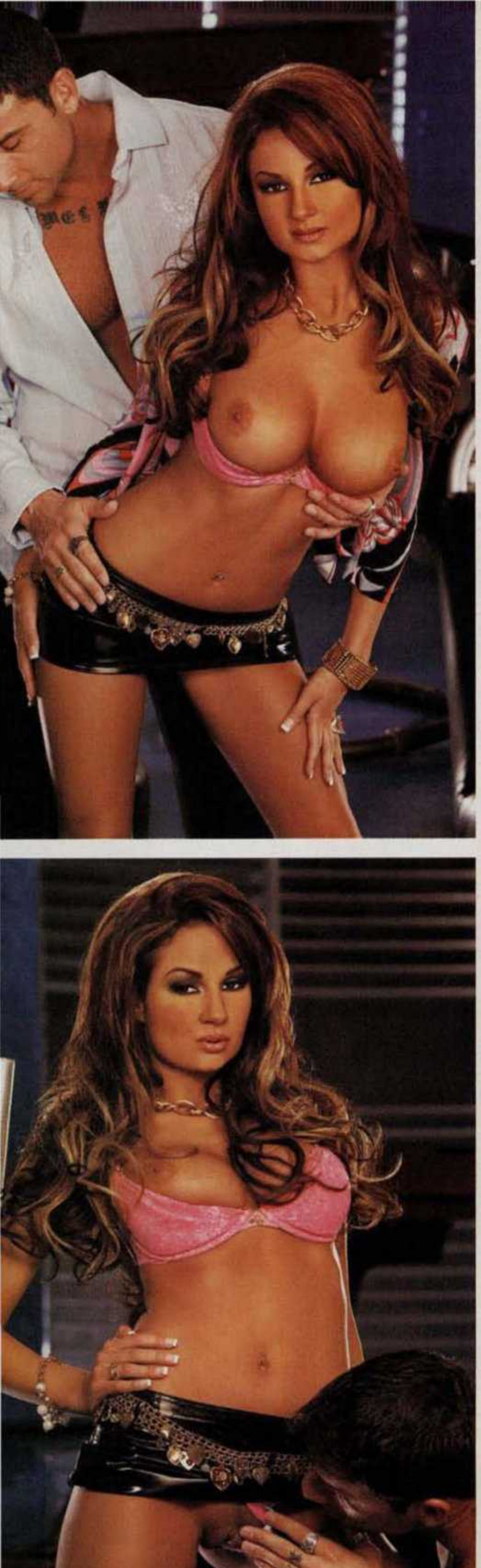
So whaddaya say? Do you like being burdened with this shit? Or would you prefer to use your imagination and take matters into your own hands? Wait! With horny Amy Ried around, that's a given. When you finish, pull up your pants, then maybe drop us a note to tell us what you think.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

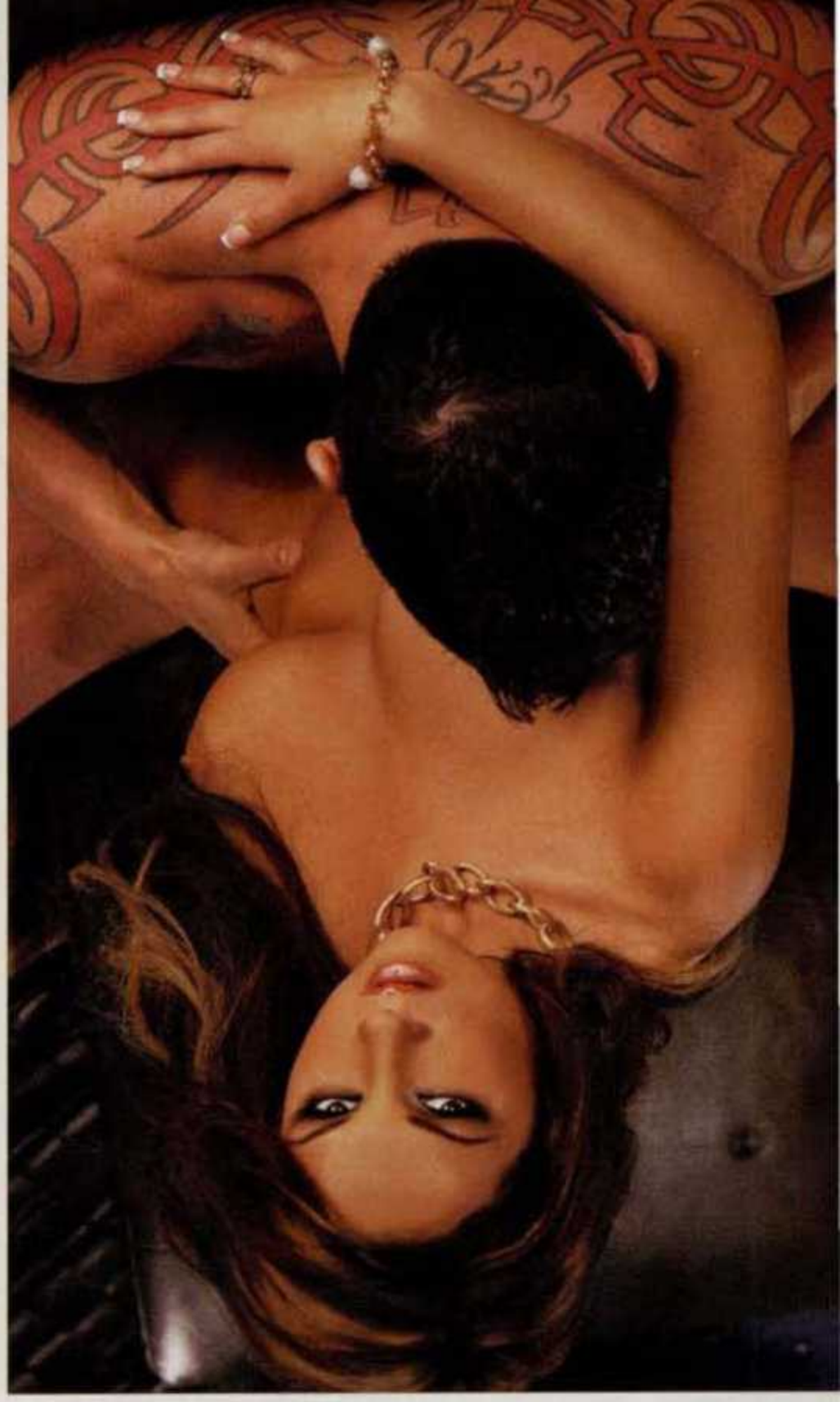
AMY RIED & JULIAN

LUBE JOB

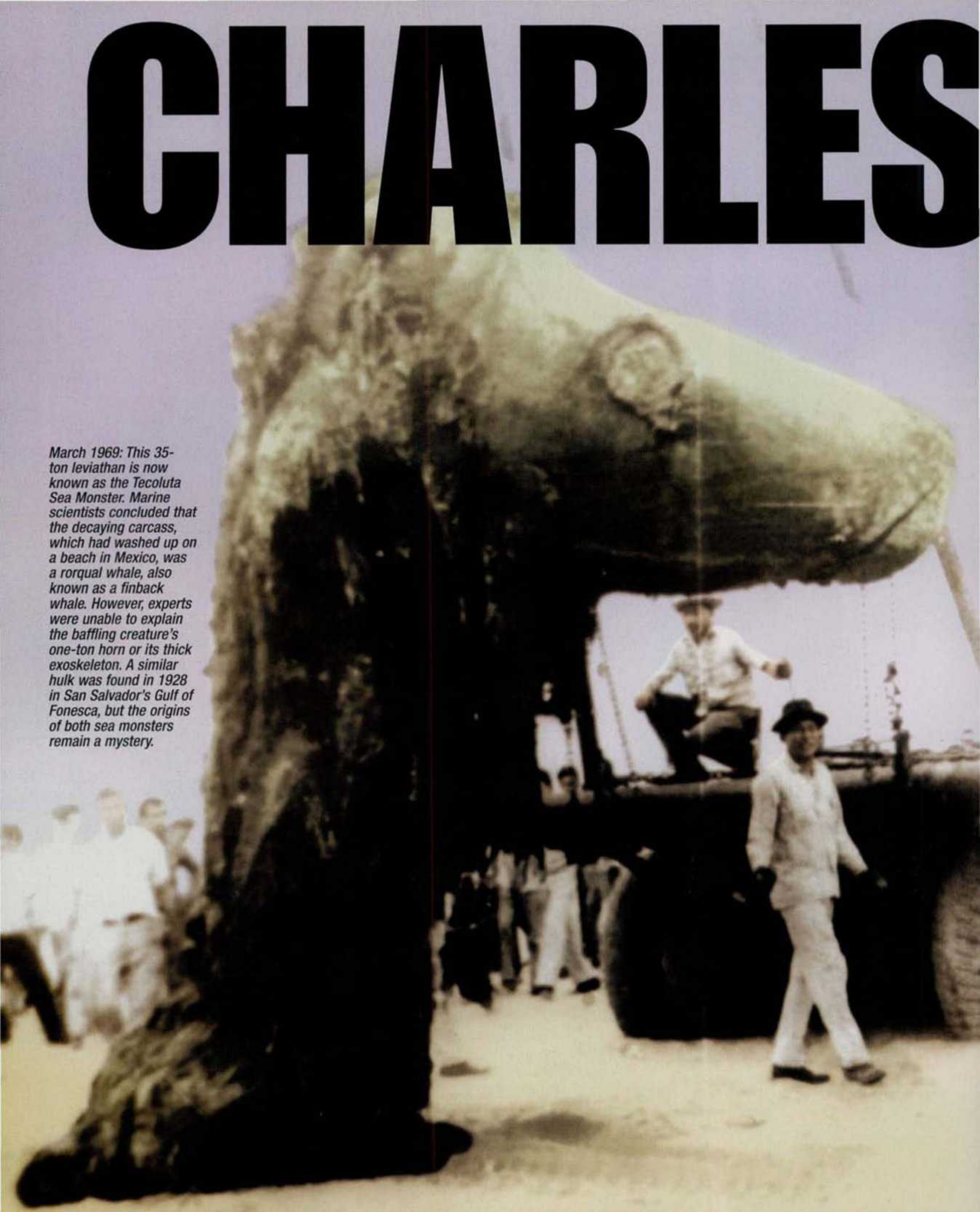
PHOTOGRAPHY BY SUZE RANDALL



TEMPTATION



CHARLES



March 1969: This 35-ton leviathan is now known as the Tecoluta Sea Monster. Marine scientists concluded that the decaying carcass, which had washed up on a beach in Mexico, was a rorqual whale, also known as a finback whale. However, experts were unable to explain the baffling creature's one-ton horn or its thick exoskeleton. A similar hulk was found in 1928 in San Salvador's Gulf of Fonesca, but the origins of both sea monsters remain a mystery.

THE MOST NOTORIOUS CHRONICLER OF UNEXPLAINED PHENOMENA

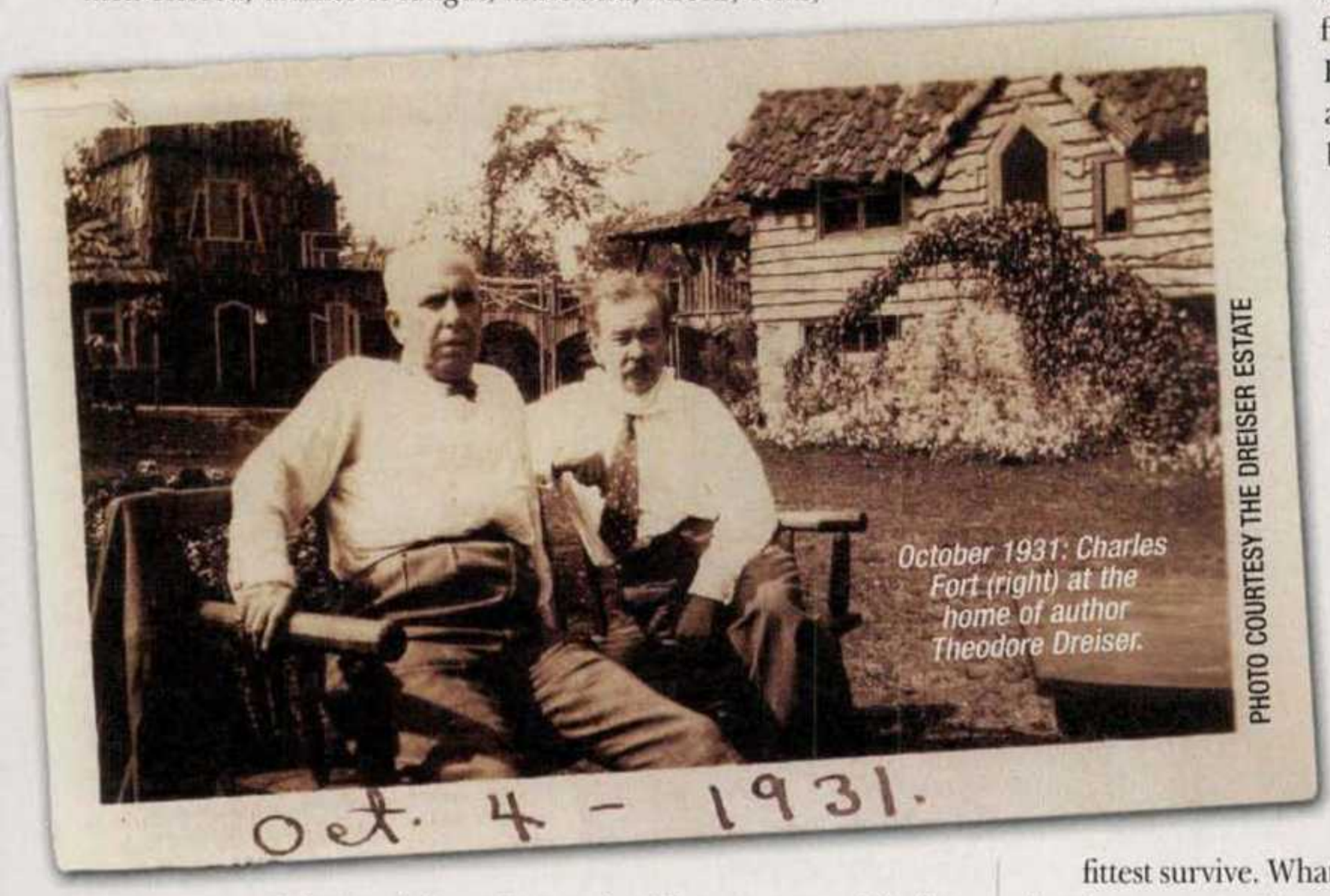
BY SKYLAIRE ALFVEGREN

DOGMA BE DAMNED PART 1

FORT

ON THE MORNING OF DECEMBER 28, 1860, the venerable Italian city of Siena was deluged with rain as red as blood. A second scarlet downpour struck before noon. When more red rain returned three days later, local Catholics began praying fervently, with their rosaries reaching heavenward.

Standing alone, this strange phenomenon may not raise an eyebrow. Now consider it alongside thousands of other verified reports collected throughout history, detailing inexplicable objects falling from the planet's skies: substances pulpy, perfumed and phosphorescent with hues ranging from purple to transparent to greenish-yellow to salmon-colored; drizzles of fungus, nitric acid, insects, coins,



October 1931: Charles Fort (right) at the home of author Theodore Dreiser.

PHOTO COURTESY THE DREISER ESTATE

fish (or their scales) and sulfur; torrents of bullets, snakes, frogs, flesh and blood.

When taken as a whole rather than individually, these occurrences—commonly known as "skyfalls"—begin to take on more credence. Skyfalls are but one extraordinary phenomenon chronicled by Charles Fort, bibliomancer extraordinaire and prophet of the unexplained.

From 1916 to 1932 Fort combed the world's newspapers and scholarly journals seeking out wonders that orthodox science either ignored or explained away. In the libraries of New York and London he gathered tens of thousands of accounts of ghosts and psychic phenomena, geophysical and atmospheric anomalies, and astronomical and archaeological mysteries, all of which he pounded into four spectacularly original tomes: *The Book of the Damned* (1919), *New Lands* (1923), *Lo!* (1931) and *Wild Talents* (1932).

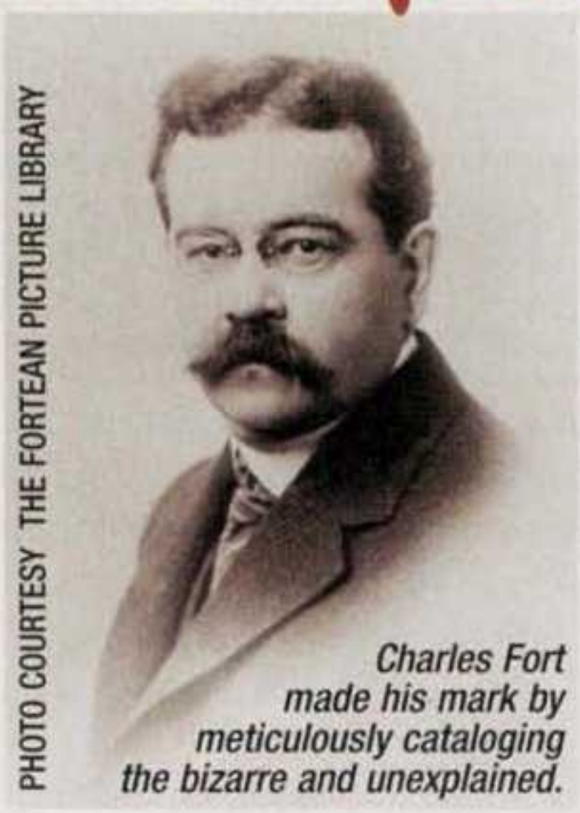


PHOTO COURTESY THE FORTEAN PICTURE LIBRARY

Charles Fort made his mark by meticulously cataloging the bizarre and unexplained.

Fort—primarily a short-story writer whose only novel, *The Outcast Manufacturers*, was published in 1909—torched two of his manuscripts for *The Book of the Damned* before hitting upon a completely distinctive formula. Compelled by what he called "strange orthogenetic gods," Fort crafted a style that was as explosive as the impossibilities he cataloged: a highly satirical, volcanic stream of consciousness teeming with wild hypotheses that would later bleed into scientific fact as well as fiction. (Robert A. Heinlein, Fritz Leiber and Philip K. Dick are but a few renowned authors who have admitted being influenced by Fort's ruminations.)

"He identified many previously unrecognized types in phenomenal reality, such as the UFO, the fireball and the teleportation effect," declared John Michell and Bob Rickard in *Phenomena: A Book of Wonders*.

Fort believed in nothing absolutely, presenting his data as "a procession of the damned...[meaning] the excluded." He also delighted in poking fun at dogmatic science: "I conceive of nothing in religion, science or philosophy that is more than the proper thing to wear, for a while."

Fort believed his "damned data" would be "proved as well as Moses or Darwin ever 'proved' anything." When discussing the science of Darwinism, Fort noted, "The fittest survive. What is meant by the fittest? Not the strongest; not the cleverest—weakness and stupidity everywhere survive. There is no way of determining fitness except in that a thing does not survive. Darwinism: that survivors survive."

Novelist Theodore Dreiser, who had bought Fort's short stories when he was a magazine editor, strong-armed his own publisher into releasing *The Book of the Damned* in 1919. The 298-page volume was unlike anything ever put into print, and the insights it held hit readers with the force of an intellectual lightning bolt.

WAS A PIONEER WHO QUESTIONED SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

BEWILDERING PHENOMENA

IN OUR SEARCH FOR THE TRUTH we have collected some intriguing entries in the chronicles of Charles Fort. Don't blame us if you become a conspiracy nut after reading these paraphrased gems.

Columnist Ben Hecht, who'd later become an Oscar-winning screenwriter, proclaimed in the *Chicago Daily News*: "I am the first disciple of Charles Fort!...Henceforth, I am a *Fortean*. He has made a terrible onslaught upon the accumulated lunacy of 50 centuries. The onslaught will perish. The lunacy will survive, entrenching itself behind the derisive laughter of all good citizens!"

Fort was quickly labeled the archenemy of science, which was far from the truth. Neither crank nor skeptic, Fort was not an enemy of science or a marvelmonger, as others claimed. He made it perfectly clear who his targets were—the demagogues and the public, those driving the push for sanctity in dogma and authority.

Before becoming a well-known novelist, a young actor named Tiffany Thayer began corresponding with Fort after the release of *New Lands*. Eight years later, in 1931, the ardent admirer eventual-

FROM *LO!*

• August 30, 1919—Swanton Novers Rectory, near Melton Constable, Norfolk, England. Oil "spurting" from walls and ceilings. It was thought that the house was over an oil well, the liquid percolating and precipitating, but it was not crude oil that was falling: The liquids were paraffin and petrol. In an account, dated September 2nd, it is said that receptacles had been placed under the appearing-points and that about 50 gallons of oil had been caught. Of 13 showers, upon September 1st, two were of water.

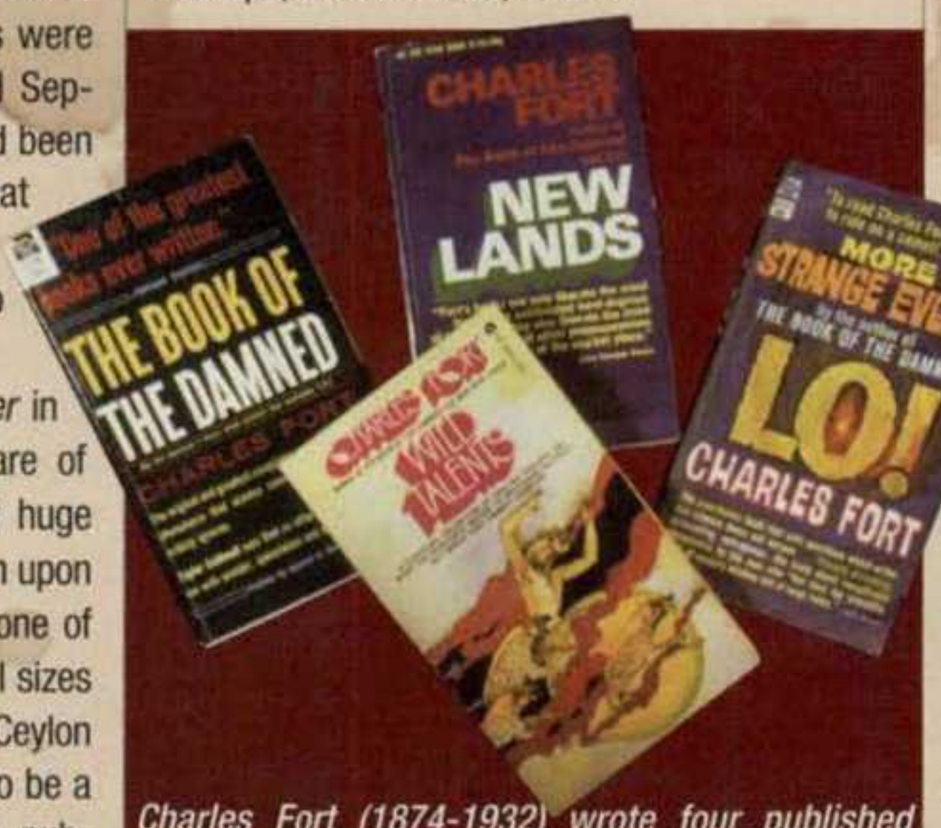
• All the accounts in the *Ceylon Observer* in issues from July 27 to September 23 are of a sudden and monstrous appearance of huge snails, packed thick, and not an observation upon them until all at once appeared. It takes one of these snails two years to reach full size. All sizes were in this invasion. "Never known in Ceylon before." "How they came here continues to be a mystery." According to Mr. Green's report, published in a supplement of the *Ceylon Observer*, September 2, stories of the multitudes were not exaggerations: He described "giant snails in enormous numbers," "a horde in a comparatively small place," "a foreign pest."

• In the matter of the disappearance of the Danish training ship *Kobenhoven*, which upon December 14, 1928, sailed with 50 cadets and sailors aboard from Montevideo, I note that another training ship, the *Atlanta* (British), set sail, early in the year 1880, with 250 cadets and sailors aboard, from Bermuda, and was not heard of again.

FROM *NEW LANDS*

• June 1801. The mirage of an unknown city was seen for more than an hour at Youghal, County Cork, Ireland—a representation of mansions, surrounded by shrubbery and white palings, forests behind. In October 1796 a mirage of a walled town had been seen distinctly for half an hour at Youghal and again on March 9, 1797.

• Upon the 2nd of April 1808, over the town of Pignerol, Piedmont, Italy, a loud sound was heard: In many places in Piedmont an earthquake was felt. In the Report of the British Association, 1858-68, it is said that aerial phenomena did occur; that, before the explosion, luminous objects had been seen in the sky over Pignerol, and that in several of the communes in the Alps, aerial sounds, as if of



Charles Fort (1874-1932) wrote four published books, each documenting such inexplicable phenomena as UFOs, sea monsters and frogs falling from the sky. The texts are available from Dover Publications and Cosimo Books.

innumerable stones colliding, had been heard, and that quakes had been felt. From April 2 to April 8, 40 shocks were recorded at Pignerol. Something was specially related to this one local sky...phenomena that are now listed as "earthquakes." The last occurrence of which I have record was upon January 22, 1810.

• Unknown objects have been seen near Venus. There were more than 30 such observations in the 18th century. Our own earliest datum is Webb's observation, of May 22nd, 1823. If these observations and others that we shall have, be accepted, they relate to unknown bulks that have, from outer space, gone to Venus, and have been in temporary suspension near the planet, even though the shade of Sir Isaac Newton would curdle at the suggestion. If something could go to the planet Venus, one is not especially startled with the idea that something could sail out from the planet Venus—visit this Earth, conceivably.

FROM *BOOK OF THE DAMNED*

• Upon page 70, *Science Gossip*, 1887, the editor says, of a stone that was reported to have fallen at Little Lever, England, that a sample had been sent to him. It was sandstone. Therefore it had not fallen, but had been on the ground in the first place. But, upon page 140, *Science Gossip*, 1887, is an account of "a large, smooth, waterworn, gritty sandstone pebble" that had been found in the wood of a full-grown beech tree. Looks to me as if it had fallen red-hot, and had penetrated the tree with high velocity. But I have never heard of anything falling red-hot from a whirlwind—the wood around this sandstone was black, as if charred.

• *Monthly Weather Review*—Memphis, Tennessee, January 15, 1877. "In a space of two blocks," and after a violent storm in which the rain "fell in torrents," snakes were found. They were crawling on sidewalks, in yards, and in streets, and in masses—but "none were found on roofs or any other elevation above ground" and "none were seen to fall."

• *Journal of the Royal Society of Canada*, November and December, 1913—According to many observations collected by Professor Chant, of Toronto, there appeared, on the night of February 9, 1913, a spectacle that was seen in Canada, the United States, at sea and in Bermuda. A luminous body was seen. To it there was a long tail. The body grew rapidly larger. Observers differ as to whether the body was single, or was composed of three or four parts, with a tail to each part. The group, or complex structure, moved with "a peculiar, majestic deliberation." It disappeared in the distance, and another group emerged from its place of origin. Onward they moved, at the same deliberate pace, in twos or threes or fours. Some observers compared the spectacle to a fleet of airships. ■

ly conned Fort into attending the first meeting of the Fortean Society, ostensibly formed to celebrate the publication of *Lo!* (working title: *God Is an Idiot*), which focused largely on the lunacy of astronomers. *Lo!* remains Fort's most popular work.

According to Thayer, he actually established the Fortean Society to "widen the scope of Fortean inquiry," continue the work of gathering data, "perpetuate dissent" and foster the Fortean viewpoint—that of "enlightened skepticism." The society quickly attracted the era's intelligentsia: Theodore Dreiser, Ben Hecht, Booth Tarkington, Burton Rascoe, John Cowper Powys, journalist H.L. Mencken and even Supreme Court Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Wild Talents, concentrating largely on human marvels, was the last book by the pioneer of paranormal research. In 1932 Charles Fort died suddenly, likely due to undiagnosed leukemia. Shortly thereafter Tiffany Thayer began publishing *The Fortean Society Magazine*, carrying on Fort's grand tradition of documenting mailed-in newspaper clippings of strange phenomena.

In 1940 the publication was renamed *Doubt* and experienced a renaissance the following year with the republication of Fort's complete works. As his word spread, more and more luminaries were brought into the Fortean Society fold. Playwright Arthur Miller, architect Frank Lloyd Wright, zoologist Ivan Sanderson and inventor Buckminster Fuller eventually became members. Even *Tropic of Cancer* author Henry Miller hawked his watercolors to the magazine.

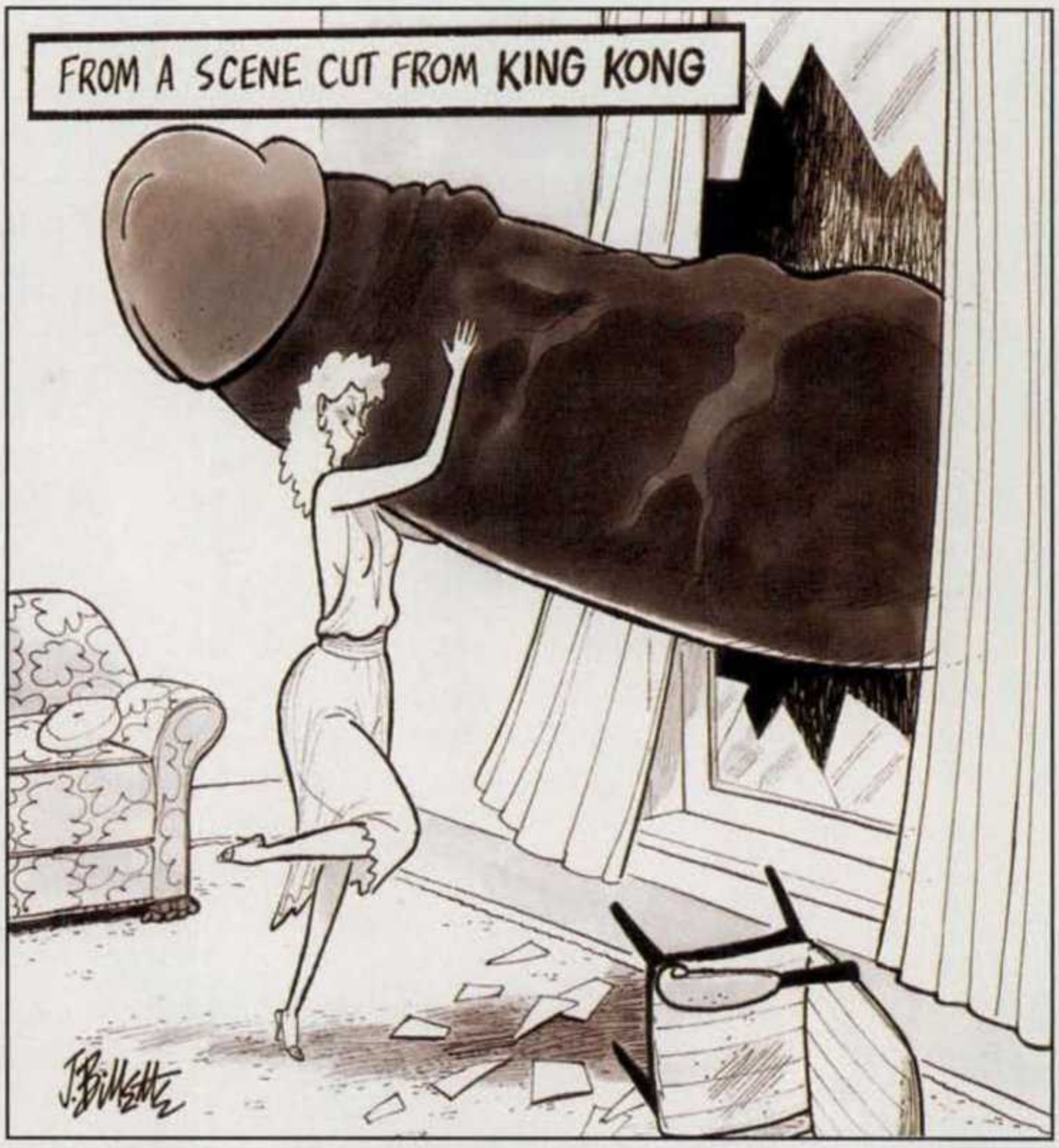
Sadly, *Doubt* died along with Thayer in 1959, but the tentacles of Forteana continue to slither onward. Two brothers, Ron and Paul Willis (who had published the sci-fi fanzine *Anubis* and corresponded with members of the original Fortean Society), created the International Fortean Organization (INFO) in 1965.

According to Phyllis Benjamin, the flame-haired force of nature who currently presides over INFO, the group is in place to "reflect the fact that Fort's influence was becoming more global."

The INFO Journal, which hit stands in 1962, is now about to make its jump into cyberspace as an e-zine with no shortage of entries. *Phenomena* coauthor Bob Rickard began sending the Willises so many unexplained clippings from English newspapers, they suggested he begin his own magazine. Rickard was happy to oblige.

"Fort, through his writings, pioneered the collection and discussion of anomalous data from contemporary sources," Rickard announced in 1973 when *The Fortean Times* was established. "This is something I wish to continue."

The phenomenalist publication is still popular today. Check it out online at **ForteanTimes.com**.



"Sorry I'm late, Grandma. Got held up at work!"

Helena
Christensen

FLESH

FAMOUS

BY KEITH VALCOURT

SUPERMODEL HELENA CHRISTENSEN RELAXES at a sand-strewn resort in the south of France. The Dutch-born stunner is best known for her numerous appearances in Victoria's Secret catalogs and commercials. You might also recognize her as the sexy vixen rolling in the surf of **Chris Isaak**'s "Perfect Game" music video. Sadly, seeing her topless rips away the illusion of beauty and glamour.

Jodie Marsh (dubbed the "British **Paris Hilton**" by the tabloids) shows off her terrific titties at the world premiere of *Basic Instinct 2* in London. **Marsh** has starred in a few English reality TV shows, but really, folks, who cares? Look at those massive mams!

Got revealing pics of a celebrity? Contact HUSTLER by e-mailing nakedcelebs@lfp.com.

Movie Mammaries

Rent These NOW!

The "skin" flicks of Demi Moore and Pamela Anderson

THIS MONTH WE LOOK CLOSELY AT sexy screen siren **Demi Moore**'s "body" of work. Long before she was known for fucking her quasi-adolescent boy toy **Ashton Kutcher**, **Moore** was a very popular actress. Her lengthy résumé includes moments of fabulous fleshiness and a litany of sizzling sex scenes.

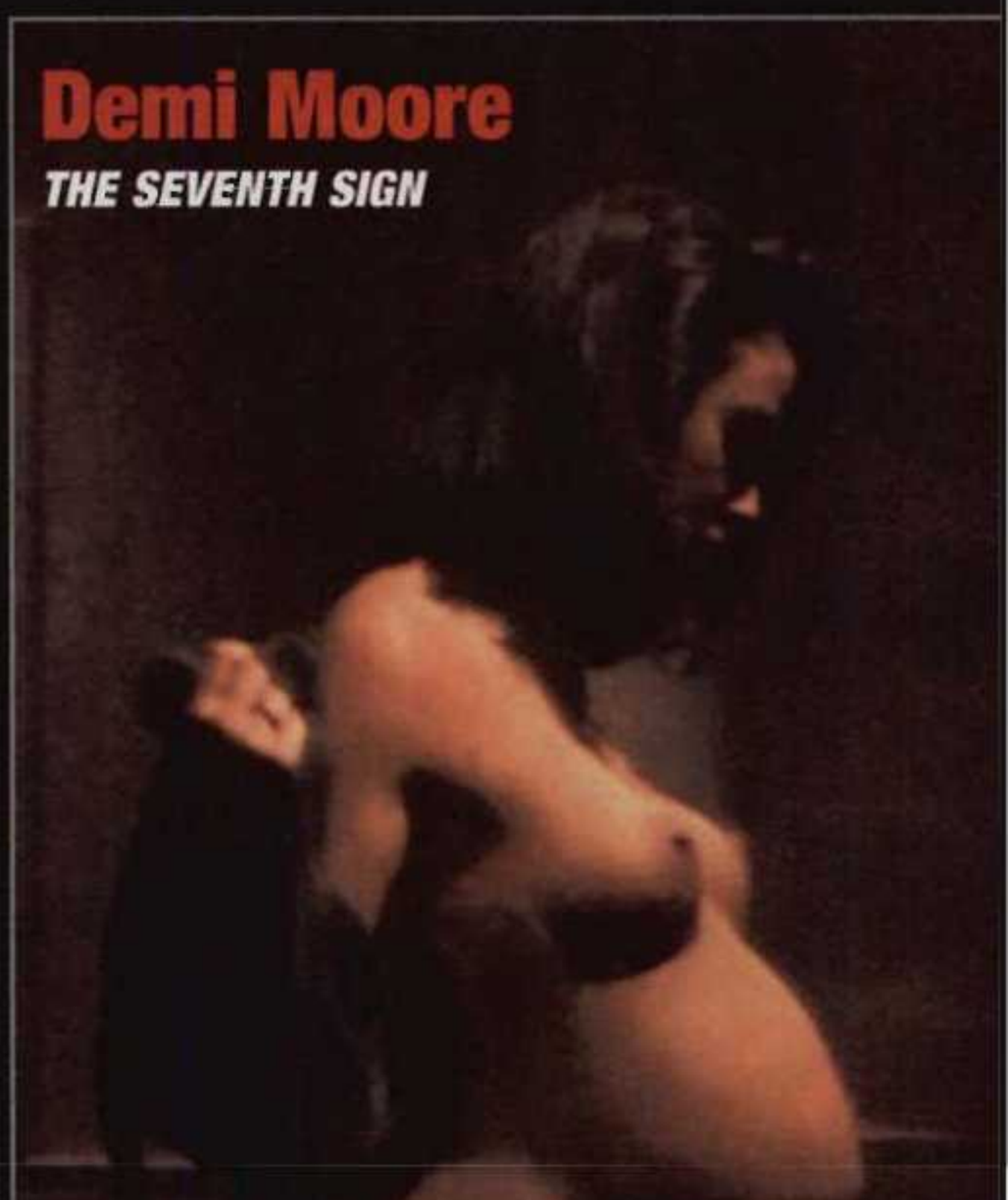
Moore's first silver-screen role came at the tender age of 22 when she played an uncredited hottie alongside **Michael Caine** in *Blame It on Rio.* Her topless walks on the beach were well worth the price of admission. In 1986 she starred with **Rob Lowe** in *About Last Night*, which was based on the play *Sexual Perversity in Chicago*. The film showcased **Moore**'s fantastic nude curves in several bawdy romps with **Lowe**.

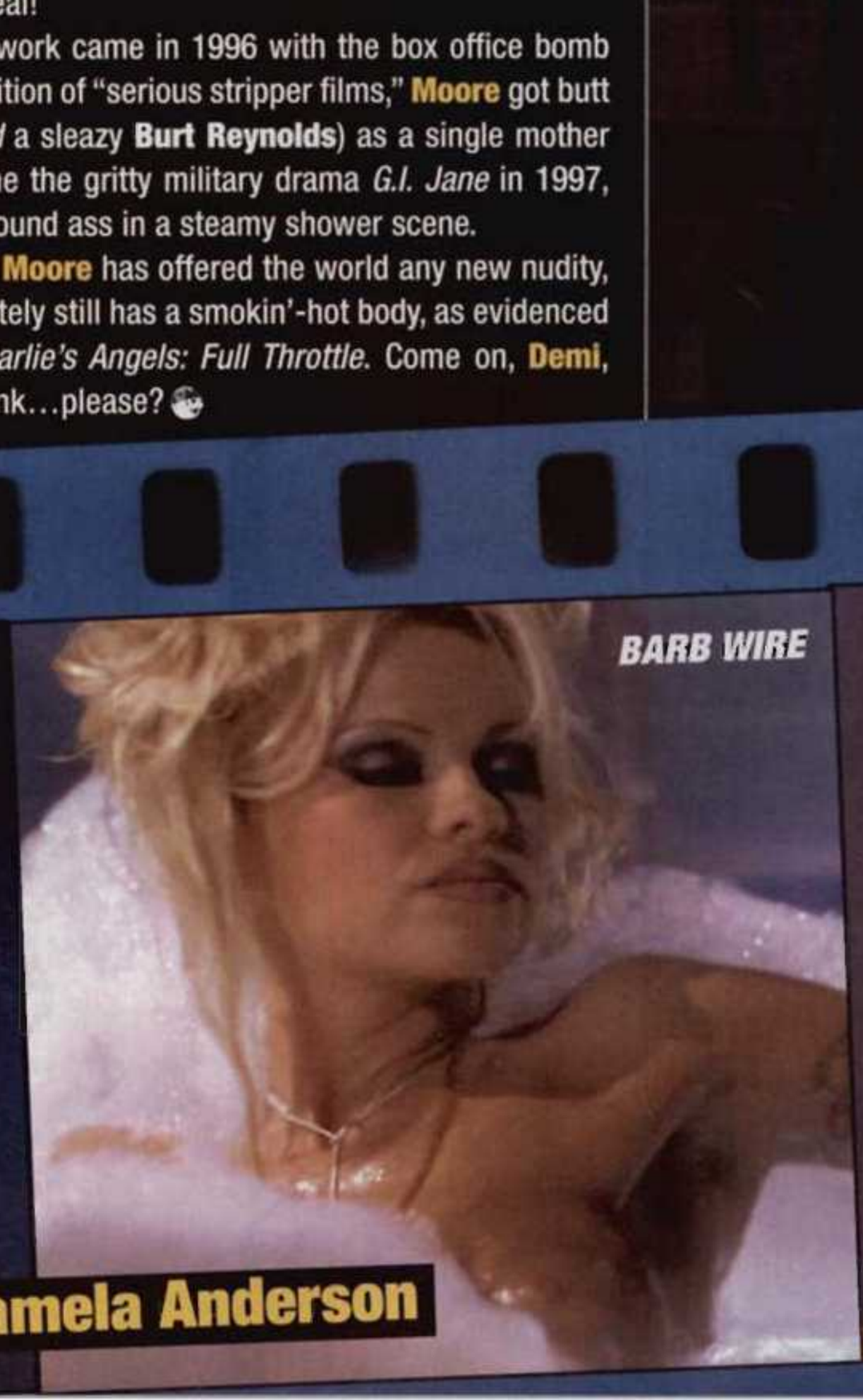
Pregnancy couldn't stop the immodest leading lady from proudly displaying her bloated belly (full of **Bruce Willis**'s child) and engorged mom-to-be tits in the 1988 supernatural thriller *The Seventh Sign*. While we don't normally think of pregnant women as appealing, there's no denying how naked **Moore** ignited this forgotten flick.

Would you let another man sleep with your wife for a million bucks? That was the question posed in 1993's *Indecent Proposal*, with co-star **Woody Harrelson**'s character allowing **Robert Redford**'s to bang his spouse, portrayed by **Moore**. Just a million clams to hit *that?* Sounds like a deal!

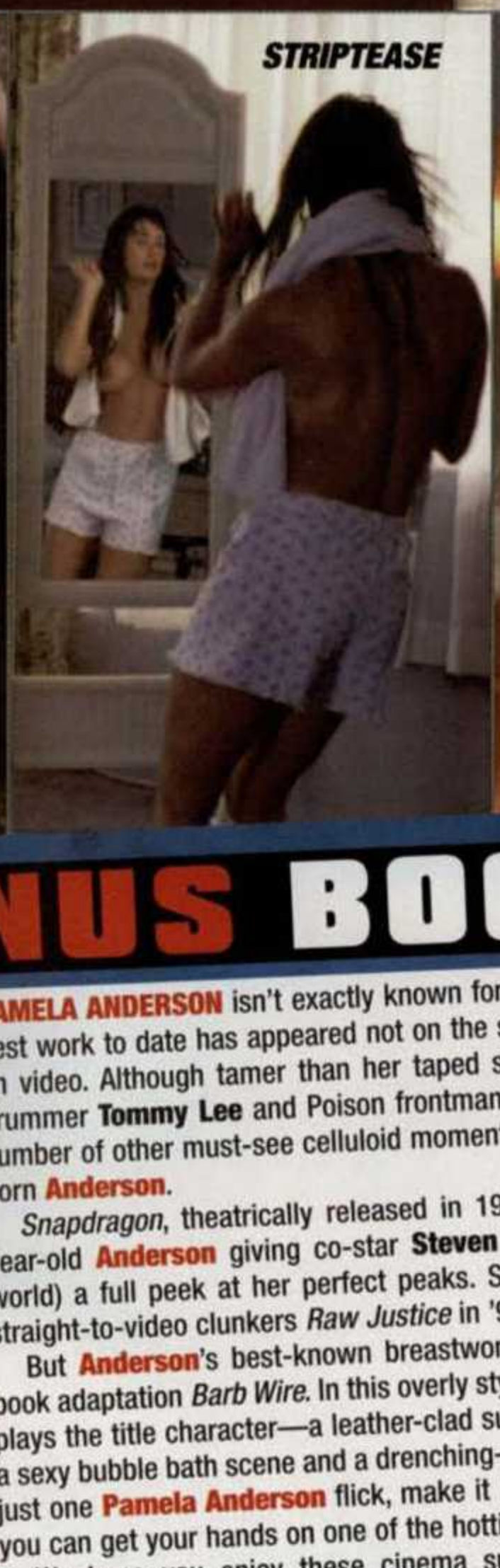
The pinnacle of the darling's nude work came in 1996 with the box office bomb *Striptease*. Continuing in the grand tradition of "serious stripper films," **Moore** got butt naked and worked the brass pole (*and* a sleazy **Burt Reynolds**) as a single mother struggling to raise her child. Next came the gritty military drama *G.I. Jane* in 1997, offering a dandy shot of her perfectly round ass in a steamy shower scene.

Sadly, it has been eight years since **Moore** has offered the world any new nudity, and frankly, we want *Moore*. She definitely still has a smokin'-hot body, as evidenced by her bikini-clad romp in 2003's *Charlie's Angels: Full Throttle*. Come on, **Demi**, before it's too late. Let us see some pink…please?





VIDEO REVIEWS BY KEITH VALCOURT



BONUS BOOBS!

PAMELA ANDERSON isn't exactly known for her acting talents. Hell, her best work to date has appeared not on the silver screen, but exclusively on video. Although tamer than her taped sex romps with Mötley Crüe drummer **Tommy Lee** and Poison frontman **Bret Michaels**, there are a number of other must-see celluloid moments provided by the Canadian-born **Anderson**.

Snapdragon, theatrically released in 1993, features a youthful, 26-year-old **Anderson** giving co-star **Steven Bauer** (and the rest of the world) a full peek at her perfect peaks. Sex scenes followed with the straight-to-video clunkers *Raw Justice* in '94 and *Naked Souls* in '95.

But **Anderson**'s best-known breastwork can be seen in the comic book adaptation *Barb Wire*. In this overly stylized flop the bodacious babe plays the title character—a leather-clad supervixen. The movie includes a sexy bubble bath scene and a drenching-rain booby bustout. If you rent just one **Pamela Anderson** flick, make it *Barb Wire*—unless, of course, you can get your hands on one of the hottie's notorious sex tapes.

We hope you enjoy these cinema suggestions. Remember, every month HUSTLER brings you the best in nude celebrities. Let us know what you think by e-mailing *nakedcelebs@lfp.com*.

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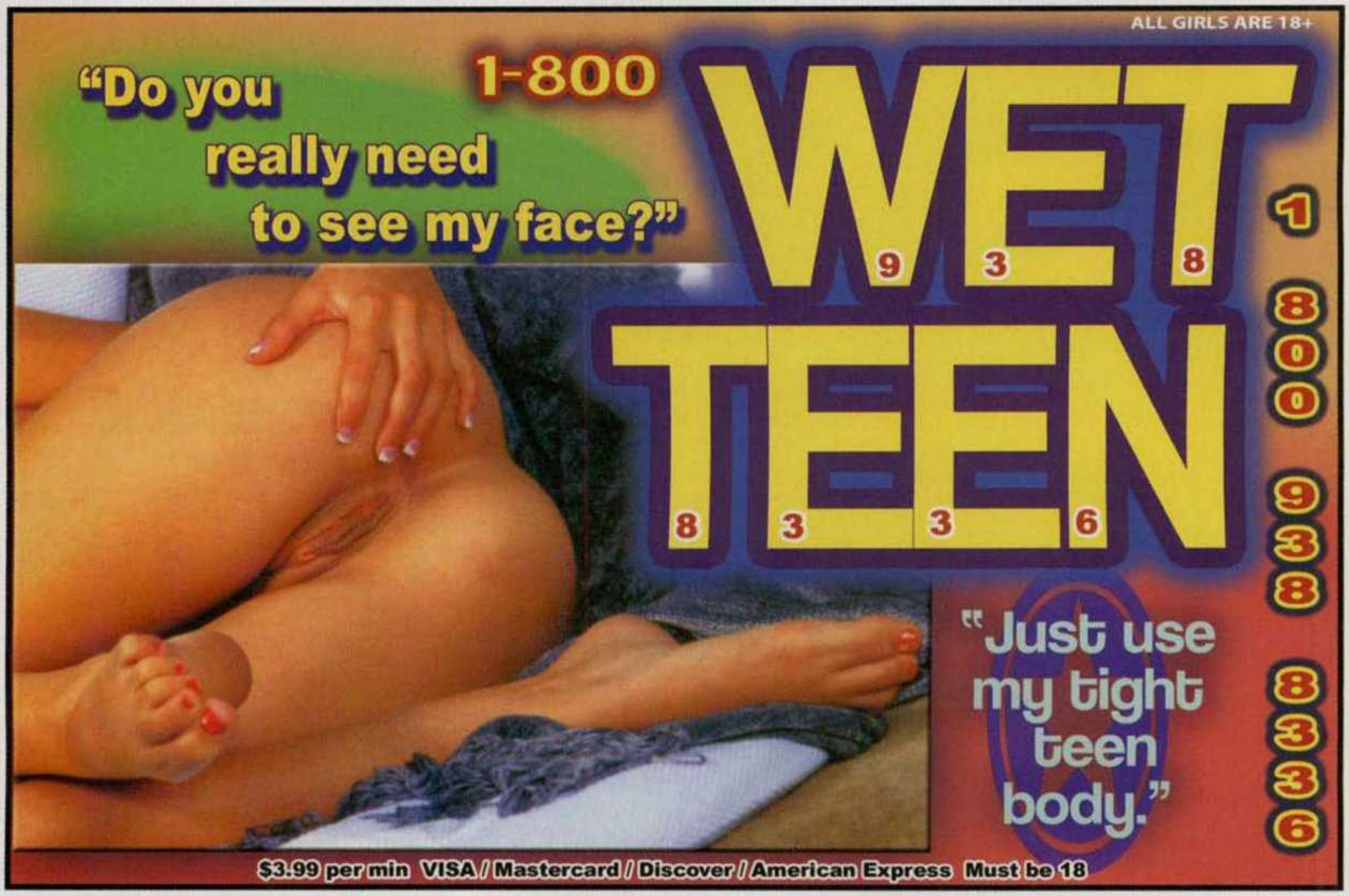
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SPECIAL: ADULT ENTERTAINMENT IN-DEPTH

Vol. 3 • No. 2

BORED IN THE U.S.A.

By Sharon Bass

The candid revelations of three housewives and one guy seeking fun and excitement on live chat lines.

Calls to LIVE chat lines are at EXPLOSIVE LEVELS from HOUSEWIVES looking for fun, and wanting to talk to guys (married or not) about anything and everything. We found three women and one guy who frequent a very popular chat line called **1-800-WIFE-CHAT** and asked them why they are turning to a phone line for sex. Not surprisingly, the answer to our questions seemed to lead down one common path each time - Uninhibited, Instantaneous SEX, anytime, anywhere.

It's Friday night, "Susan's" husband is away on a business trip and her pussy is dripping wet with no one to satisfy her. Does she reach for the vibrator again? No, first, she picks up the phone and calls **1-800-WIFE-CHAT** looking for a man that will make her come over and over again.

"I get so lonely. and bored. Weekends and evenings are so hard on me, so I fix it fast, by finding a horny guy on the chat line who's...REALLY HARD and ready for me!" exclaims "Susan". She continues, "Calling the chat line for no-holes-barred sex talk is a necessity, it's become part of my evening routine."

I GET SO BORED AND LONELY

"Stephanie" will be the first to tell you she has an insatiable need for sex. "My husband is a great guy but he can't keep up with me." she says. "I call **1-800-WIFE-CHAT** about 4 times a week. It's free for me, and luckily, Daniel (husband) sort of looks the other way. It works for both of us, I get a different guy when I want and he gets to sleep through the night."

As "Stephanie" spins her wedding band around her finger she admits, "Just cuz I'm married doesn't mean I can't have sex chat with anonymous guys." she says. "It (being married) adds another level of excitement to calling the chat line."

"Stephanie", (married 5 yrs) in Florida admits, "The chat line feeds my continuous need for sex. My husband just can't keep up with me."

UNINHIBITED, INSTANTANEOUS SEX, ANYTIME ANYWHERE!

"I'm a realtor so I'm always working. Scheduling sex with my husband just doesn't work for me. I've been calling the live chat lines for eight months." claims "Kim".

Spontaneous live chat sessions are common in "Kim's" hectic life as a Realtor. "When I want it, I want it NOW! I'm always on the phone so I can get away with it very easily."

"I came five times on one call....while in my car!"

"I admit, when I first called I was nervous, but this guy had me rubbing my clit within minutes. Needless to say, it made me so hot, I've been calling ever since. I can't get enough of talking about sex, some might say I'm addicted to it."

"Kim" says she's made many new "friends" since calling **1-800-WIFE-CHAT**. "I actually met one guy for an innocent lunch which made our future calls with him even hotter. It seemed liked I was cheating....but I wasn't. Talk about having your cake and eating it too!

100% REAL HOUSEWIVES

"Yeah, I was skeptical about the girls on chat lines." Says "Will" computer programmer by day, chat line stud by night.

"Turns out, **1-800-WIFE-CHAT** is the REAL deal, they're 100% real married chicks, no actresses like other chat lines. I was surprised by how many wives liked to talk sex for hours." Will exclaims. "Some of these chicks can't get enough of me. It only cost's me $1.99 a minute and I get to fuck as many married women as I want!"

> "No actresses like other chat lines."

Warning - **1-800-WIFE-CHAT (1-800-943-3242)** is an adult community designed to connect Horny Men with Bored Housewives for explicit adult chat and is intended for people 18 or older only.

Paid Advertisement

LUX KASSIDY & KAYL

A BEGINNER'S GUIDE TO

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

☛Lesbians are the ultimate male fantasy. It's a guy's number-one desire to be with two chicks who will get it on with him and each other.

☛Lesbos (a/k/a Lesvos) lies off the coast of Greece in the Aegean Sea. It is the third-largest Greek Island and seventh-largest in the Mediterranean. Its inhabitants, called Lesvonians, are not exclusively gay women, but the island has become a popular vacation spot for them. The heart of the gay female scene is in the town of Eressos (birthplace of the poetess Sappho).

☛The English words *lesbian* and *sapphic* are derived from Sappho, who lived on Lesbos in the sixth century B.C. and celebrated the love between women in verse and song.

☛Sexy, stylish, feminine women attracted to each other (like the babes getting it on here) are known as *lipstick lesbians*.

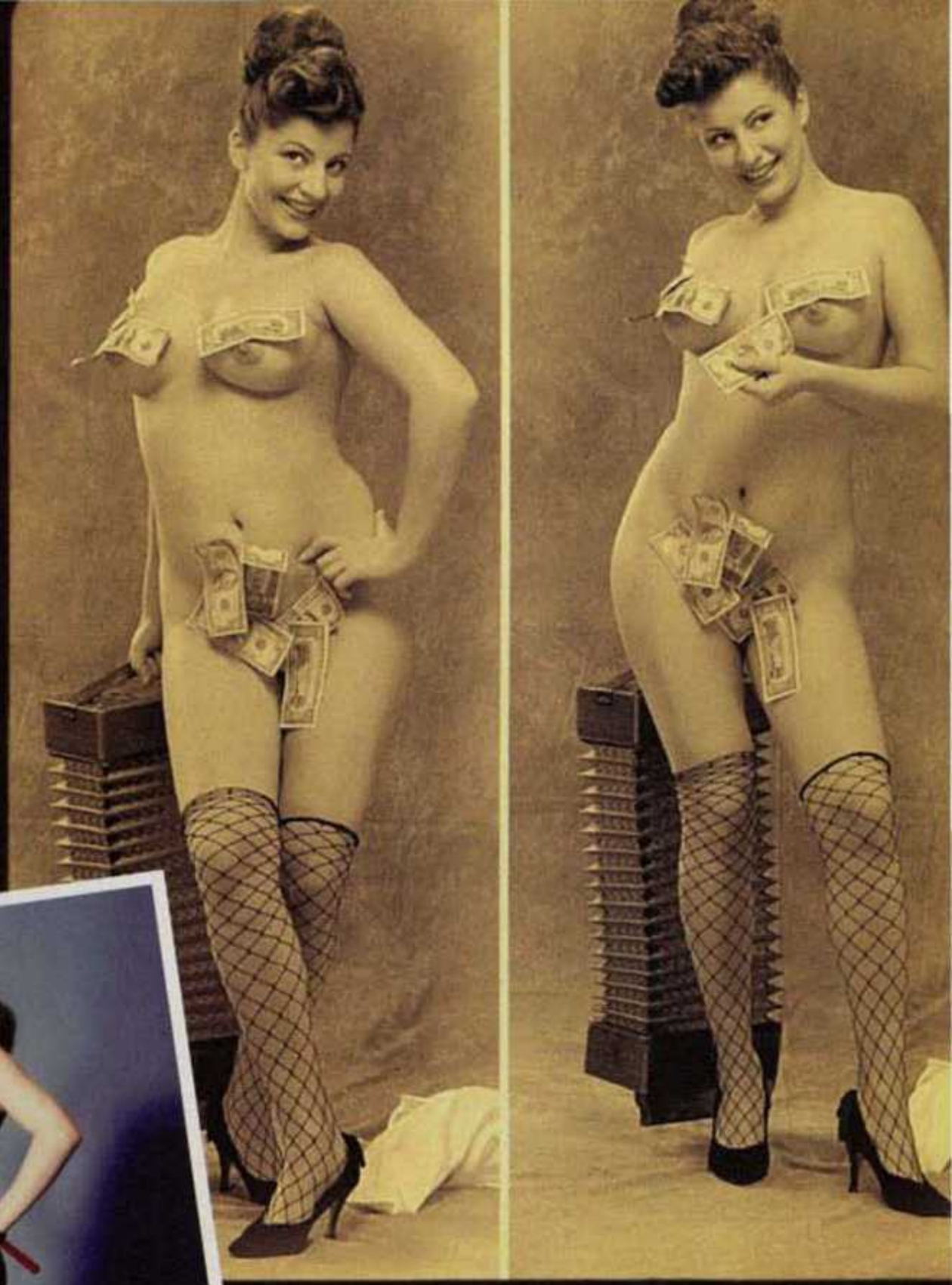
☛*Butch* is a derogatory term for short-haired, flannel-wearing, masculine lesbians. (See Rosie O'Donnell.) They are also known as *bull dykes*.

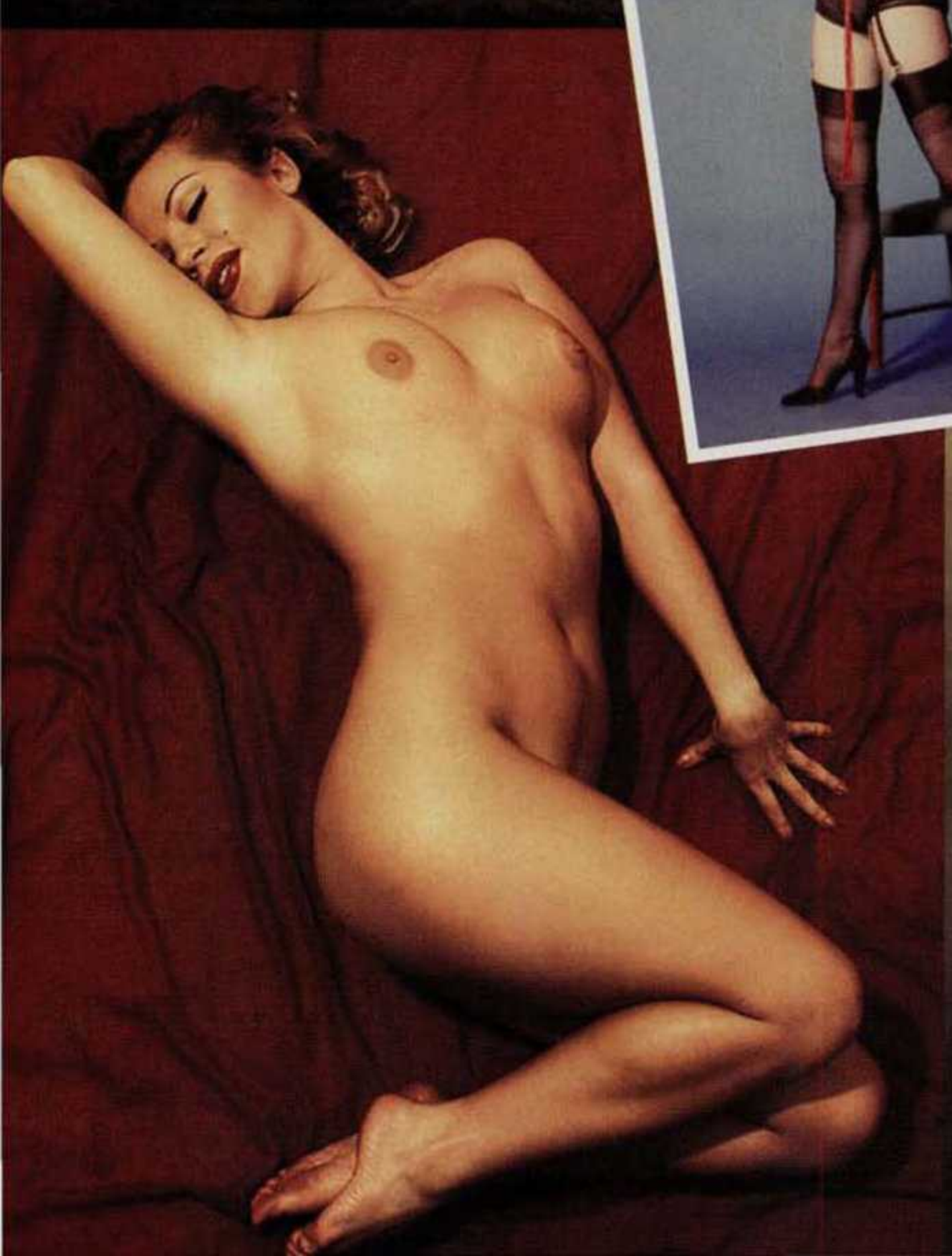
☛Lesbians don't hate men. They like women. Except for those scary, radical feminist bull dykes who will claim that this HUSTLER pictorial is just another example of men dominating and exploiting women. However, that's clearly not true. All you need is a pair of working eyes to see how much Lux (the platinum blonde) and Kayden enjoy being intimate together. So, in a way, we are actually empowering these ladies by allowing them to express their sexuality in the pages of our magazine. Oh, Aura, does it hurt to always be wrong?

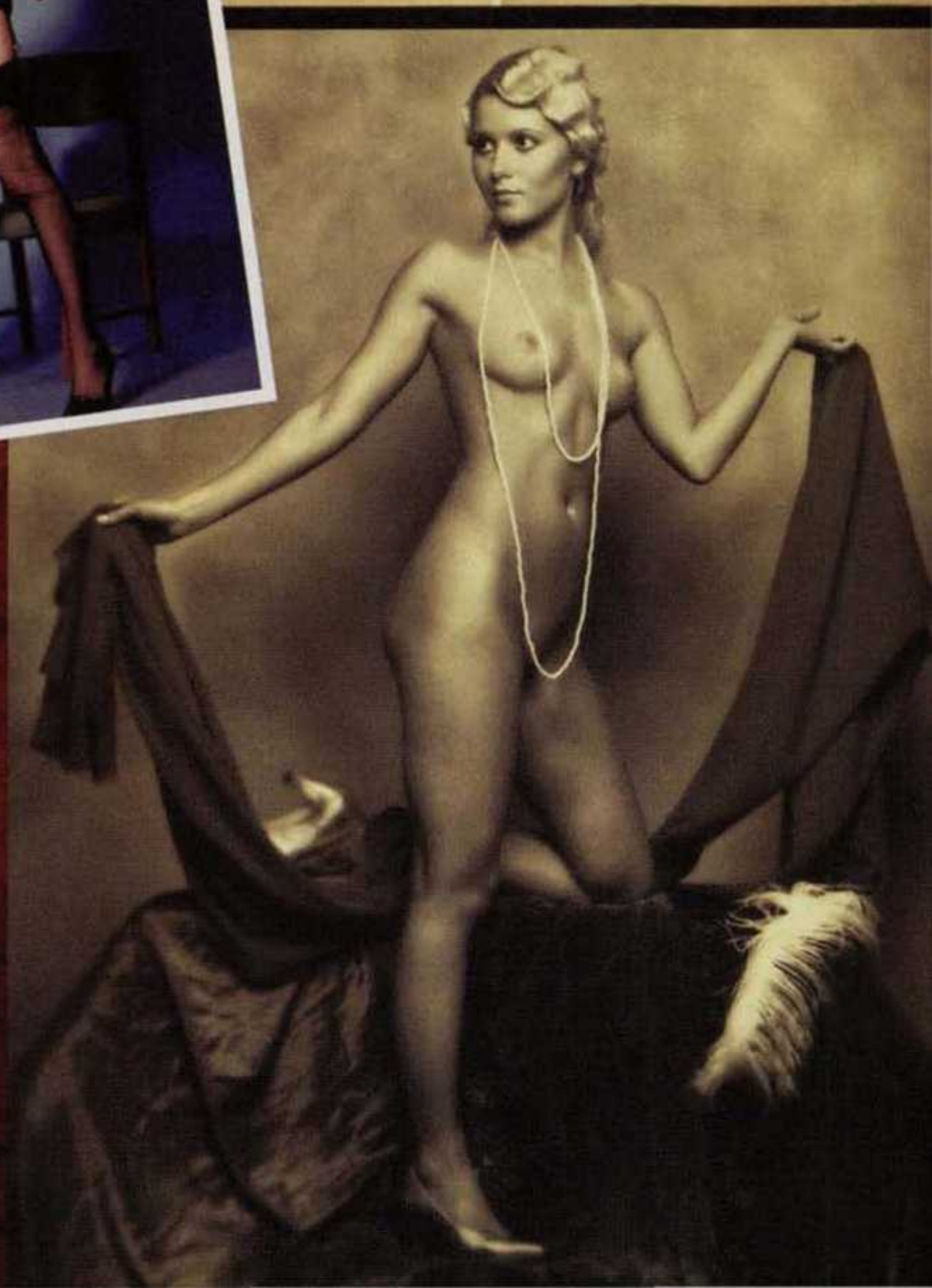
★ ★ ★ ★ ★

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LAURENT SKY

EN KROSS
LESBIANISM







BY KEITH VALCOURT

VINTAGE SMUT REINCARNATED

THE WORLD OF MARTHA'S GIRLS

PLAYING OFF THE EVER-POPULAR "Porn From the Past" motif, those geniuses at **RetroRaunch.com** have launched an exciting sister Web site called **MarthasGirls.com**, where professional photographers shoot gorgeous models dolled up to mimic ladies of yore. The painstaking detail put into these historically accurate images is evident: The ladies' wardrobes and props are all period-specific; authentic, decades-old camera equipment is utilized; the finished prints are tattered and torn to evoke wear and tear; and even the tinting is modified to maintain that "worn" look.

Martha's Girls features various vintage styles, including Art Nouveau (Parisian princesses surrounded by coils of serpentine vegetation and flowery blooms), Art Deco (Jazz Age hotties and cigarette-smoking flappers), Nowadays (provocative beauties representing the golden age of porn—the 1970s and '80s) and Pin-Ups (nude '50s-style lookalikes, notably the unforgettable Marilyn Monroe and Bettie Page).

For a monthly fee you can ogle a cavalcade of contemporary chicks dressed (and undressed) like alluring eye candy from yesteryear. MarthasGirls.com also offers a dual membership that provides full access to RetroRaunch.com. (See HUSTLER's June '06 issue for a sampling of that site's exhaustive arsenal of old-school porn.)

THE COMING ATOMIC APOCALYPSE

PART 2

UNDER THE GUISE OF ELIMINATING AMERICAN OIL DEPENDENCE, THE BUSH ADMINISTRATION

THE BUSH ADMINISTRATION and the nuclear power industry are making an unbridled push to construct more reactors in the United States.

The 1979 Three Mile Island accident in Pennsylvania coupled with Ukraine's 1986 Chernobyl disaster shattered public trust in atomic energy. Accordingly, the U.S. Nuclear Regulatory Commission (NRC) stopped receiving applications for new nuclear plants in 1973, when the government-owned Watts-Bar facility in Spring City, Tennessee, became the last to be built in this country, beginning operations in 1996.

Lately, however, permit requests have been flooding into NRC mailboxes as supporters in government and the private sector lay the groundwork for a nuclear power comeback.

According to Michael Mariotte, executive director of the Nuclear Information and Resource Service (NIRS), an intense drive to resurrect the environmentally detrimental "nukes industry" is being led by what he dubs "the most ardently pro-nuclear Presidency in history."

With Bush's Energy Policy Act of 2005, 13 billion taxpayer dollars will be squandered in coming years on subsidies and incentives to revive the U.S. nuclear power industry. This massive bailout is deemed necessary by energy honchos because Wall Street knows nuclear power is a huge economic risk.

Says Thomas E. Capps, CEO of energy giant Dominion Resources, "Moodys [the Wall Street credit-rating institution] would go bananas if we announced we were going to build a nuclear plant."

With citizens footing the bill, an umbilical cord of cash now leads from the United States Treasury to the nuclear industry. American taxpayers now finance nuclear plant construction.

Diane D'Arrigo of NIRS says *revival* is not the accurate term: "It's the push to *relapse*," she says.

The Bush Administration ignores the reality that nuclear power plants are pre-deployed weapons of mass destruction—al Queda has repeatedly identified unprotected U.S. nuclear plants as prime targets. Sadly, the current drive for atomic energy comes at a time when technologies for safe, clean, renewable energy have been mastered.

Wind power, solar energy, geothermal and hydrogen fuel technologies are all ready to be utilized after years of dramatic advances. Coupled with energy-efficient machinery, these alternative sources could provide more than adequate power. Bush's energy scheme will only send the U.S. into an energy reversal.

Moreover, the President's decision comes despite a respected study conducted by the National Academy of Sciences (NAS) which states that *any* amount of radioactivity kills human cells. Contrary to popular belief, nuclear plants don't have to undergo a major accident to release radioactivity. In what are termed "routine emissions," radioactivity is let out all the time.

The U.S. government once claimed that a relatively small amount of radioactivity—anything below a certain "threshold"—wasn't harmful and would not cause cancer or other adverse health effects. Some pro-nuclear scientists even advanced a wild theory called "hormesis," claiming radioactivity "exercises" the immune system and is *good* for you.

Last year the NAS published a report titled "Health Risks From Exposure to Low Levels of Ionizing Radiation." The study found that even the tiniest amount of radioactivity is dangerous. There is no "safe level" or "threshold" for radiation exposure on humans.

The nuclear industry is hard-pressed to show that its plants produce "clean energy." The National Advertising Division of the Council of Better Business Bureaus has ordered the trade group Nuclear

BY KARL GROSSMAN

HAS UNFURLED A PLAN TO RESUME BUILDING NUCLEAR POWER PLANTS ON U.S. SOIL.

Energy Institute to discontinue its inaccurate ad campaign promoting nuclear power as clean.

The newest fallacy surrounding the nuclear industry (and parroted by the Bush Administration) is that it can fix America's oil dependence and slow down global warming. Not true on both counts.

Only 2.8 percent of electricity in the U.S. is produced by oil. Replacement of oil-fired power plants with nuclear plants would make a negligible difference, if any at all. As for global warming, the overall "nuclear cycle"—mining, milling and enriching uranium into nuclear fuel—is extremely energy-intensive and results in large-scale discharges of carbon dioxide into the atmosphere from the burning of fossil fuels. Carbon dioxide causes holes to form in the ozone layer.

When considered in its totality, nuclear power won't slow global warming, and trying to claim it does is "the greatest fallacy of all," says Mariotte. "We can have nuclear power, or we can address climate change. We can't do both."

The nuclear push actually took shape even before Bush entered office in the form of an advisory board stacked with energy industry cronies. Bush's energy "transition" advisors included Joseph Colvin, president of the Nuclear Energy Institute; J. Bennett Johnston, a former pro-nuke U.S. senator who later started a consulting firm that assists the nuclear industry; Thomas Kuhn, president of the Edison Electric Institute and former head of the American Nuclear Energy Council, which preceded the Nuclear Energy Institute; and four officials of utilities companies involved with nuclear power. Not a single member represented a renewable energy technology or an environmental organization.

In January 2001, two weeks after being sworn in, Bush set up a National Energy Policy Development Group, with Vice President Dick Cheney as its chairman. Behind closed doors the cabal huddled with unknown persons. Not surprisingly, it won a federal lawsuit to keep the identities of the group secret. Then, just ten weeks after being formed, the group issued a report declaring that it "supports the expansion of nuclear energy in the United States."

A member of the group, then-U.S. Treasury Secretary Paul O'Neill, emphasized: "If you set aside Three Mile Island and Chernobyl, the safety record of nuclear [power] is really good." ("Yes, Mrs. Lincoln, apart from the gunfire, how did you enjoy the show?")

The National Energy Policy that was developed has become a blueprint for the nuclear push under way today. It promotes expansion of nuclear plants at existing sites, where there are already basic structures.

"Many U.S. nuclear plant sites were designed to host four to six reactors, and most operate only two or three," a report filed by the National Energy Policy Development Group said. "Many sites across the country could host additional plants. ... Building new generators on existing sites avoids many complex issues associated with building new plants on new sites."

There would be an extension of 20 years granted on existing 40-year federal operating licenses. "No one foresaw nuclear plants running for more than 40 years," says Bob Alvarez, former senior policy advisor in the Department of Energy and coauthor of *Killing Our Own: The Disaster of America's Experience With Atomic Radiation.*

"These reactors are just like old machines, but they are ultrahazardous," Alvarez maintains. By extending their 40-year licenses and pushing their operating span to 60 years, he warns, "disaster is being invited." To address this concern, the National Energy Policy promotes new and improved "advanced" nuclear plants.

"Advanced reactor technology promises to improve nuclear safety," the policy group claims.

In fact, the "advanced" plants the Bush Administration and the nuclear industry tout are not particularly "new and improved," nor are they safer than the old models, says David Lochbaum, director of the Nuclear Safety Project at the Union of Concerned Scientists (UCS).

Lochbaum is a nuclear engineer who's worked in the field for 17 years at numerous plants. He became an industry whistle-blower and has been a safety specialist with the UCS for ten years.

"If they were so safe," Lochbaum says, "we wouldn't need the Price-Anderson Act, which the nuclear industry lobbied to extend."

The Price-Anderson Act was enacted in 1957 as a temporary measure after nervous utilities and insurance companies balked at building nuclear plants. It originally limited liability in the event of a nuclear plant accident to $560 million, with the federal government paying the first $500 million. Although it was supposed to expire in ten years, Price-Anderson has been extended repeatedly since 1967. The Bush Administration (with the help of Congress) has extended it until 2025.

The Price-Anderson Act offers little comfort. The cap on liability has been raised to a mere $10 billion, yet the U.S. government has itself concluded that the property damage alone from a nuclear plant accident could reach well over $10 billion. The act mandates if an accident were to occur, no compensation is granted beyond that figure, regardless of the number of deaths, illnesses or the loss of property.

In a report entitled "Calculation of Reactor Accident Consequences for U.S. Nuclear Plants," the NRC and the Department of Energy's Sandia National Laboratories calculated the impacts of a serious accident at every nuclear plant in the United States. New York's Indian Point nuclear facility alone estimates a cost of nearly $600 billion, with more than 450,000 casualties if a major nuclear incident hit the area.

Chernobyl has already "exceeded $300 billion in the cost of cleanup operations, property damage, population dislocation and ongoing health effects," says Paul Gunter, head of the Reactor Watchdog Project of NIRS.

According to experts, a disaster of Chernobyl's magnitude has only been avoided in America by luck.

"We've come very close," says Jim Riccio, nuclear campaign coordinator for Greenpeace USA.

The NRC has formally advised Congress on the probability of a "severe core melt accident" in a population of 100 reactors—the ratio is one accident in every 20 years. In the United States the cumulative probability of such an accident would be 45 percent. If the drive to revive nuclear power succeeds, such catastrophe is inevitable.

There are 103 reactors operating in the United States today. The Bush Administration and the nuclear industry would like a substantial increase. Instead of exploring renewable sources of energy, the administration proposes that hydrogen-based motor fuel be produced using nuclear power, even though *solar* energy cleanly and safely produces hydrogen gas from water. Unlike the nuclear method, solar production is greenhouse-gas-free.

Wind, solar and hydro power methods are all but ignored by the Bush Administration's Energy Policy, which authorized $1.25 billion for the Department of Energy to construct a "prototype" hydrogen production nuclear plant at its Idaho National Laboratory. Dr. Steve Herring of Idaho National Laboratory said 4,000 such plants would be needed in 20 years to displace U.S. fuel imports—an impossible and pointless task.

Then there's the tricky back-end of the "nuclear cycle"—the massive amount of lethal, nuclear waste that builds up. The Bush Administration and the nuclear industry have two schemes to counter this problem.

The first involves using a giant cavity dug into Nevada's Yucca Mountain as a nuclear dumping site, even though the peak sits on or near 32 seismic faults. According to D'Arrigo, the mountainous area has a history of volcanoes and a likelihood of flooding. The state of Nevada has challenged the proposed dump. In 2005 there was a scandal involving government officials falsifying documents that showed leakage at Yucca. Needless to say, the plan has stalled.

The second scheme to store nuclear waste involves the Skull Valley Goshute Reservation in Utah. The government land would be used as a nuclear waste containment facility. Members of the Goshute tribe are in court fighting the $3-billion undertaking.

"We're concerned with health," says tribal member Margene Bullcreek. "It's also the land we believe in."

It is obvious the industry is battling to avoid extinction. Buoyed by taxpayer dollars, an entity called NuStart Energy Development LLC—a consortium of 11 nuclear power companies—has been set up to build America's coming nuclear plants. It has already received "start-up money" through the Department of Energy to obtain so-called early site permits for new plant construction at the Grand Gulf nuclear plant in Gibson, Mississippi. Another initial site location for NuStart is the abandoned Bellefonte plant near Scottsboro, Alabama.

Other locations considered by NuStart: the River Bend plant in St. Francisville, Louisiana; the Calvert Cliffs site in Maryland; the Nine Mile Point plant in Scriba, New York; and the government's Savannah River Nuclear Site in South Carolina.

Meanwhile, Bush has made it easier to license new plants with his "one-step" process. Additionally, official changes have made it next to impossible for the public to participate in the license hearing process. There are no longer separate construction and operating permit hearings in areas where plants will be built. A single NRC hearing will take place in Washington, D.C.

Citizens aren't allowed to see documents or cross-examine witnesses. The release of documents would be restricted, going only to those deemed relevant by the Bush-appointed NRC staff and the company seeking to build a plant. There would only be written questions from the public, and these would be given to the commission's presiding officer to ask (if she or he wants to).

Cutting the public out of the process is important for Bush and his energy industry cronies because, as a national *Washington Post*-ABC poll showed, there is heavy opposition. In response to the question "Would you favor or oppose building more nuclear power plants?" 64 percent of 1,002 randomly selected adults said they were opposed—most "strongly" opposed. Only 34 percent were in favor, and of them, 29 percent said they were against a plant going up within 50 miles of their home.

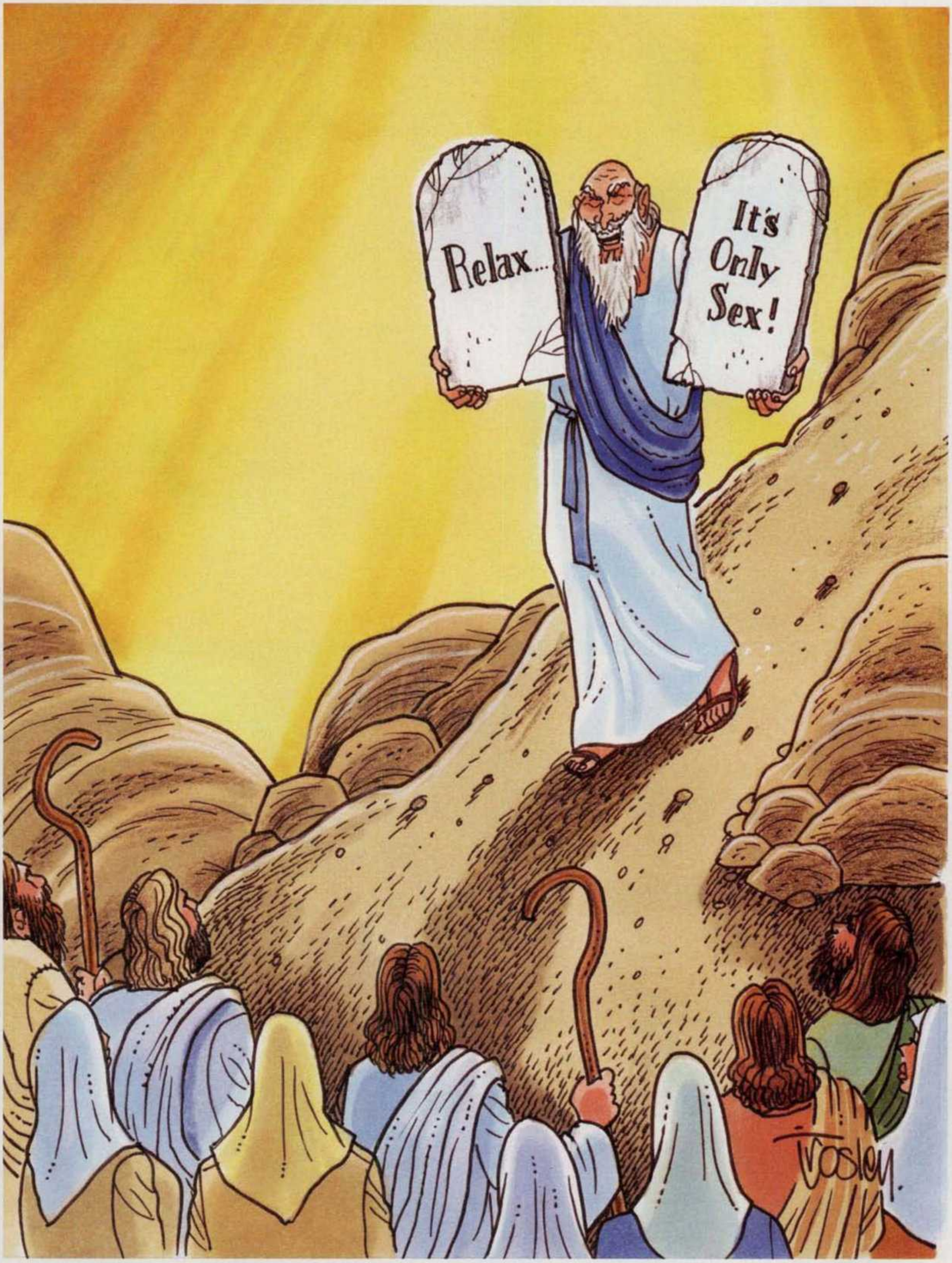
NIRS, Greenpeace USA, Public Citizen's Critical Mass Energy and Environment Program, Global Resource Action Center for the Environment, and other groups have come out against the new National Energy Policy. The following are statements made by these groups:

"The Bush/Cheney Administration is recklessly promoting the building of new nuclear plants."

"The combination of demand-reduction and increased usage of renewables would be enough to replace nuclear power."

"We believe that instead of promoting dangerous and dirty forms of energy, the United States should be a world leader in promoting renewable energy and energy efficiency. Let us not sell our children's future."

The federal government is wasting Americans' tax dollars to pursue an archaic and dangerous source of energy. Let's hope that there aren't any meltdowns.



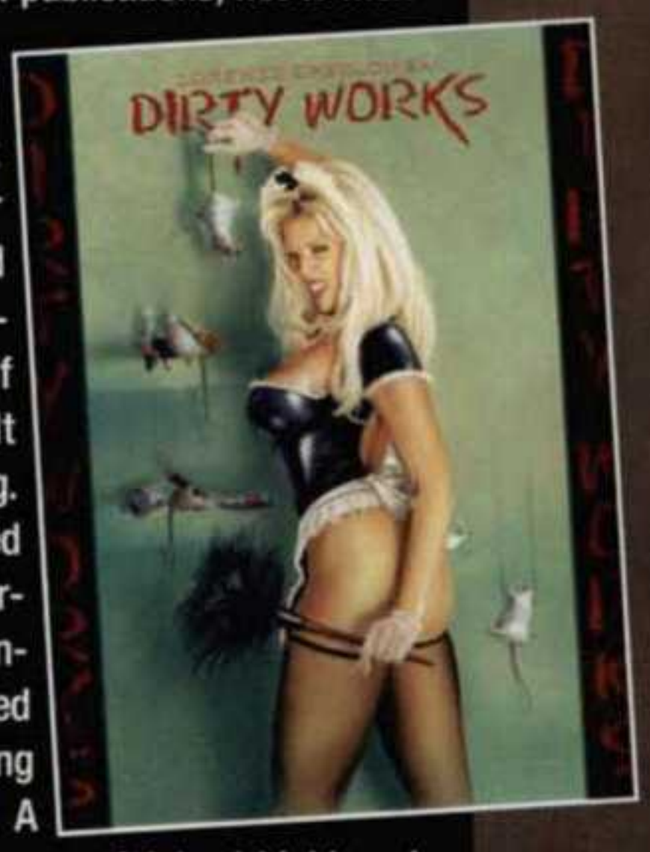
"God has written His words in stone so they will be remembered for eternity!"

BY KEITH VALCOURT

LORENZO'S GIRLS

LORENZO SPERLONGA BLENDS PHOTO-REALISM WITH SEXY SCI-FI IN HIS HIGHLY ANTICIPATED NEW BOOK, *DIRTY WORKS*.

AS A FAN OF MEN'S MAGAZINES, you've likely glimpsed the enchanting world of Lorenzo Sperlonga. Since 1995 the Italian-born illustrator has provided magnificent, lifelike visions of the galaxy's sexiest women to major European publications, not to mention HUSTLER and other Larry Flynt offerings.



Sperlonga, 36, is best known for his popular illustrated calendars and futuristic paintings gracing the front cover of *Heavy Metal*, the adult fantasy art and comic mag. Slashing his commissioned assignments and appearances at comic book conventions, Sperlonga diverted his attention to compiling material for *Dirty Works*. A strong follow-up to the successful (and highly collectible) *The Art of Lorenzo Sperlonga*, this second published collection of erotic and exotic illustrations reaffirms the artist's mastery of the female form.

Sperlonga's work is still as graceful and alive as ever, offering an impressive roundup of glamorous, bodacious, Herculean babes. Included in the mix are curvy angels, insatiable she-devils, sensual snake charmers and butt-kickin' sci-fi vixens.

Literally and figuratively, Sperlonga has come a long way since his days toiling for advertising agencies in Rome. Now a denizen of Hollywood, he has the art world at his feet. Look for a recurring HUSTLER feature showcasing Sperlonga's original creations. Meanwhile, for more of these lovely ladies or to order his books or individual prints, check out LorenzoSperlonga.com.

ARMED MADHOUSE

(continued from page 39) she could not face this future, and hung herself. Shortly after, Adams made an extraordinary escape to Britain. Last time I heard from him, he was in a men's boardinghouse in England, penniless. European authorities wagged their fingers at Roche, officially warned the company to stay out of trouble, then winked while Roche prepared a more effective conspiracy with ADM.

Not every whistle-blower gets the Adams treatment. In 2005, Swiss drugmaker Serono SA was caught selling a useless medicine to AIDS victims. Lots of it, $704 million worth. Horrified insiders called some lawyers, the Feds swooped in and the company will now give back every penny it collected and pay the whistle-blowers and the AIDS Healthcare Center a $75 million reward.

In other words, the Swiss company was nailed in the USA where such frauds are crimes, where price-fixing is a crime, and crucially, where customers can sue the bastards. Believe it or not, customers overcharged by a price-fixing conspiracy in Europe can't get their money back, even if the companies confess. And what we call "private rights of action"—your ability to go to court to get your money back—and "class actions" where you get everybody's money back, just doesn't exist in most of the world. The guy who came up with the idea of the whistle-blower reward? Abraham Lincoln. He signed the False Claims Act when he became fed up with Big Business profiteering during the Civil War. It was a proclamation of emancipation from corporate greed.

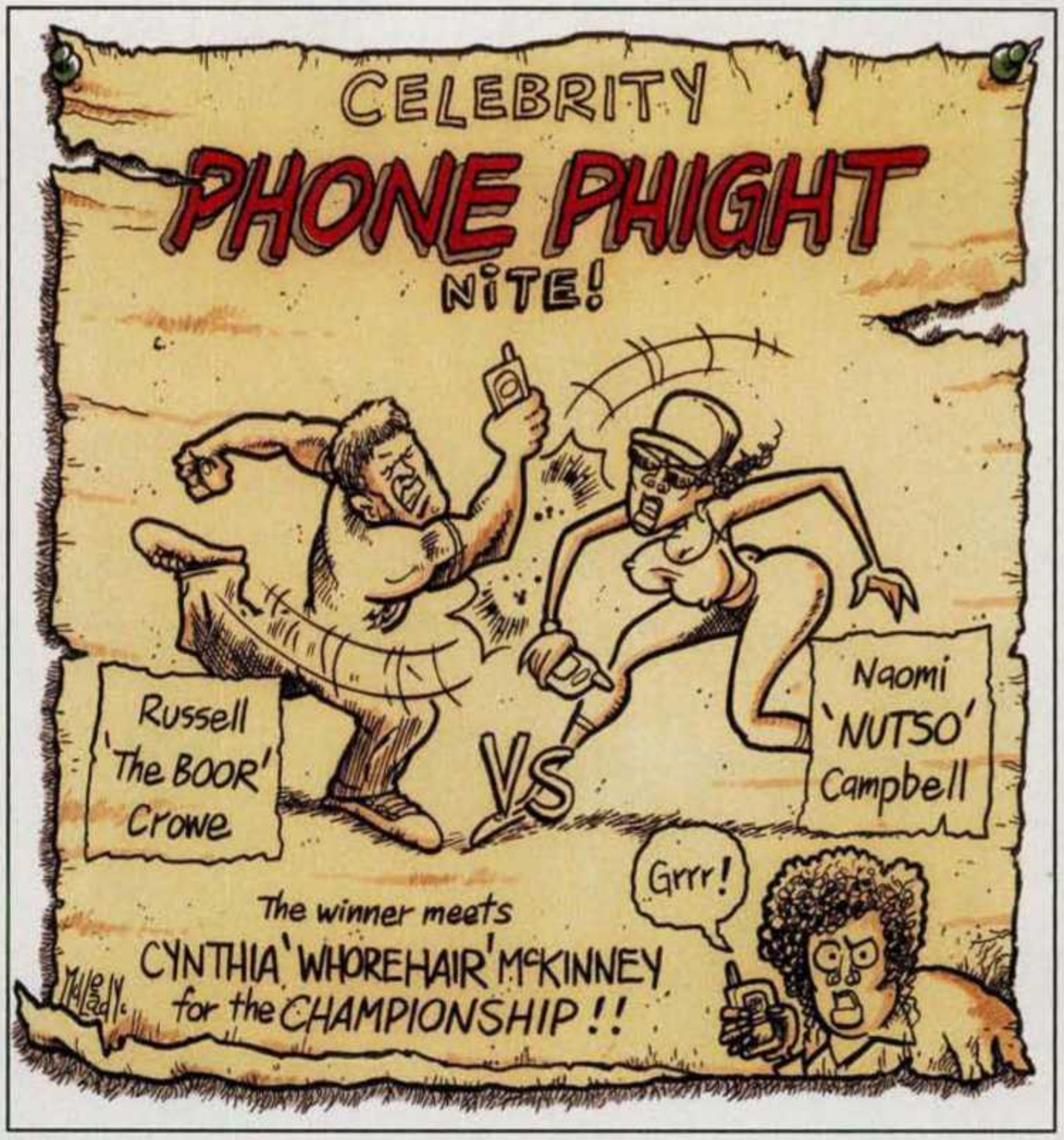
After U.S. lawyers won ripped-off customers over a billion from the vitamin-price-fixing ring, the Euro-American operators dropped out of the Vitamin C business and cheap Chinese manufacturers stepped into their shoes. They not only took over the business, taking 80% of the world market, "they stepped right into the shoes of the European vitamin conspirators and set up a new conspiracy," says attorney William Isaacson, who is suing them for a billion dollars.

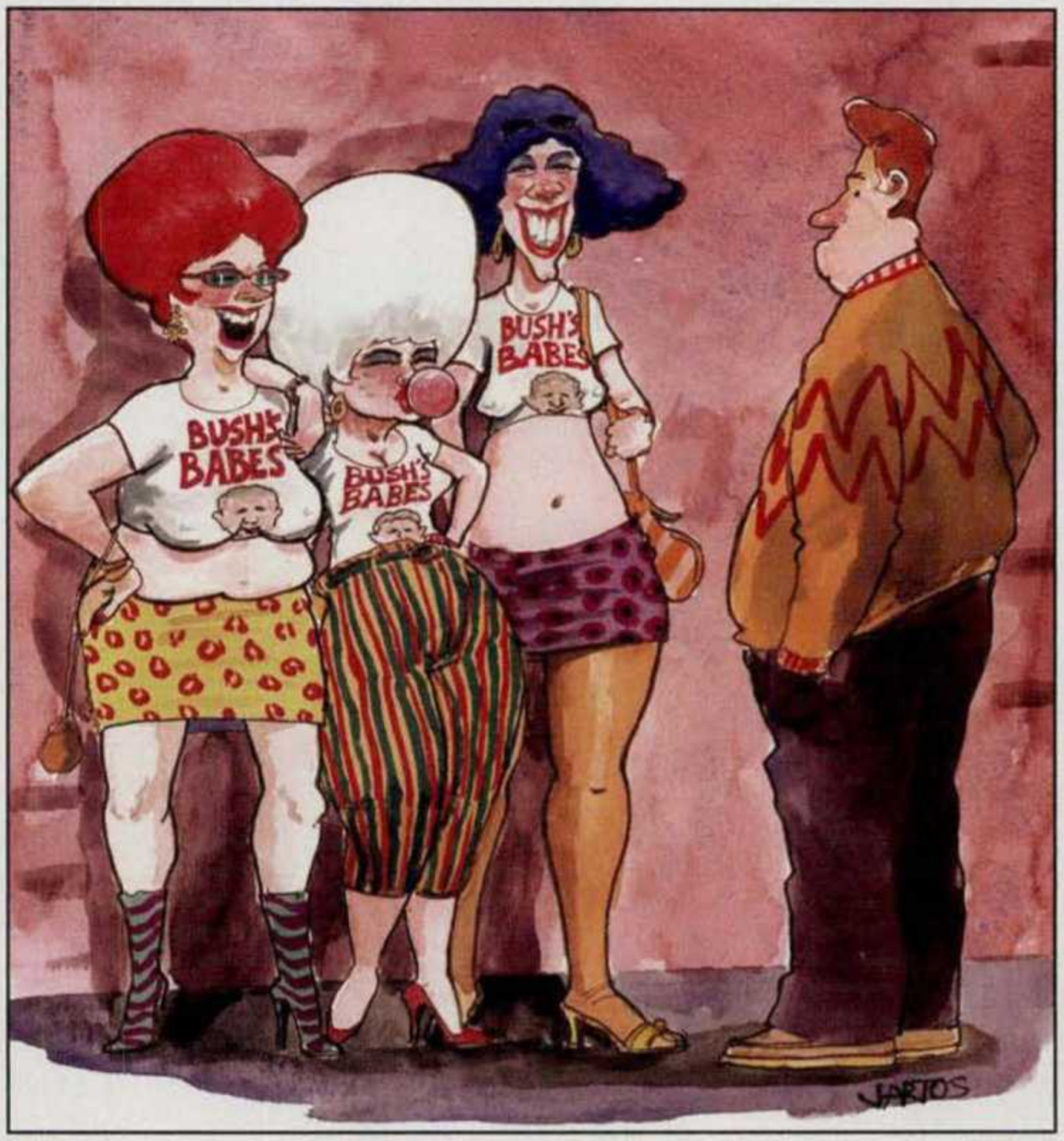
But it's quite an unusual conspiracy: The companies posted some of their price-fixing meetings on the Internet. The in-your-face methods of the Chinese, and their few public statements, suggest that they operated with at least the knowledge, if not the blessing, of China's government.

And that could be a big problem for Isaacson, who, in 2006, is seeking a billion dollars or so on behalf of U.S. customers: The Chinese could use the "OPEC" defense, that is, argue their price-setting confabs are a sovereign right of the Chinese dictatorship.

Americans read a story like this, the difference between America and the rest of this sad planet, and feel darn proud of the USA. But before you and the kids start marching around the living room singing "The Stars and Stripes Forever," I have to tell you that the owners in the Washington plantation house have decided it's time to end our rebellious ways. Read on.

Look for Part II of this excerpt from Armed Madhouse in next month's HUSTLER.





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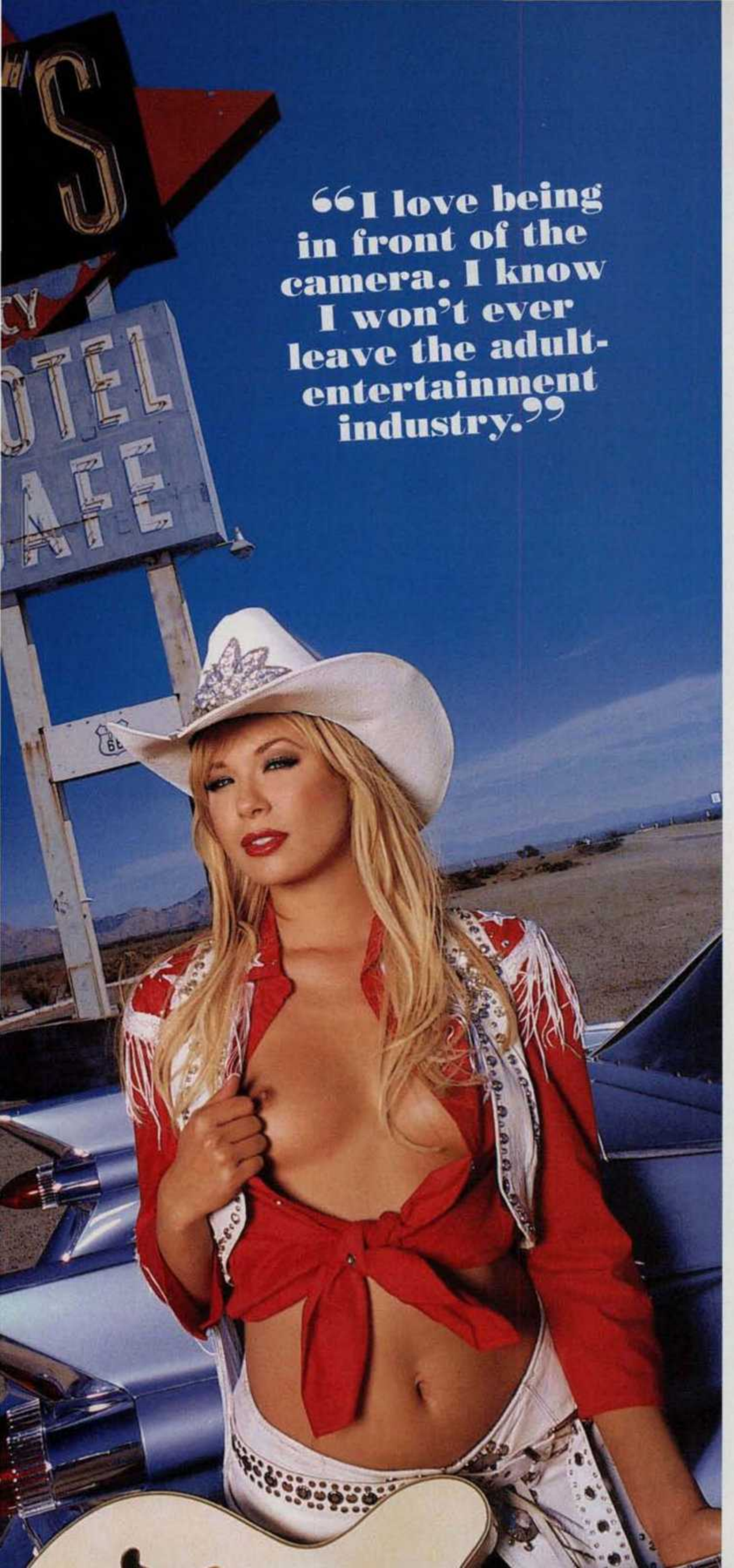
PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

STEFANI MORGAN

WIDE OPEN ROAD

Stefani Morgan appears courtesy Vivid Video (Vivid.com).



STEFANI MORGAN

Vivid Contract Girl Stefani Morgan always knew she'd end up a world-famous porn star. "For years I dabbled with the idea of being in the business," says the onetime mainstream model. "I finally took the initiative and followed my heart. That brought me to signing with Vivid and making XXX movies."

When it comes to guys, the 5-foot-9 dreamboat is an equal-opportunity enjoyer. "I like businessmen and bad boys," she explains. "They are complete opposites, but I like both, and they get me every time."

The bad-boy thing may explain why it's recently been rumored that Stefani and rocker Tommy Lee are tight. "The press hypes up things," our 34B-24-34 centerfold pipes. "Nowadays it seems impossible for two people of the opposite sex to hang out together without being linked." So you're not dating? "No comment."

It seems that Ms. Morgan—whose Vivid releases include *Star*, *Rawhide*, *Young and Tight & Feels So Right*, *Thunderhead* and *Ultrapussy*—is far less reticent when asked about sexual fulfillment. "I really don't have any fantasies left," she insists. "I do what I want when I want. I've never held back."

When not starring in some of the hottest fuck flicks ever made, this lifelong Southern Californian enjoys venturing to the great outdoors and exploiting her other talents. "Being a native," Stefani says, "I absolutely love the beach! I also like making music. I have always been very musical. I'm a very social person. I love having a good time."

The Vivid Girl's future looks very bright. "I love being in front of the camera," Stefani concludes. "I know I won't ever leave the adult-entertainment industry. When all is said and done, I just want to continue being happy and content at the end of every day."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

“I really don’t have any fantasies left. I do what I want when I want. I’ve never held back.”

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Stefanie Morgan

Stefani Morgan's XXX videos can be purchased online at Vivid.com and HUSTLERhollywood.com.

A man was talking with his neighbor about the unselfish act of generosity he had bestowed earlier that morning. "Yep, I gave a bag lady 50 bucks," he bragged.

"You gave a bag lady 50 bucks?!" the incredulous neighbor exclaimed. "That's a lot of money to give to a total stranger. What did your wife say about that?"

"She said, 'Thanks.'"

Question: Did you hear about the Gay Mafia?

Answer: If they get mad at you, they break the legs on your coffee table.

Once upon a time there was a female brain cell that, by mistake, happened to end up in a man's head. She looked around nervously because it was completely empty and quiet.

"Hello?" she cried, but got no answer. "Is there anyone here?!" she cried a little louder, but still no answer. Starting to feel alone and scared, the female brain cell yelled at the top of her voice, "Hello?! Is anyone around?"

Then she heard a faint voice from far, far away saying, "We're down here!"

Harry and his wife were driving in the country when he saw a sign that read: "Cow for Sale—$5,000."

He pulled over and said to the farmer, "There's no cow in the world worth 5,000 bucks."

The farmer muttered, "Oh, yeah? Take a look at this!" Then he lifted the heifer's tail, and Harry saw that it had a snatch just like a woman's.

Harry got back in the car, turned to his wife and began to cry. "It's just not fair," he grumbled. "Here's this farmer with a cow that has a snatch like a woman, and it's worth $5,000. And here I am with you, with a snatch like a cow, and you ain't worth shit!"

Question: If your wife comes out of the kitchen to bitch at you, what have you done wrong?

Answer: Made her chain too long.

A rich man and a poor man were discussing what they'd bought their wives for their wedding anniversaries. The rich man boasted, "I bought my wife a diamond necklace and a Mercedes-Benz."

The poor man asked, "Why did you buy her two gifts?"

The rich man replied, "Well, in case she doesn't like the diamond necklace, she can drive her Mercedes-Benz to take it back."

The poor man thought about that, then said, "I'm getting my wife a pair of flip-flops and a dildo. In case she doesn't like the flip-flops, she can go fuck herself!"

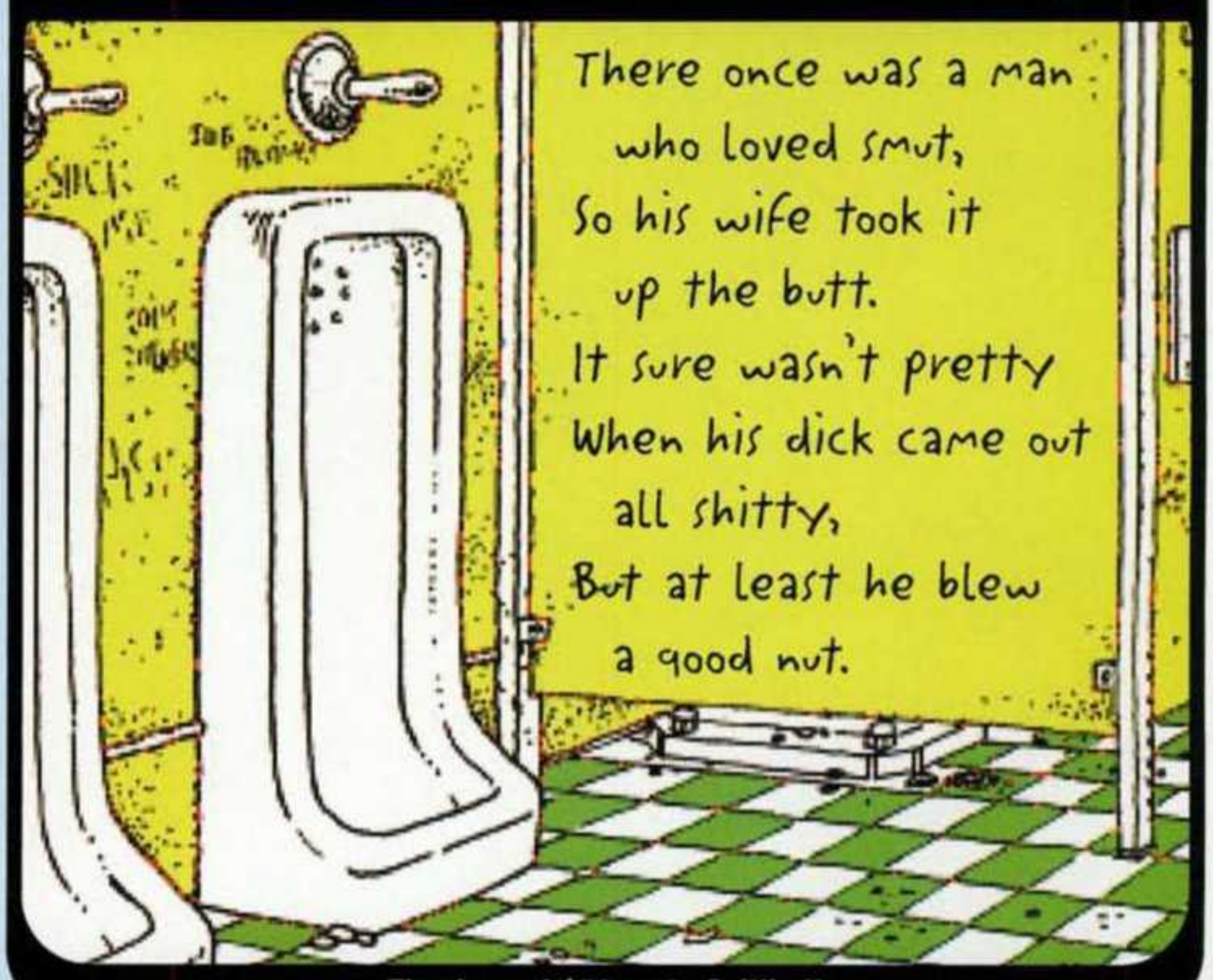
Two married couples went away for the weekend, and the men persuaded the ladies to swap partners for the night. Mike knew it was that time of the month for his wife, but failed to mention it to his buddy, Steve.

Always competing, the husbands agreed that when sitting around the breakfast table the following morning, each would tap a teaspoon on the side of his coffee mug to indicate the number of times he'd popped the other guy's wife.

At breakfast, Mike proudly tapped his teaspoon three times against his coffee mug and waited for his friend's response.

Steve mulled for a moment and then tapped his teaspoon once on the jar of strawberry jam and three times on the peanut butter.

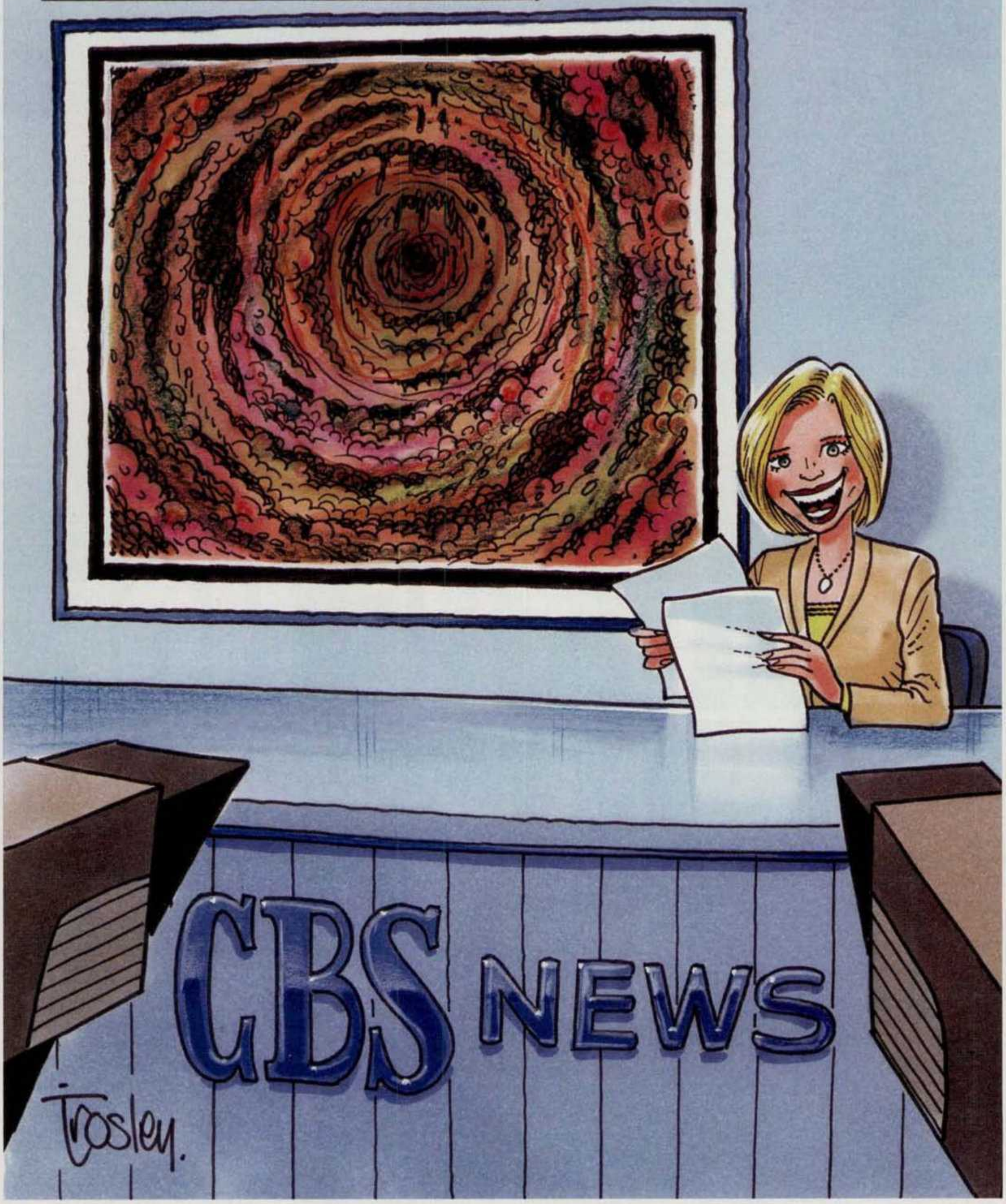
GRAFFILTHY



Thanks and $50 go to Caitlin H.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, or have a "poem" befitting a bathroom wall, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211; or by e-mail to HUSTLER@lfp.com. If your item appears here, we'll send you a check for $50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.

KATIE COURIC CHANGES THE FACE OF NETWORK NEWS



"This just in!...Exclusive footage of Saddam Hussein's colorectal exam!"

Kottonmouth Kings—the rolling stoned, clockwise from left: Brad Daddy X (vocals), Lou Dog (drums), Pakelika (visual assassin), DJ Bobby B (turntables), Richter (vocals) and D-Loc (vocals).

HIP TO THE HOP,

HIP TO THE **POT**, ANTI-BUSH IN THE MINDS OF THE **KOTTONMOUTH KINGS**

BY TOM FARRELL

OVER A DECADE AGO Southern California's Kottonmouth Kings burst onto the scene with a hip, pro-pot stance that echoed groups like Cypress Hill. The self-described "psychedelic hip-hop punk rock" outfit hit the road and never seemed to take a break, with more than 500,000 miles already under its belt. This past winter the Kottonmouths joined the Supporting Radical Habits tour on a 40-date national jaunt. In the spring they ventured to Japan and Australia for more gigs. On June 6, 2006, came the release of their latest album, *Koast II Koast* (on KMK's own label, Suburban Noize Records), kicking off a summer of concert dates throughout the United States. We recently caught up with Kottonmouths frontman Brad Daddy X, ever-so-silent drummer Lou Dog and enigmatic, masked dancer Pakelika.

HUSTLER: How long have the Kottonmouth Kings been actively involved in the pro-marijuana rights movement?

BRAD DADDY X: We're going on our 11th year. When we started the group, marijuana was a common bond, something we had a love for. We didn't really start out with a pro-pot agenda. But when we started touring the country and meeting people who were trying to reform marijuana laws, people like the Hemp Festival, NORML [the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws], you see people looking up to you, and you know your voice can be heard, so you start speaking up. We started using this avenue as a channel for information. When people hear the band's name and see the marijuana reference, they come up to you and bond, and they start talking. [For our Mormon readers, *kottonmouth* refers to the dry-mouth condition experienced after smoking pot. And while we've got your attention, a *green day* is one spent smoking weed.] That's the first step to activism. And as the years rolled on, our stance grew bigger. Then people started coming to us and asking us to play their events. We grew into the activism ele-

ment, but that's just part of the group. We're about having a good time and enjoying life.

The fact that a plant the Creator put on Earth is illegal is wrong. For any man to outlaw that is ridiculous. It's man trying to play God.

Tell us about your offstage activism.

BDX: Well, first and foremost, we're entertainers, but when there's a worthwhile cause we feel strongly about, we show up. Your magazine covered one of our most recent protests, which was in front of the Federal Building [in Los Angeles] when the federal government overturned the will and ballots of the California voters to legalize medicinal marijuana. We do a lot of things offstage to stand up for and inform people about causes we believe in. Lou, our drummer, works part-time for Bruce Margolin, the attorney who heads up NORML. NORML just recognized us with the Golden Lung of the Year Award—it's the Compassionate Freedom Fighter award—for all the work we've done for NORML down in the front lines. We did an interactive CD-ROM marijuana guide that we gave out for free. It tells you all the laws and your rights in all 50 states. We work with the Cannabis Action Network, and we've done lots of stuff for [the marijuana-culture magazine] *High Times*.

Who are you listening to right now?

BDX: X Clan; they're a revolutionary, conscience-minded hip-hop band. They just released an album on our label called *Return From Mecca*. I can't get it out of my CD player.

PAKELIKA: I've been listening to X Clan, the new Kottonmouth album, James Brown, Layla James and the new Lil Wayne album.

Your band is also known for its politics. What are your thoughts on President Bush?

PAKELIKA: He sucks!

BDX: It's some crazy times right now, and a lot of these right-wing religious types are really scary. I hate to say it, but I really think Bush violated some serious international laws. I think our people are suffering for it, and I think their [the Iraqi] people are suffering for it. A lot of people are suffering. Clinton lied about getting a blowjob; this guy lied about a lot more than that.

When Clinton lied, nobody died.

BDX: (*Laughs.*) Yeah, exactly. Scary times, especially with the USA PATRIOT Act. (*Pauses, sighs.*) They have so much control over us. It's crazy. I try to focus, make every day the best day and focus on our creative energy as artists. I've gone through phases in my life where I'd get really worked up over things, and I'd be like, *I can't believe they're doing this and getting away with it.* I still have the passion. I just try to focus my energy positively. It's hard to, though, whenever you turn on the television and see what's going on in Iraq. It's hard not to feel sorry for their families when you're sitting in your comfortable living room. It's hard not to think that these people have been terrorized. I hope that someday we'll come to an understanding that we're all sharing this planet together, and that the things that separate this planet—race, religion, governments—all these things will come to a compassionate understanding, and we'll be able to share this planet peacefully, together. ■

Kottonmouth Kings

KMK's Lou Dog and his famous drum trike.

GET THEIR GAME ON

By Brad Daddy X

WHEN YOU'VE LOGGED OVER HALF A MILLION ROAD MILES like the Kottonmouth Kings, you have to find something to kill time on the tour bus. That's why we asked frontman Brad Daddy X to give us the pros and cons on a pair of new video games. Take it away, Daddy X.

L.A. RUSH

OVERALL RATING: Good

PROS: Overall, *L.A. Rush* has some good crashes, solid driving play [controls] and an impressive map of Los Angeles with an almost limitless driving scale that make for a pretty good game. The level of difficulty is easy to medium, and the sound effects are good, with these awesome slow-motion crashes.

CONS: The limited customization on cars kinda sucks. You go into West Coast Customs, but they do it for you. Where is Xzibit when you need him? Also, the storyline could have been a little stronger, and the soundtrack could have been better.

TOTAL OVERDOSE

OVERALL RATING: Fair

PROS: A lot of killing and a really cool soundtrack. The level of difficulty is pretty easy, with some cool special moves. *Total Overdose* is a lot like *Grand Theft Auto* in gameplay and storyline.

CONS: Missions are repetitive, short and almost too easy. I think they need to improve the weapons in this game, because they're kinda lame. Storyline is a little weak. [*For our regular roundup of video game reviews, see pages 32-33.*]

Beantown metallers Godsmack try not to let the Johnny Damon trade fuck up their chi. Left to right: bassist Robbie Merrill, vocalist Sully Erna, guitarist Tony Rombola and drummer Shannon Larkin.

IN GODSMACK THEY TRUST

BY ROY TRAKIN

BEING IN A BIG-TIME, multiplatinum rock band might seem like it's all about the sex, drugs and rock 'n' roll to you, but it's work for the members of Godsmack. They're spending the day promoting their latest release, *IV*, on the eve of its debut atop the album chart.

"Where are the girls?" asks Sully Erna, who stepped out from behind the drums to take over as lead singer of the Boston-based band a decade ago. "Where are the titties? This is for HUSTLER, isn't it? Never actually read the magazine, but I've seen a few."

"I've been in the [HUSTLER Hollywood] store on Sunset," offers drummer Shannon Larkin. "They have the best café latte there. When we stayed at the Bel Age hotel, I'd go there every morning for a cup of coffee."

If that sounds a little, well, domestic for witchcraft-worshiping Wiccans like these lads, consider new songs like "Shine Down" (with its plea for faith), "Mama" (a tribute to motherhood) and the atmospheric catharsis of the closing "One Rainy Day" (marking Erna's own metaphorical journey from dark to light, not to mention the fact that all three of his bandmates are now married).

"I just avoid the parties," guitarist Tony Rombola says. "After a show I'll just go to the bus, smoke some weed, play video games and play acoustic guitar."

"At least the hotels have movies to beat off by," Larkin quips. "The guys on the road crew are the ones getting all the blowjobs. By the time the show's over, we don't have time to go out and spend the energy to get laid."

On tracks like "Speak," "Livin' in Sin" and "Temptation," Erna takes himself to task for his own infidelity. (He is currently trying to reconcile with the mother of his four-year-old daughter.)

"I want to be a better role model, a better person," he vows. "It was a major year of cleansing, but I worked through all the negativity to start fresh. She could have easily kicked my ass to the curb."

As for outrageous stories of life on the road, Erna is more circumspect. "I'm on the rehabilitation with my old lady. I cannot give you the dirt."

Before leaving, he proclaims that Godsmack's *IV* is sure to be the album that "everyone will fuck to this summer."

At least someone will be getting a little action. ■

SIX-PACK

A look at some of the hottest CDs and DVDs that you need to know about.

QUEENS OF THE STONE AGE
Over the Years and Through the Woods
Interscope

QOTSA's first-ever live CD/DVD serves as a retrospective for the desert rockers, showcasing clips of the band's rotating roster. In addition to two pulsating shows recently shot in London, the DVD includes live bonus footage from each of the Queens' four studio releases. *—Michelle McCarthy*

PATTON OSWALT
Patton Oswalt: No Reason to Complain (Uncensored)
Comedy Central/Paramount Pictures

This DVD showcases the doughy comedian, best known for his role as Spence on the sitcom *King of Queens*, in his latest Comedy Central special. He riffs on everything from porn to baby shit and midget tea. Bonus features include deleted scenes, a full extra live *Comedy Central Presents* show and the hilarious short subject flicks *Food for Thought*. *—Keith Valcourt*

YEAH YEAH YEAHS
Show Your Bones
Interscope Records

Indie rock sex symbol Karen O and company are back with a vengeance. With a fuller sound and a more focused attack than its buzz-worthy debut, the NYC trio takes its brand of avant-garde garage rock into the mainstream. Highlights include the single "Gold Lion" and future stripper anthem "Phenomena." *—Kevin Wright*

PANTERA
3 Vulgar Videos From Hell
Rhino

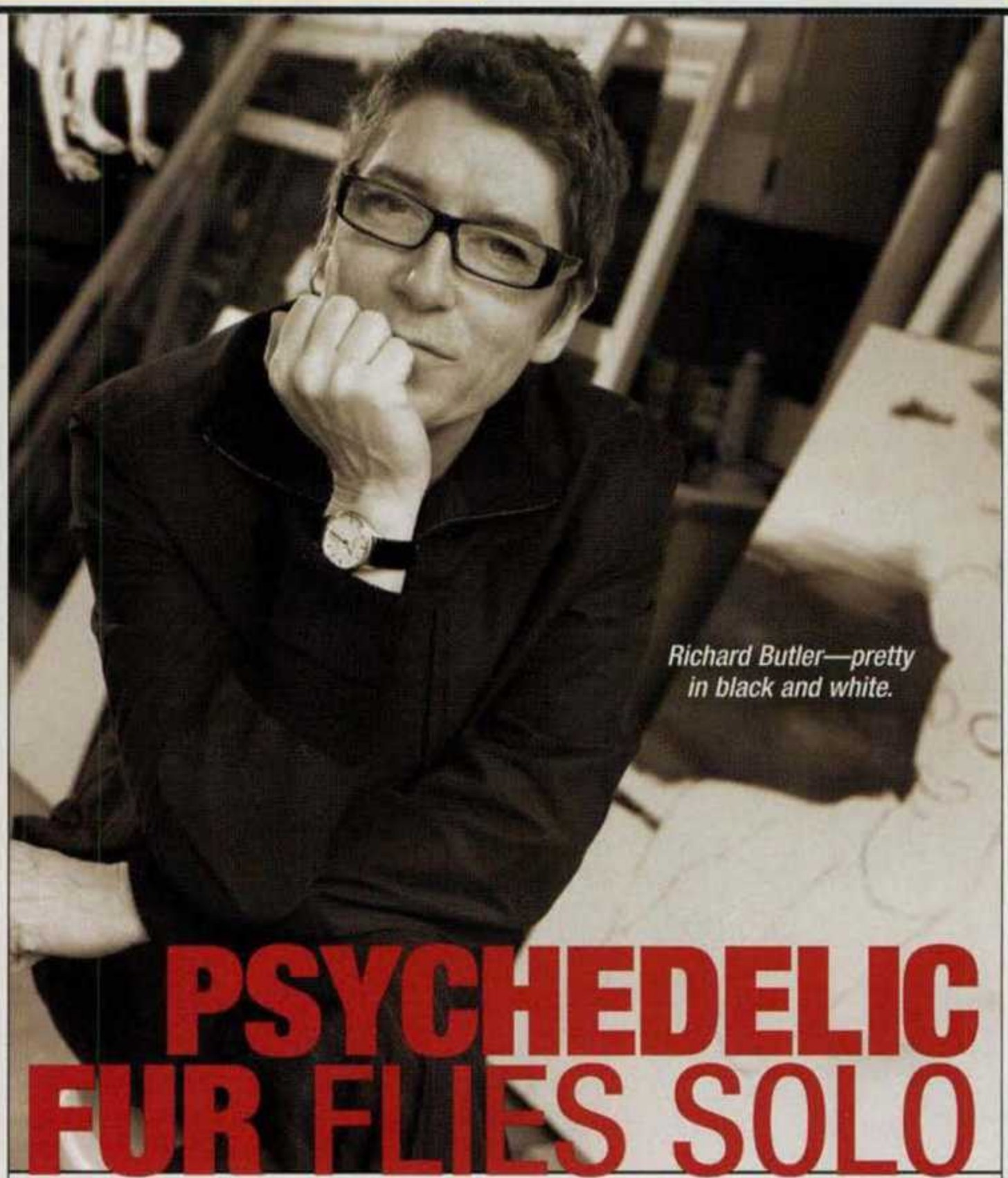
This rerelease compiles all 14 of the Texas metallers' videos, live footage from their 1991 Monsters of Rock performance in Moscow and behind-the-scenes footage from the road. *—T.F.*

H.I.M.
Dark Light
Sire Records

Ever wonder what Matchbox Twenty would sound like if they went goth? Well, here's your answer. Sadly, the allure of dark imagery and song titles such as "Vampire Heart" and "Play Dead" falls flat and lacks bite. Overly slick and dull. *—M.M.*

RON WHITE
You Can't Fix Stupid
Image Entertainment

An old adage is "If you can't say something nice, then don't say anything at all." With that in mind, the new CD from blue-collar comic Ron White offers the disgruntled Southern gentleman's take on everything from chocolate cocks to flipper handshakes. *—K.V.*



Richard Butler—pretty in black and white.

PSYCHEDELIC FUR FLIES SOLO

WITH THE RECENT RASH of hipster bands liberally borrowing from the sounds (not to mention fashions) of the "Reagan Years," it's time to give 1980s groups a second listen. One which offered more than haircuts and hollow-sounding synthesizers in that often-derided decade was the Psychedelic Furs, renowned for its unique goth-pop sound and distinctive vocals by **Richard Butler**. The Furs took a hiatus in the '90s, but have now made a comeback. To fill us in, a HUSTLER staffer tracked down their charismatic frontman soon after the release of his first solo CD.

HUSTLER: We saw the Psychedelic Furs headline a bill with other '80s bands that came across as nostalgia acts. Meanwhile, yours still possessed a sense of urgency and vibrancy. How do you maintain that?

RICHARD BUTLER: We took ten years off! (*Laughs.*) We had done years of touring, touring, touring, which doesn't give you time to catch your breath. The other bandmates start to irritate you after a while. After taking a break, it's great to get out and play those songs again, and they are great songs.

Your new acoustic solo CD is very mellow and filled with a lot of sadness. What shaped this recording?

I'm a miserable bastard in general. I tend to write somber kinds of things anyway. But in the last two years my marriage split up, which I don't want to make too much of. It happens to everyone, but it makes you question certain things. Also, one of my parents died. Same thing—it happens to everyone, but it makes you look around and think, *I'm the next dock on the thing at this point.*

What do you think about contemporary groups like The Killers and The Bravery, which are basically rehashing the sound you helped create?

I think it's a fine thing to do. The '80s were knocked a great deal, but when you reexamine it, it really wasn't all that bad. There was some great music.

What bands do you listen to?

I like Interpol. I like The Killers' single "Mr. Brightside." I like the band Muse a lot, although they are not so 1980s and more of a Queen-meets-Radiohead sound.

What is the future of the Furs?

John [Aston, guitarist] and Tim [Butler, bassist/brother] are busy writing music, and we hope to get in the studio after a tour of Australia. We'll keep at it as long as we enjoy it. *—Keith Valcourt*

MEMPHIS MONROE AS "DIANE"

& MICK BLUE AS "JACK"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LAURENT SKY

GOING DOWN SOUTH

SUNG TO THE TUNE OF "JACK & DIANE" BY JOHN MELLENCAMP

Little ditty about
Jack and Diane,
two American kids
growin' up in the Heartland.
Jack's gonna be a football star.
Diane's gonna be a HUSTLER
girl. Gonna go far!

Sucking on Jack's big dong,
Diane sure loves to please.
She knows just how to work
that cock.
Brings the guy down
to his knees.

Jack asks, "Diane, why don't
you let me get a taste?"
She says, "Baby, rub my
wet clit on your face!"

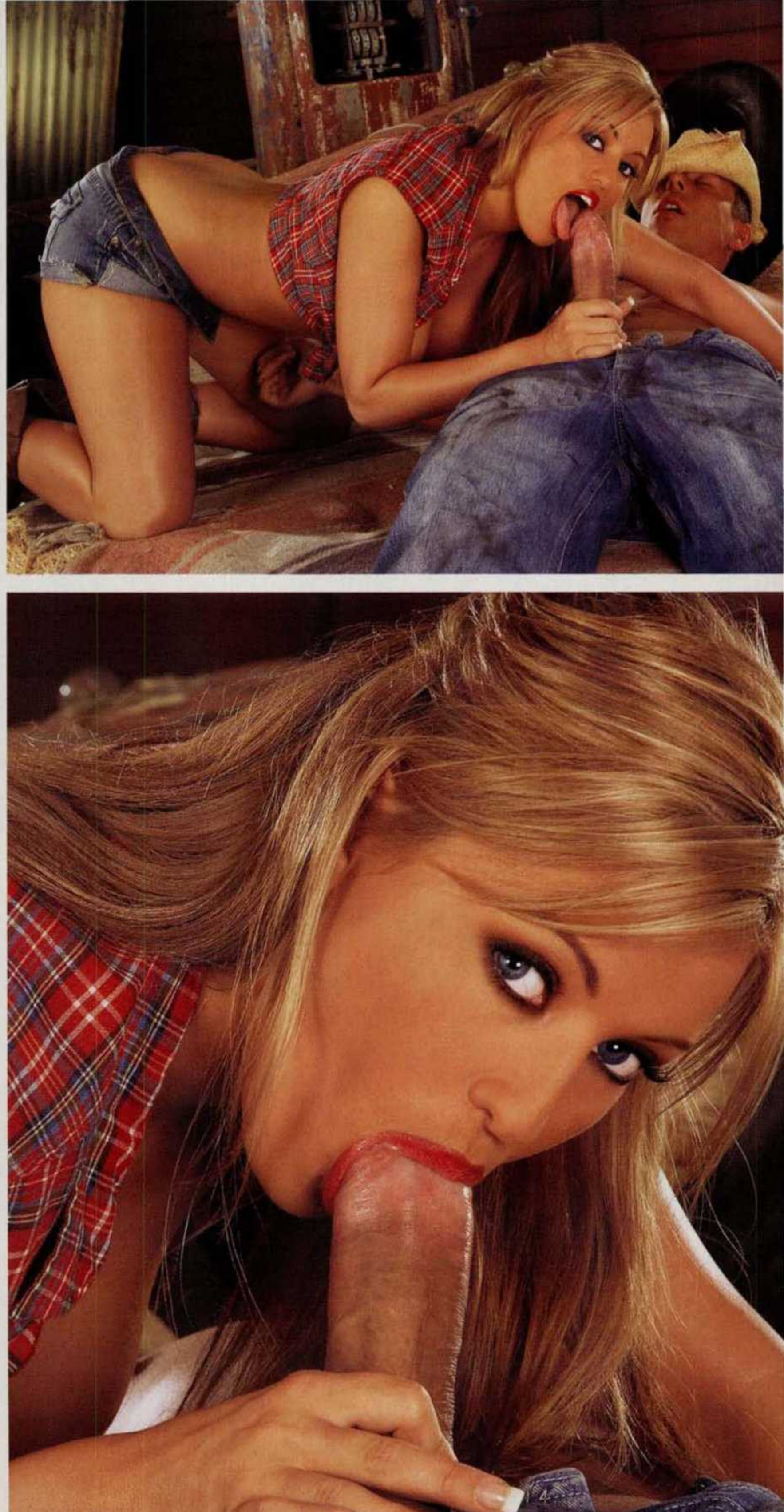
Oh, yeah, they fuck on,
Long after the thrill
of screwin' is gone.
Oh, yeah, sex goes on.
She's gonna ride that dick
clear into the dawn.
They fuck on.

(DRUM SOLO)

See her ride it hard,
Fill her hole.
Watch her boobies bounce.
The chick's in control.
Jack's holdin' his load
as long as he can.
Blasts it on Diane's face.
Makes her glad in the end.

A little ditty about
Jack and Diane,
Two American kids doin'
the best they can.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★



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GEORGE W. BUSH:
PLAYING THE
BLAME GAME

THE PEOPLE I BLAME FOR THE SHIT I'M IN

	~~MYSELF~~
↘	DAD
↘	MOM
↘	BILL CLINTON
↘	HILLARY CLINTON
↘	JESSE JACKSON
↘	AL GORE
↘	TED KENNEDY
↘	JOHN KERRY
↘	BART SIMPSON
↘	O.J. SIMPSON
↘	SPONGEBOB
↘	THE MEDIA
↘	BRUCE DAVID
↘	LARRY FLYNT
	GAYS
	THE DEVIL
	OSAMA BIN LADEN
	DAN RATHER
	DAN COLLINS

WINNERS

HUSTLER ON CAMPUS

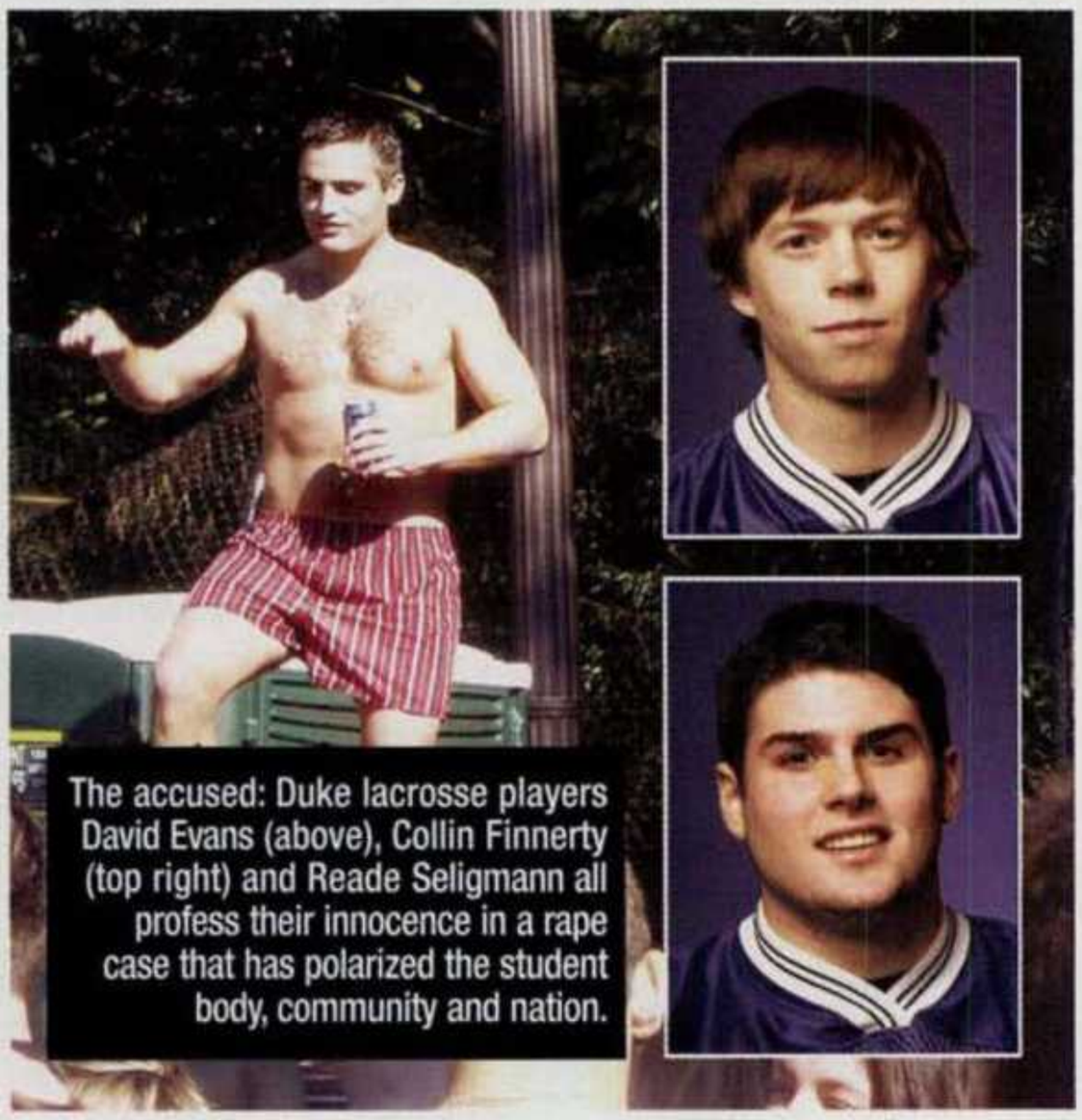
FUN-LOVING JOCKS OR SAVAGE BRUTES?

Duke University is the flash point of a nationwide furor as players on its men's lacrosse team are accused of sexual assault. Jake Poses reporting.

Americans now know Duke University—located in Durham, North Carolina—for something other than its intercollegiate basketball prowess. As this year's NCAA tournament got under way in March, the alleged rape of a black stripper by three white lacrosse players at a team party slingshot the school into national headlines. The ensuing storm of race, class, gender and elitist athletes—along with near-daily legal twists and turns—was more than enough to draw a phalanx of satellite-uplink news trucks to the main quad.

Even before becoming water-cooler fodder from coast to coast, Duke's lacrosse players had a reputation for being typical jocks. Cliquish and nearly indistinguishable from a fraternity, team members were known for their outlandish alcohol consumption—an issue the administration says it was aware of before the rape allegations.

At tailgate parties before football games, "laxers"—as lacrosse enthusiasts are frequently called—don't hesitate to show their high levels of intoxication. For the final bash this past fall, they set up a foam pit and danced around wildly in superhero costumes. The players are also regulars at frat and sorority parties held at Shooters, a local club where scantily clad coeds often dance on the bar and in a suspended cage.



The accused: Duke lacrosse players David Evans (above), Collin Finnerty (top right) and Reade Seligmann all profess their innocence in a rape case that has polarized the student body, community and nation.

And there never seems to be a shortage of "lacrossetitutes," the campus nickname for girls who hang around the squad.

Still—as preliminary reports commissioned by Duke's president, Richard Brodhead, found—the school's other sports clubs, Greeks and dormitory residents are also known for hard-partying antics. But if the rape allegations are true, Duke can expect some serious backlash from the public.

"We can't be surprised at the outpouring of outrage," wrote President Brodhead in a letter to the community. "Rape is the substitution of raw power for love, brutality for tenderness and dehumanization for intimacy."

Three players—David Evans, Collin Finnerty and Reade Seligmann—have been charged with first-degree sexual offense, forcible rape and kidnapping. Outspoken District Attorney Mike Nifong, in the midst of a heated election battle, says a rape kit indicates sexual abuse.

From the outset, the players on the tight-knit team have unequivocally denied that any rape occurred at the March 13 party. The accuseds' attorneys said they have evidence showing their clients were not present when the alleged victim says she was attacked. The first round of DNA testing of 46 of the 47 team members showed no matches, and none of the woman's DNA was found in the bathroom where she said the rape had taken place.

"At first I was pretty convinced the rape did happen," said Duke sophomore Ashlee Walker, "but with the evidence that comes out daily, now I am really starting to question that."

While most undergraduates were off on spring break, the lacrosse captains arranged for two escort-service strippers to entertain a team party. Later, one of the women told investigators that she had been raped, sodomized and choked by three of the revelers. According to police documents, making the accusations is 27-year-old Crystal Gail Mangum, a student at North Carolina Central University, a primarily African-American state-supported school in Durham.

While the city itself is almost equally divided between white and black, Duke's student body is mostly white Southerners, and the private university has a history *(continued on page 125)*

Attention college journalists: If you have an idea for a news story involving your school, contact us at *HUSTLER@lfp.com.*

HUSTLER has long been a haven for uninhibited sweethearts, but bookworms who love showing skin are a special breed. Coeds: Be a BWOC by sending us a handful of naughty pix and garner $350 in financial assistance!

HUSTLER UNIVERSITY
HUSTLER
REAL COLLEGE GIRLS

"I finally met a man who lets me do my thing in bed, and now I come easily every time!"

"I'm not a modest person," proclaims Megan, 22, a freshman at **Lane Community College** in her liberal hometown of Eugene, Oregon. "Being naked in HUSTLER seemed like the thing to do," the multimedia design major continues, "and I'm sort of in the adult business already. I work part-time as a clerk at a porn store. We get all kinds of people, and I can be myself and have fun. Plus, I get to watch porn all evening!" When time allows, the 5-foot-10 coed has a litany of other kicks: "I enjoy skateboarding, snowboarding, hiking, swimming, getting tattoos (when I can afford them) and going to concerts, movies and the theater." What about *our* favorite subject, sex? "I like to take charge with my fiancé and boss him around," Megan confides. "I love being on top, fucking loud and hard, and I also love when my guy titty-fucks me and then comes on my chest." Finally, the Beaver Stater gets a lingering fantasy off her 32C chest: "The urge to be with another woman is growing day by day. Girls are absolutely beautiful and fun. Give me a strap-on!" Let's at least give Megan a hand. —Photos by Fiancé

MEGAN

"I'm already an LPN—licentious, pleasing nympho!"

"Being in front of the camera brings out my naughty side," coos Lucy, 26, a sophomore nursing student at **Miles Community College** in Miles City, Montana. "I'm a dirty little girl who likes taking care of people's needs." And does she ever! "For me, TLC starts with a blowjob," the 5-foot-2, 36D-25-36 denizen of Baker candidly touts. "I love to shove my man's cock so far down my throat, it makes me gag. I also love having my pussy eaten out, with a vibrator and fingers stuck inside me as well until I come all over the place. As for fucking, I'm always trying new positions. Oh, do I love to ride!" Lucy, who frequently straddles a motorcycle for clothed adrenaline rushes, dreams of "a threeway with two guys." —Photos by Boyfriend

LUCY

ELIGIBILITY: Candidates must be 18 years of age or older and enrolled in an accredited school. To be considered for exposure here, please follow detailed instructions in model release that appears on page **131** of this issue and indicate ***Real College Girls*** on submission envelope. All published RCG applicants have a shot at HUSTLER amateur models' annual $5,000 grand prize!

COLLEGE REPORT

(continued from page 123) of shaky race and community relations. Students say they are weary of the negative media attention the story has elicited, but are generally supportive that such issues as race, class and "town-gown" interaction have entered the campus dialogue.

"Regardless of whether the rape happened, it's important that we look at some of the other issues brought up," said Duke sophomore Will Connor.

Once the story hit front pages across the country, Duke's administration started taking serious heat for failing to curb a culture of "boorish behavior" on the lacrosse team and for not responding to the allegations with immediate disciplinary action. Since then, the remaining men's lacrosse schedule was canceled (the Blue Devils came up a goal short in last year's national championship game, and the second-ranked squad was one of the favorites to win it all this season), longtime head coach Mike Pressler resigned, and President Brodhead set up committees to look at everything from the school's handling of the situation to undergraduate social life.

Personalities like Christian Senator Bob Bennett (R-Utah) and the Reverend Jesse Jackson have entered the fray as well. Bennett, famous for his defense of Bill Clinton in the Paula Jones case, has been hired by Duke lacrosse alumni to perform damage control. Joining the accuser's camp, Jackson has offered to help fund the rest of her college education.

Students close to the players, who wished to remain anonymous, walked around campus with T-shirts that read "Innocent." They say they expect their friends to be exonerated. At Duke's graduation ceremony some students wrote the numbers 13 and 45 on their caps to represent solidarity with Finnerty and Seligmann, the two players who had been charged at the time. (Evans was indicted soon after receiving his diploma.)

Whether or not the accused are convicted—the case probably won't go to trial until next spring—this prestigious university's once-shiny image has been permanently tarnished.

Jake Poses, 22, is a senior majoring in political science at Duke University. The New York City native has spent four years working as a writer/editor for the daily student newspaper, The Chronicle.

I'M SICK OF *REALITY SHOWS*... LET'S WATCH SOMETHING THAT HAS *NOTHING* TO DO WITH *REALITY!*

Trosley.

SIMONE

Since Germans concocted the autumnal gathering called Oktoberfest, we've launched month 10's helping of Beavers with an uninhibited fräulein. As you can see, the spry Deutschlander from Sipplingen (a lakeside hamlet by the Bodensee) fancies a little au naturel *stripplingen.* "I love to run around naked and let my imagination run wild," the sensational twentysomething chirps. If she's not alone, all the better. "Outdoors is the best place to have sex," says Simone, whose alfresco fantasy is "to spot two newlyweds on a picnic and join them for a ménage à trois."

—Photos by Friend

LYNNETTE V.

"I look innocent, but behind closed doors it's a different story," divulges this cell phone retailer and White Sox fan from Cubs territory in Chicago. "I do everything possible to make sex interesting," adds the 27-year-old North Sider, a 5-foot-1, 34C workout devotee who most enjoys "being on top," but has a yen for solitaire. "No one gets me off like I can. I love pleasuring what I've nicknamed the Dangerous V." As a respite for her cherished vagina, Lynnette V. hopes to "take a soapy shower with a new lover and be done up the ass for the first time." —Photos by Lady Friend

JESSICA C.

This Beaver from Medicine Hat, Alberta, may be 24, but the onetime cheerleader is a BARELY LEGAL babe at heart. "I act immature," says the 5-foot-4 Canadian homemaker, "jump rope and play doctor. When I'm horny, I get very kinky." Jessica C., who sent in naked pics "for a confidence boost," tells us that her second-favorite endeavor, besides sex, is "working on motorbikes in a bikini; I love grease!" A wet dream is "to have an older man take control of me from behind and make me his sex toy!" —Photos by Husband

ANGEL JO

"My husband calls me his blond nympho," confides this 27-year-old homemaker from of all places Beaver, Oklahoma. That's the Cow Chip Throwing Capital of the World, but Angel Jo prefers camping, hunting and "sex in public places where I can risk getting caught." The Sooner's bucolic fantasy is "taking a sunset boat ride on a lake and being Cleopatra as a moist breeze fills the air, and Marc Antony fills me." —Photo by Husband

GRAND RAPIDS JEN

"My husband and I both love HUSTLER," says this freelance-writing homemaker from Grand Rapids, Ohio, "and we finally decided I should enter the *Beaver Hunt* contest." And why not?! Jen, 31—who sexually is "up for anything"—has become a domestic ecdysiast. "There's a stripper pole in the basement with a sound system, black light and a couch for lap dances," the 5-foot-6 Buckeye proudly announces. "I love being a bad girl in the comfort of my home!" For this show, Jen bares a grand desire: "to have everyone jerking off to my pictures." —Photos by Husband

BROOKLYN

From the bustling Big 12 college town of Lincoln, Nebraska—not the Big Apple borough—comes a "party-hearty" nude dancer with 34C boobs and a cute cooter. Brooklyn is 25, stands 5-foot-4 and digs "straight, wild and doggy-style" sex. A workout aficionada, the adorable, always-cheerful Cornhusker fantasizes about "me and another girl videotaped in a shower together." —Photo by Best Lady Friend

AMBER DAWN

"The thought of being admired by many men who are masturbating to me is a big, big turn-on," purrs Amber Dawn, 33, a Dallas homemaker who avidly pleases her mate. "I think like a guy does, so I know what he wants." Living with this 5-foot-4 fox must be a blast. "My hobbies," A.D. goes on, "consist of sitting by the pool, doing amateur porn, masturbating and sucking dick. That's my sexual claim to fame! So's masturbating at my old job and while driving, and I've had sex in a movie theater." And what an ambitious fantasy! "I'd love to pose for a nude layout on Larry Flynt's desk while he looks on." —Photos by Husband

P.J.

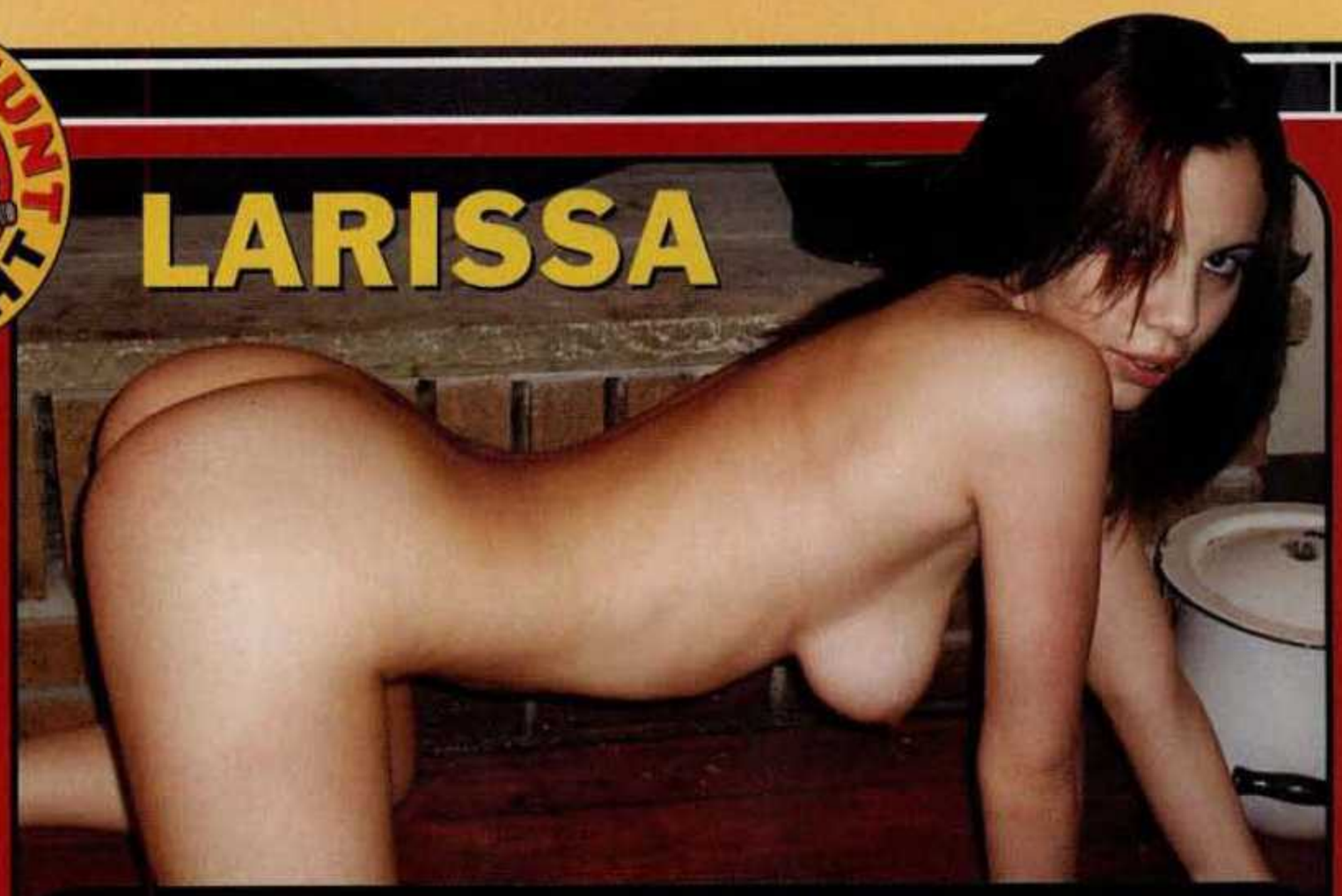
"I love living free, riding motorcycles and rock 'n' roll," spouts this Pantera-worshiping bartender, nude dancer and herpetologist by way of Sarasota, Florida. "That's a person who studies reptiles," chirps P.J., 27, whose motto is "I basically try to do anything to put a smile on my face." Most effective is sex, which boredom-loathing P.J. insists should be "wild, exciting and engaged in outside whenever possible." Revealing her submissive side, the 5-foot-4 tyro coos, "I've always wanted a good-looking guy to sweep me away, while I have no say in what goes on." —Photo by Best Friend

NYSSA

"It's a turn-on having people see me in a magazine," declares Nyssa, 20, a massage therapist in training from West Townsend, Massachusetts. The 5-foot-2, 34B rookie—who lists her pastimes as "drawing, painting, dancing, fun, B.J.'s, boyfriend, sex and sex with my vibrator!"—adds, "I'm adventurous and dominant, and the best way to make me come is by going down on me." Fond of reinforcements, Nyssa dreams of "having sex with my guy and another female, possibly in a sauna, with whips, chains, handcuffs, sex toys, ice cream toppings (i.e., whipped cream, chocolate syrup, strawberries, etc.) and other fun things." —Photo by Boyfriend

BEAVER HUNT SPOTLIGHT

LARISSA



"It's the biggest turn-on when a lover holds me down and whispers hot, sweaty things in my ear!"

"I have no shame," proclaims lovely Larissa, 18, a nude dancer and DJ from East Syracuse, New York. "I've never done porn, but I can't get enough sex. I'm bi. I love chicks, but with guys, I love rough, dirty-talking, I'm-gonna-rip-your-hair-out sex!" Five-foot-two, 32C on top and 100 pounds of sheer delight, Larissa is also a Hooters alumna—"with brains," she points out—a skateboarding and video games fanatic and a pagan. "I want to get back to Mother Earth and live life to the fullest," explains the doggy-style and on-top ("to be in control") enthusiast, who's been boned in parks, cars (if not writhing on the hood or trunk), garages and a cemetery. "I haven't had sex in a church yet," Larissa reflects. "It's a place of sanctuary and good deeds, so let's make it dirty!" The masses are sure to love this babe! —Photos by Friend

"If you ever spot a nude skateboarder heading to work, it'll probably be me!"

MANNETTE

"It's always been my dream to be in HUSTLER," says Caldwell, Ohio's Mannette, 33, a former stripper now living a life of leisure. "I love being naked." With "sex and watching wrestling" for hobbies, the 5-foot-2 munchkin extols, "I like to spice things up, and I usually take control of my man. I dress up as a nasty schoolgirl or dominatrix, but I also like to be whipped." Mannette's fantasy is "me and two girls covered in baby oil and licking cherries out of our cookies." —Photo by Friend

MARLEE

Called on to anchor our latest batch of bitchin' Beavers is a 28-year-old secretarial temp from Paia, Hawaii. While soccer keeps her shipshape, the 5-foot-4 midfielder really has a ball in her all-are-welcome bed. "I can be shy and timid," the bi gal fesses up, "but I get the job done. I love giving head and having threesomes." Marlee's fantasy is "two girls, me and a guy!" —Photo by Friend

AMATEUR PHOTO CONTEST
WIN $5,000 CASH!

Attention, ladies! Are you an amateur exhibitionist 18 years of age or older? If so, our world-famous *Beaver Hunt* competition wants you! Every gal whose image is printed as a monthly selection gets $350 and a chance at the mag's annual Grand Prize—a layout worth $5,000. (Grand Prize Finalists win $1,500 each; the Grand Prize Winner's lensman pockets $500, the Finalists' shooters $250 each.) All photographers of models appearing in *Beaver Hunt* are entitled to a one-year subscription to HUSTLER. Fill out the model release below and provide the requisite documentation. We hope to see you here in the near future.

MODEL RELEASE/ENTRY FORM

To enter HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, you must be 18 years of age or older at the time the photographs, transparencies or digital images are taken, and you must fill out and send this entire release and a **legible COLOR photocopy of a valid government-issued driver's license, passport or state ID card** (with photo, date of birth and signature). Provide photocopy, not original. All entries must include sharply focused color prints, transparencies or digital images. All photos become the unreturnable property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC, which buys all rights in perpetuity to photos we purchase. Send photos, identification and this release with all information requested to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. **Contest not open to residents of Arizona.** Void where prohibited. No purchase necessary.

Please Print

Model's full legal name

Any aliases, nicknames, stage or professional names; maiden name if married

Name to be published | Date images were produced (month/date/year)

Date of birth | Model's Social Security number | Occupation

Telephone (include area code) | Personal e-mail address

Address

City | State | Zip

Hobbies & personal interests

Sexual fantasy (can be listed on separate sheet of paper if necessary)

I hereby declare under penalty of perjury that I am the individual depicted in the photographs, transparencies or digital images submitted with this model release/entry form and that I was at least eighteen (18) years of age at the time I posed for the photographs, transparencies or digital images submitted herewith. I authorize LFP Publishing Group, LLC to disclose this information as required by law.

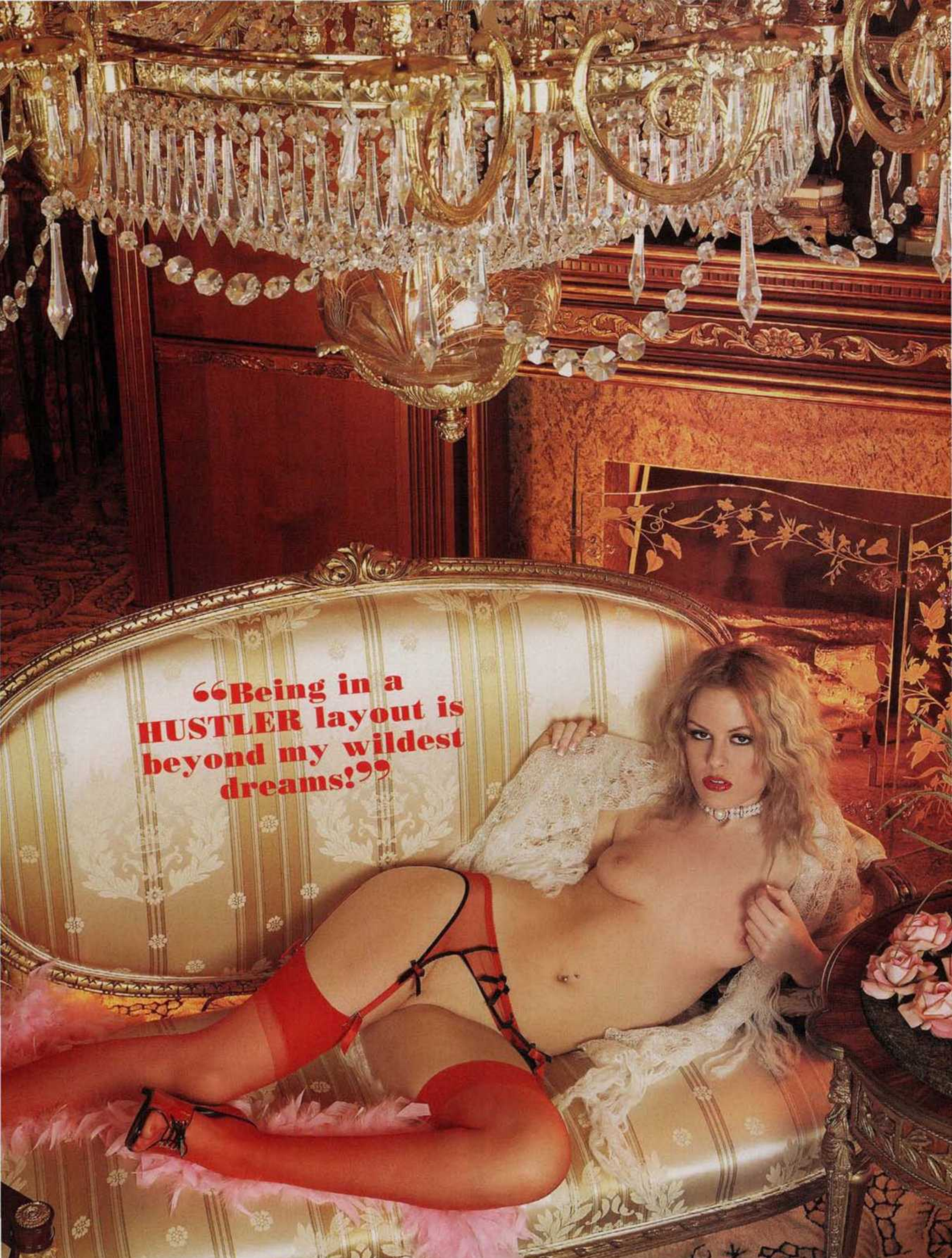
Model's legal signature (each individual pictured must provide entry form) | Date (month/date/year)

Warning: Anyone signing this release form other than the model will be subject to monetary damages and/or criminal prosecution. I declare under penalty of perjury that all of the information I have given above is true and correct.

Note: Prize money sent to model only.

In consideration of $350 for photographs, I grant to LFP Publishing Group, LLC all rights of every kind whatsoever, whether now known or unknown, exclusively and perpetually, in any submitted photographs of myself [the "Images"]. Without limiting the generality of the foregoing, and in addition thereto, I further grant to LFP Publishing Group, LLC and its affiliates and assigns, the following perpetual and exclusive rights: (1) to copyright, copy or reproduce, by any present or future means, all or any part of the Images; (2) to exhibit, sell, assign and transmit, and license others to do so (whether by means of still photographs, magazines, newspapers, radio, television, televised motion pictures, videodiscs, videocassettes, videotapes, computer, CD-ROM, Internet transmission or any other means now known or unknown) any or all of the Images; (3) to use the Images in connection with advertising as well as for commercial exploitation, including, without limitation, in magazines, newspapers, books, one-sheets, flyers, catalogs, and covers or wrappers of recordings, discs, CD-ROMs, tapes and/or cassettes, and in connection with the sale of any by-products or merchandising; (4) to use the Images, or any parts thereof, as a portion of a motion picture or other work (and for the advertising thereof) and in connection with the sale of any by-products or merchandise relating thereto, and to reproduce and/or transmit the same by and in any and all media; and (5) to edit, add to, subtract from, arrange, rearrange, distort and revise the Images in any manner as LFP Publishing Group, LLC may, in its sole and complete discretion, determine, from time to time. I certify that I was 18 years of age or older at the time my photographs were shot, and that I am of full age and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

WIN $350


"Being in a HUSTLER layout is beyond my wildest dreams!"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

ASHLEY

DIXIE DELIGHT

This pretty young thing made quite a first impression as an amateur in our sister mag BARELY LEGAL, and now Ashley is absolutely thrilled to be featured here. And not just because she has a shot at 5,000 smackers. "Of all the sexy girls in your magazines, I can't believe that I was picked," chirps the unassuming newbie, who was born in Georgia and now calls Dallas home. "Being in a HUSTLER layout is beyond my wildest dreams!"

With so many bi chicks in the biz, we just had to ask lovely Ashley if she too is a switch-hitter. "I like girls," the 5-foot-7 jezebel admits. "They're fun to play with in bed. The way they smell and taste gets me kind of wet. I love it when a girl eats my pussy, although *nothing* beats a guy in the sack! They have the right equipment, and I need a nice cock to make me come. Plus, I love the facial expressions a man makes when I suck his dick."

If Ashley garners the big prize, how will she spend the dough? "I'd probably move to Las Vegas after a vacation in Hawaii," the laid-back cocktail waitress expresses. "I think those high rollers in Sin City would really appreciate a sweet-and-innocent country girl. But first I want to go skinny-dipping at Waikiki Beach!"

2006 *BEAVER HUNT*
FINALIST #2

"I do
love being
naked, that's
for sure!"

ASHLEY

As for what's over the horizon, the former high school cheerleader maintains an even keel. "I'm only 20," Ashley says, "and there are so many things to do. Now that I have a magazine spread under my belt, I want to do more nude modeling, and maybe I'll become a stripper. I do love being naked, that's for sure! Then, when things settle down in ten years or so, I'd like to go to college and become a teacher."

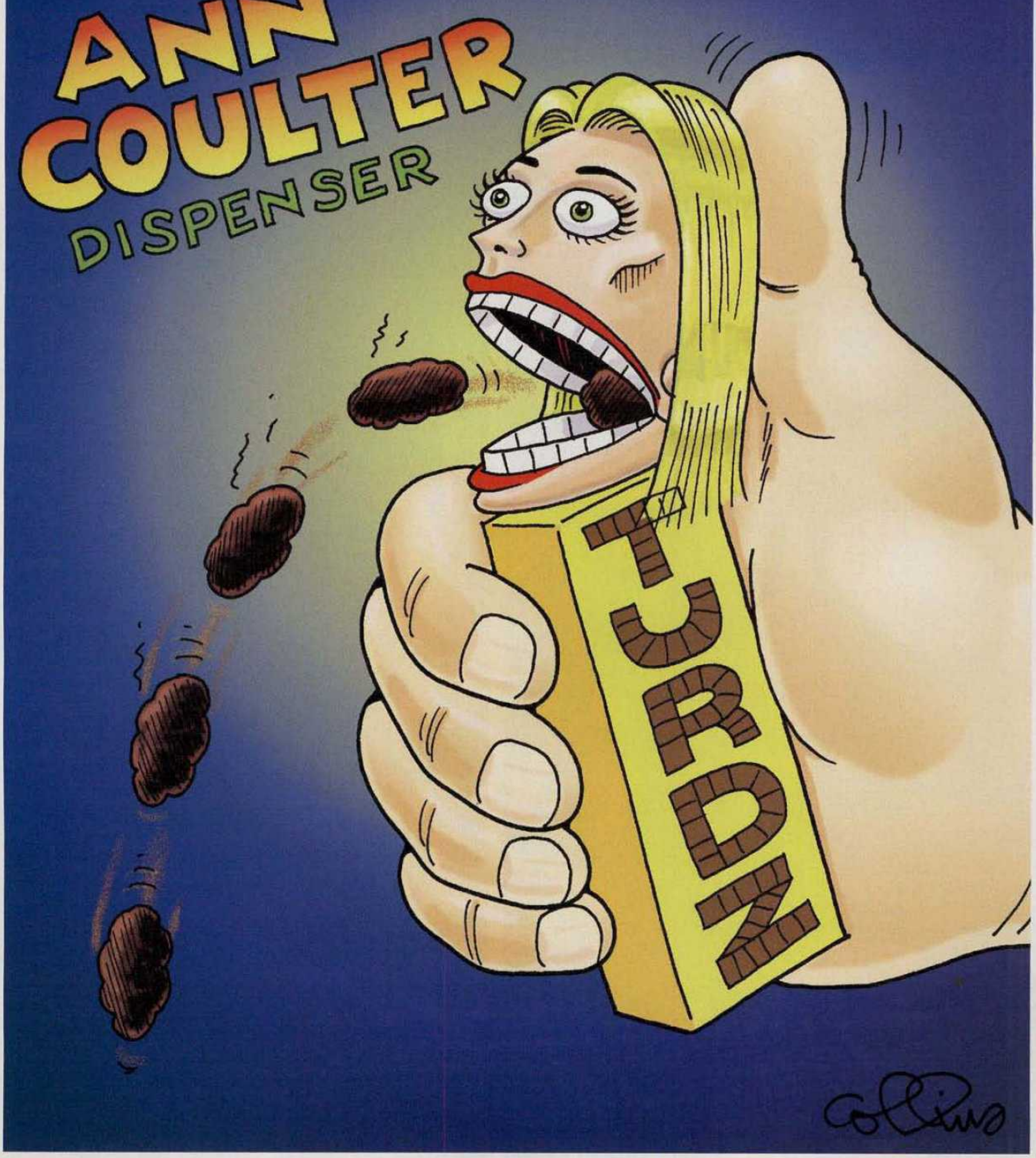
No matter how Ashley's plans play out, she'll always have a *Beaver Hunt* Finalist diploma to hang on the wall—not to mention a chance to let it all hang out on a visit to Larry Flynt headquarters.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

"I like girls.
They're fun to
play with in bed.
The way they smell
and taste gets me
kind of wet."

PEZ AND TOOTSIE ROLL HAVE JOINED FORCES TO BRING US...

THE ANN COULTER DISPENSER



TECH KNOW

Better living through gadgets.

BY KEITH VALCOURT

ZEN AND THE ART OF MUSIC ▶

This month the *Tech Know* page takes a look at several new gadgets that allow you to unplug the ear-buds and share your music and video. First up is the **TravelDock Zen** from ***Creative***.

This high-fidelity, four-speaker unit is compatible with ***Creative***'s Zen Micro and Zen MicroPhoto MP3 players and pumps out sounds even while being recharged. Plus, you can download new tunes directly to your MP3 player by hooking the **TravelDock** to a PC via a USB cable. The lightweight marvel, powered by an AC adapter or four AA batteries, also comes with a wireless remote, so you can control your listening pleasures from up to 26 feet away. Available at ***US.Creative.com***. Suggested retail price: $129.99.

I'VE BEEN FRAMED ▲

This impressive-looking **iFrame** speaker system has a perforated aluminum housing that surrounds a center well with three glowing LED lights. An 18-inch retractable universal ZipConnect cord allows you to hook up any MP3 player (including an iPod) and play your tunes through the four built-in aluminum cone speakers. Also, an auxiliary input enables you to connect **iFrame** to a computer.

The stylish speaker system, which measures 11 by 11 inches and is 6.5 inches deep, weighs less than 5 pounds and looks perfect anywhere. Available at ***SharperImage.com***. Suggested retail price: $139.95.

▲ NICE BOX

Remember the days when taking your music with you meant carrying a ponderous boom box on your shoulder? You remember. Well, **iHome**'s iH30W Boom Box may trigger some flashbacks. This sleek and lightweight unit lets you plug in your iPod or iPod Shuffle and send your tunes through 4-inch speakers. It also features clear FM radio reception through a telescoping antenna.

The **iHome** Boom Box—housed in a choice of white, black or silver casings—runs on either eight C batteries, an AC adapter or car adapter (also included). Available at ***iHomeAudio.com***. Suggested retail price: $149.

◀ YOU'RE ON TOUR

The **On Tour Plus** is a revolutionary personal sound system for various portable gaming and video devices. It blasts out some of the cleanest and most powerful audio imaginable to enhance your entertainment experience. The unit's stereo mini-jack connection and audio input cable let you enjoy high-quality audio from various appliances, including the new Sony PlayStation Portable, MP3 players, desktop (and laptop) computers, CD players and other handheld gaming devices. The **On Tour Plus**, which comes with a rugged nylon carrying case and integrated protective cover with stand, runs on AC current or four AAA batteries. (Note: PSP not included.) Available at ***JBL.com***. Suggested retail price: $129.95.

VIDEO VOYEUR ▲

This unassuming (and very affordable) little box may revolutionize the acquisition and sharing of video content. As easy to use as a VCR, the Neuros **MPEG4 Recorder 2** lets you record directly from any source—including DVR, satellite, cable box, DVD players, camcorders, TIVO or VCR—onto a memory stick or compact flash (CF) memory cards. You can then immediately replay the video on your PSP, video iPod or TV without conversion or the need of a computer. Available at ***NeurosTechnology.com***. Suggested retail price: $149.99.

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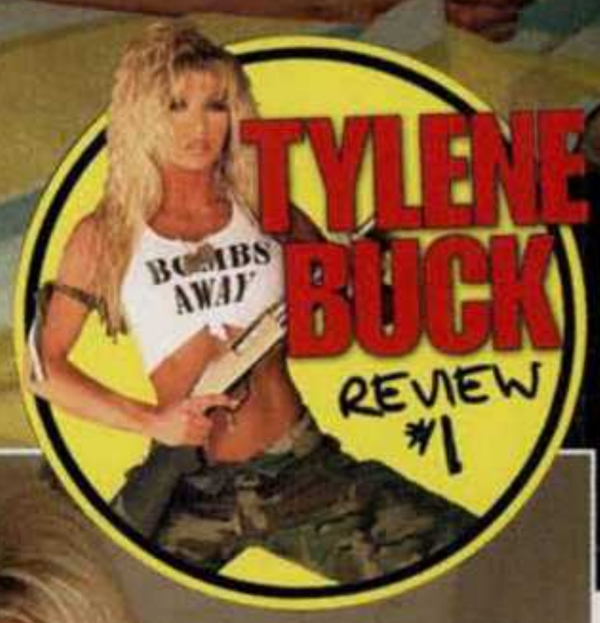
EDITED BY TOM FARRELL

Asshunt: *Former pro wrestler Tylene Buck goes from the ring to ringing up orgasms any way she can as a horny Seymore Butts video vixen.*



Asshunt

DIRECTOR: SEYMORE BUTTS. **STARRING:** PHYLLISHA ANNE, TAYLOR HAYES, LEAH STEVENSON, VENUS, NAUDIA NYCE, AMBER PEACH, FLOWER TUCCI, TYLENE BUCK, HERSCHEL SAVAGE, TOM BYRON, BILLY GLIDE AND MARK DAVIS. **DVD & VHS:** SEYMORE BUTTS HOME MOVIES.

Asshunt will go down in the annals (ahem) of porn as the XXX launching pad for former wrestler Tylene Buck, a/k/a Major Gunns. Built like a brick dollhouse, the newcummer taps into her physical fitness and offers some great ass shots while working her lats on a stair climber. Next thing you know, the onetime ring queen is butt naked and getting friendly with a dildo that's suction-cupped to the workout machine. After giving the meat substitute a good fucking that could've made *it* come, Buck grabs another toy and starts exploring her bunghole. The feisty blonde with the well-sculpted bod certainly has the right stuff for porn, and with a rip-roaring start like *Asshunt*, we hope to see more of Tylene Buck going hard-core—especially taking on a guy. Appearances by Taylor Hayes, Amber Peach and venerable cocksmiths Herschel Savage and Tom Byron round out yet another stellar Seymore Butts offering. ***—Tom Farrell***

*Tylene Buck, called Brandi Wylde in **Cousin Stevie's Pussy Party**, is Queen Klit during an eight-girl orgy.*

***Cousin Stevie's Pussy Party:** Neophyte Brandi/Tylene taketh and giveth (above right) with seasoned fuck bunny Monica Sweetheart.*

Cousin Stevie's Pussy Party #14: King Klit

DIRECTOR: COUSIN STEVIE. **STARRING:** MONICA SWEETHEART, BRANDI WYLDE (TYLENE BUCK), KAMI ANDREWS, AMBER PEACH, MISSY MONROE, VIVIAN WEST, ERIKA KOLE AND TARYN THOMAS. **DVD:** PUREPLAY MEDIA.

It's movies like this that have made Cousin Stevie the Sultan of Sapphic Sex. In the 14th installation of his popular girl-on-girl series, he assembles an eight-pack orgy that serves as the main buffet of the festivities. Missy Monroe lives up to her role as fuck doll extraordinaire, taking a log-sized dildo seemingly thicker than her arm. However, the hottest duo honors go to breathtaking Monica Sweetheart and just-getting-started Brandi Wylde (the *King Klit* moniker of Tylene Buck, a/k/a former pro wrestler Major Gunns). Wylde hooks up with Sweetheart in a scene so made in heaven that the director thought the two lovebirds were having a real affair. With each girl holding a vibrator on her clit, Wylde delivers a room-shaking orgasm that, according to Cousin Stevie, is as real as rain. Hey, wrestling may be fake, but not the climaxes of the career-changing bombshell. ***—T.F.***

*Kayla Paige (left) does her best Gene Simmons while probing Tylene Buck's poop chute in **Ass Good Ass It Gets**. Below: Brunet Demi Delia and Tylene get ready to pull a rabbit out of Kayla's keister.*

Sneak Preview!

*For Tylene it's **Ass Good Ass It Gets** with Demi Delia and Kayla Paige at her disposal.*

Is that Ziggy Stardust's vibrator? Like a champ, Tylene pulverizes Demi.

Ass Good Ass It Gets

DIRECTOR: SEYMORE BUTTS. **STARRING:** TYLENE BUCK, DEMI DELIA, KAYLA PAIGE, LISA SPARXXX, NYEEMA KNOXXX, TINA PRICE, SOPHIE DEE, JESSICA JAMMER, AARALYN BARRA, TOM BYRON, BRIAN PUMPER AND HERSCHEL SAVAGE. **DVD & VHS:** SEYMORE BUTTS HOME MOVIES.

Seymore Butts's latest asscapade concentrates on a handful of the industry's hottest rumps, but the star of the show is former wrestler Tylene Buck. Known to her WCW fans as Major Gunns, Buck shows a lot more spirit (and flesh!) in this flick than she did in the ring, and she was one spunky, risqué warrior. In a ferocious lesbian encounter with Demi Delia and Kayla Paige—renowned for her big hair, tush and tits—Buck howls like she's in heat as Paige rams a dildo into her shaven snatch. Buck goes beyond being a by-the-book adult performer, genuinely getting into her work, romping around as if she were Major Gunns taking on all challengers. As usual, Butts does a masterful job lensing the nonstop action, and those who don't remember Major Gunns and those who do will get plenty of wrist-rocking out of his latest ass "bout." ***—T.F.***

ASSHUNT PHOTOS BY TIFFANY HARNED

Holly Wellin and Memphis Monroe make Reno's dreams come true in ***Larry's Angels.***

Lilliana Monroe successfully hunts cock (Jerry's) in ***Beaver Hunt #3.***

Joey Hart, another of ***Larry's Angels,*** *finishes off Jerry.*

Kurt Lockwood gets solidly behind ***BH#3****'s Rebecca Steel.*

Larry's Angels

DIRECTOR: RICHARD HAMILTON. **STARRING:** MEMPHIS MONROE, JOEY HART, HOLLY WELLIN, PARIS DAHL, RENO, JERRY, KRIS KNIGHT AND JEAN VAL JEAN. **DVD & VHS:** HUSTLER VIDEO.

With Memphis Monroe and Joey Hart going full-throttle, *Larry's Angels* is the ultimate XXX flick for fans of these two sexy, charming chicks. The more bodacious Memphis and petite-and-perky Joey both clearly show that they have what it takes to be HUSTLER contract girls. Among her many talents, Memphis is the Vin Scully of dirty talk, cheering Holly Wellin on as that babe is fucked up the ass. Ms. Monroe takes a hard pounding in the threeway as well, but the doll truly shines when the focus is just on her. She's adorably raunchy in an explosive boy/girl scene with Kris Knight. Meanwhile, Joey loves pussy juice just as much as she loves being showered with cum, going to town on Paris Dahl and completely draining Jerry's and Jean Val Jean's balls in three separate scenes. Memphis and Joey have diverse looks, but the same go-get-'em attitude when it comes to hard-core sex. *Larry's Angels* is proof of that.

—Kevin Wright

HUSTLER's Beaver Hunt #3

DIRECTOR: WILL RIDER. **STARRING:** TIA TANAKA, ANASTASIA STARR, ROXY DeVILLE, REBECCA STEEL, LILLIANA MONROE, BENJAMIN BRAT, SASCHA, KURT LOCKWOOD, JERRY AND JAMES DEEN. **DVD & VHS:** HUSTLER VIDEO.

Beaver Hunt #3 discovers sexy newcomers and gives them the deluxe porn star treatment. If you're looking to bag some hairy beaver on this hunt, though, your only catch would be Anastasia Starr. The Asian first-timer is the only chick with a little grass on the field. Shaven or not, these honeys are all eager to suck and fuck like seasoned XXX veterans. Eighteen-year-old Tia Tanaka is the cutest of the bunch, but her fresh pussy is so tight that it can't take cock for more than a few minutes. The nympho makes amends by lavishing the longest, messiest blowjob imaginable on Benjamin Brat, who happily busts a nut on her pretty face. If Tia learns to take a deep dicking, watch out! Roxy DeVille is a fun-loving rocker babe who knows her stuff, while Lilliana Monroe fucked so many guys back home that the tantalizing Texan calls herself a "professional amateur." By recruiting horny, luscious amateurs for top-notch, big-league filmmaking, *Beaver Hunt #3* offers the best of both worlds.

—K.W.

The World of Christina Noir

BY TOM FARRELL

ALTHOUGH MOST HOMEMADE PORN *never reaches the masses, there are exceptions. One of amateurdom's biggest success stories is Christina Noir, a northern California housewife who went from swinging to XXX stardom. We recently caught up with the lusty exhibitionist, who shed some light on what brought about her bawdy claim to fame.*

HUSTLER: When did you experience your sexual awakening?

CHRISTINA NOIR: It started when I was in high school, and it started with women. This girl and I started exploring our bodies at a sleepover, and it went from there. Then we had a guy at our next sleepover. I went through a string of boyfriends and realized I couldn't be faithful. Then, when I met my future husband, I was relieved to find that he liked watching me get fucked by other men. I was really relieved at that, because I'd been holding back the fact that I was such a slut! (*Laughs.*)

My husband was a former nude model who also stripped at bachelorette parties. We started off swinging, and then we decided, *Hey, we love sex! We can probably sell some of this stuff on tape!* We made some videos of just the two of us having sex, put up a Web site and sold some tapes. We morphed it into a pay site later and renamed it ChristinaNoir.com.

Where did you get your fictional surname?

From a black cat poster in French, *Le Chat Noir*. Besides, the *noir* part fits because I love black men.

It must take a lot of effort to run a successful Web site.

My husband is so bleary-eyed, he can't see. It's a lot of hard work to come up with new marketing ideas. It's hard for me to blow my own horn.

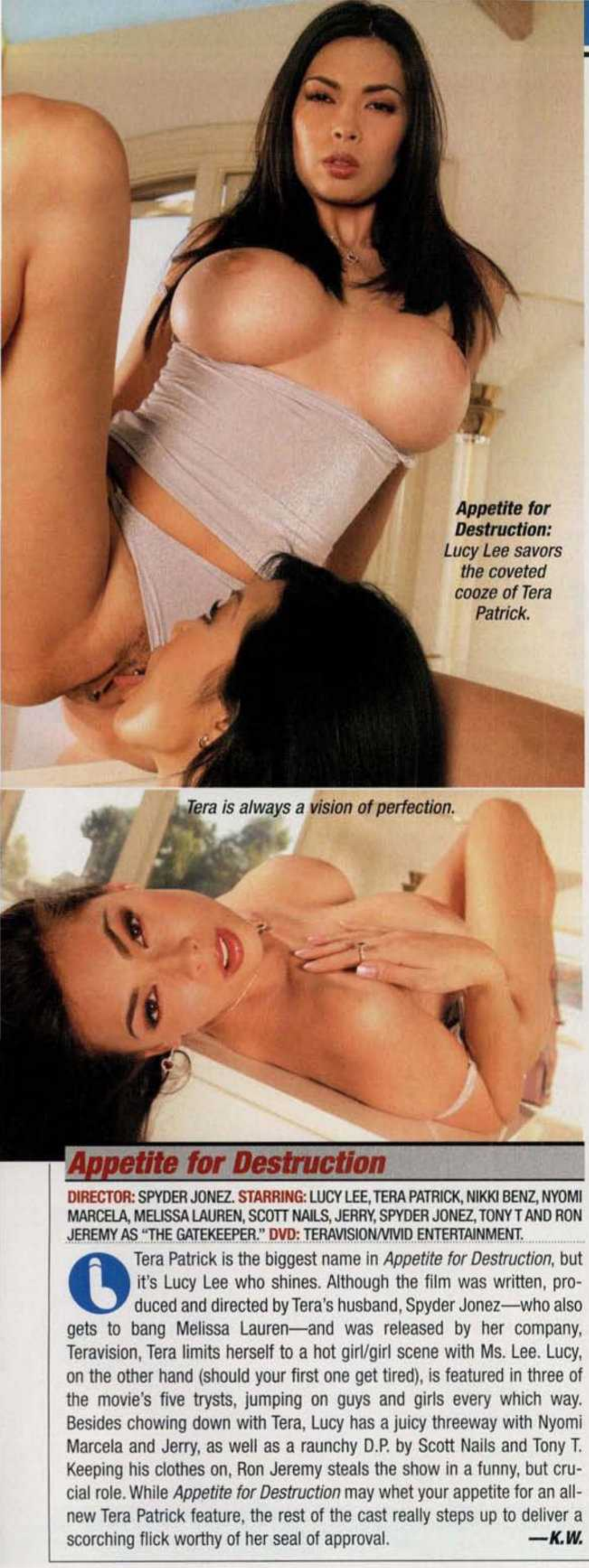
Christina, will you stop saying *hard*, *blow* and *horn*? Okay, tell us how you got the ball rolling.

My husband and I advertised on swinger sites to meet people to film us, and some of those people ended up becoming partners for me. Some of our friends recommended people as well. We started off filming at our house and sometimes at hotel rooms. Soon my whole fascination with black cock took off, and my husband started moving more and more behind the camera. We film about once or twice a month, and we get a lot of content. I hope to start shooting in exotic locales!

What else is in the future for Christina Noir?

I'm looking forward to meeting a lot of hot, new friends, making a lot more high-quality amateur porn and hopefully getting distribution for our films.

To see what this horny, open-minded housewife is up to, check out ChristinaNoir.com.



Appetite for Destruction: *Lucy Lee savors the coveted cooze of Tera Patrick.*

Tera is always a vision of perfection.

Appetite for Destruction

DIRECTOR: SPYDER JONEZ. **STARRING:** LUCY LEE, TERA PATRICK, NIKKI BENZ, NYOMI MARCELA, MELISSA LAUREN, SCOTT NAILS, JERRY, SPYDER JONEZ, TONY T AND RON JEREMY AS "THE GATEKEEPER." **DVD:** TERAVISION/VIVID ENTERTAINMENT.

Tera Patrick is the biggest name in *Appetite for Destruction*, but it's Lucy Lee who shines. Although the film was written, produced and directed by Tera's husband, Spyder Jonez—who also gets to bang Melissa Lauren—and was released by her company, Teravision, Tera limits herself to a hot girl/girl scene with Ms. Lee. Lucy, on the other hand (should your first one get tired), is featured in three of the movie's five trysts, jumping on guys and girls every which way. Besides chowing down with Tera, Lucy has a juicy threeway with Nyomi Marcela and Jerry, as well as a raunchy D.P. by Scott Nails and Tony T. Keeping his clothes on, Ron Jeremy steals the show in a funny, but crucial role. While *Appetite for Destruction* may whet your appetite for an all-new Tera Patrick feature, the rest of the cast really steps up to deliver a scorching flick worthy of her seal of approval. ***—K.W.***

A LOOK AT THE SEXY UNDERWORLD OF PINKY VIOLENCE

PINKY VIOLENCE is an umbrella term for a wave of lurid Japanese exploitation films from the '70s that paid homage to American cult classics like *Hot Rod Girl*, *Dragstrip Riot* and *Faster Pussycat Kill! Kill!* Like their predecessors, these Land of the Rising Sun offshoots were laced with blood, gore, sinister mayhem and delectable sex kittens galore. Now, in a DVD box set, PanikHouse.com has collected four Pinky Violence masterpieces: *Delinquent Girl Boss: Worthless to Confess*; *Girl Boss Guerilla*; *Terrifying Girls' High School: Lynch Law Classroom*; and *Criminal Woman: Killing Melody*.

All share a common thread: feisty girls gone bad hitting the wrong side of the law and sticking it to fat pigs who shamelessly attempt to exploit their youth and beauty. In one flick, leering letches get switchbladed by babes who look as if they'd stepped out of a teen hot rod flick.

For more info, free trailers and how to order the *Pinky Violence Collection* or similar flicks from its stock, visit PanikHouse.com.

Hard Candy #1: *Newbie Claire Robbins has the hots for Scott Nails's rock candy.*

Hard Candy #1

DIRECTOR: ROBBY TREAT. **STARRING:** HOLLY MORGAN, KERI SABLE, CLAIRE ROBBINS, LEAH LUV, RILEY MASON, NADIA, VALERY, MICK BLUE AND SCOTT NAILS. **DVD & VHS:** DIGITAL PLAYGROUND.

Hard Candy #1 shows why Digital Playground is one of XXX cinema's major players. Once again DP has taken a slew of insatiable vamps who love sex, along with a masterful director calling the shots, to deliver a standout film. Let's face it. Gorgeous, energetic women are the number-one reason you watch porn, and *Hard Candy #1* is filled to the brim with lookers. There's Claire Robbins, a young, pixie-faced beauty with a great ass. Dressed up like schoolgirls, teen hotties Nadia and Valery make an older guy's fantasy come true. Also on tap are Riley Mason (as an ersatz goth chick), who turns in a top-notch fuck, and newcomer Holly Morgan, who's quickly transformed from an innocent-looking sweetheart to a dyed-in-the-wool fuck doll in one of the movie's best scenes. *Hard Candy #1* scores points for exceptional talent and direction, showcasing precocious strumpets from optimal angles. What more could you ask for? **—T.F.**

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Shy Love of ***Britney Rears #2.***

Hard Candy #1's Holly Morgan also meats Mr. Nails.

*The members of Dokken never had it this good. Randy Spears spears Jessica Drake-munching Sophia Sandobar in **But I'm With the Band**.*

But I'm With the Band

DIRECTOR: BRAD ARMSTRONG. **STARRING:** EVA ANGELINA, KIRSTEN PRICE, JESSICA DRAKE, KERI SABLE, VIVIAN WEST, LAYLA RIVERA, SOPHIA SANDOBAR, BARRETT BLADE, TOMMY GUNN, ERIC MASTERSON, KRIS KNIGHT, RANDY SPEARS AND SCOTT NAILS. **DVD:** WICKED PICTURES.

Porn has traditionally devised a variety of creative setups and fantasy milieus designed to transport viewers into a jaded sexual arena that usually denies them entry. *But I'm With the Band* focuses on the world of rock concerts and the ever-present chicks who want to go backstage. Keri Sable starts the action as a ticketless girl who will do *anything* to see the show—that is, the standard "blowing the bouncer to get into the gig." The next blowjob comes courtesy of Vivian West, who whips out the kneepads for a backstage pass. This leads to a good fuck scene before the action drifts into a ladies room, where megahottie Kirsten Price joins up with Keri Sable for some groupie chitchat and sapphic love. Later, Keri *heads* to the concession stand for refreshments—and cock! A few more boiling-hot group scenes ensue before the film closes with Keri (clad in a souvenir concert shirt) catching Zs in the back of a limo. *But I'm With the Band* has a nice concept, is well filmed and features lots of good-looking tarts who love sex. Not the greatest smut out there, but certainly worth a trip in your DVD player. ***—T.F.***

What's hot (and not) in online porn FROM Sir Rodney .com

REAL COUPLES

If only England could build cars as good as their porn... Over 50 terrific exclusive videos featuring UK amateurs shot at home by porn impresario "One Eyed" Jack. The featurettes are entirely believable and the candid pregame interviews add local color...

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KISS MY CRACK

With a name like this, I suppose close-ups of women licking some guy's ass shouldn't be surprising. And assuming only a truck-stop crack whore would do such a thing, no shock that that's exactly what we get. There's enough HMA (hairy man ass) in porn as it is...

AMATEUR CANADA

Now we know how they stay warm in winter. Over 100 real amateurs frolic here, including Maja, a super-hot slutty Asian, and Vanessa, an Alanis morisette without the Issues. Should be called itty-bitty-titties, but the girls are cute despite, and Rodney's little Iditerod got a work out. Finally a reason for a 51st state...

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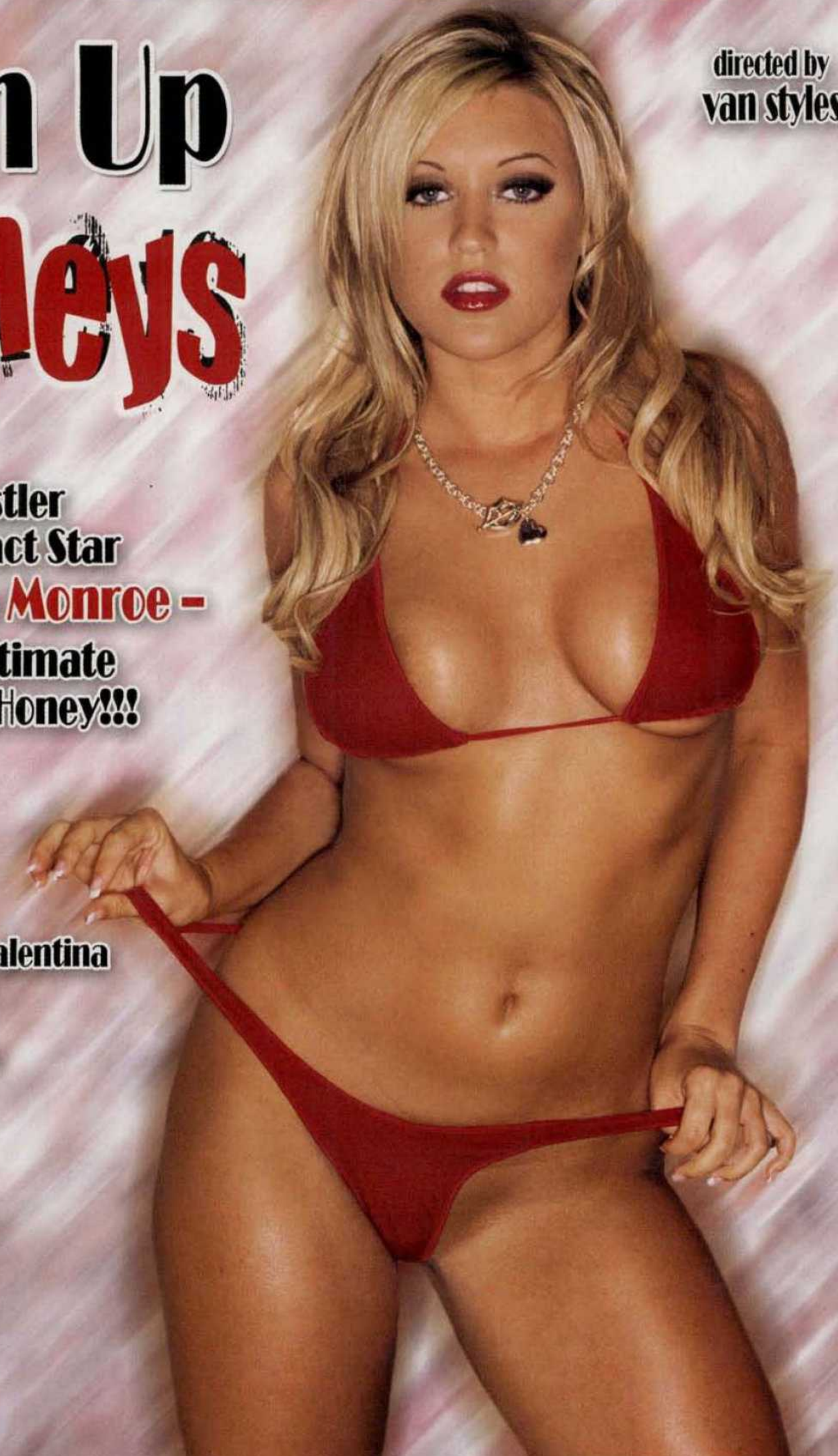

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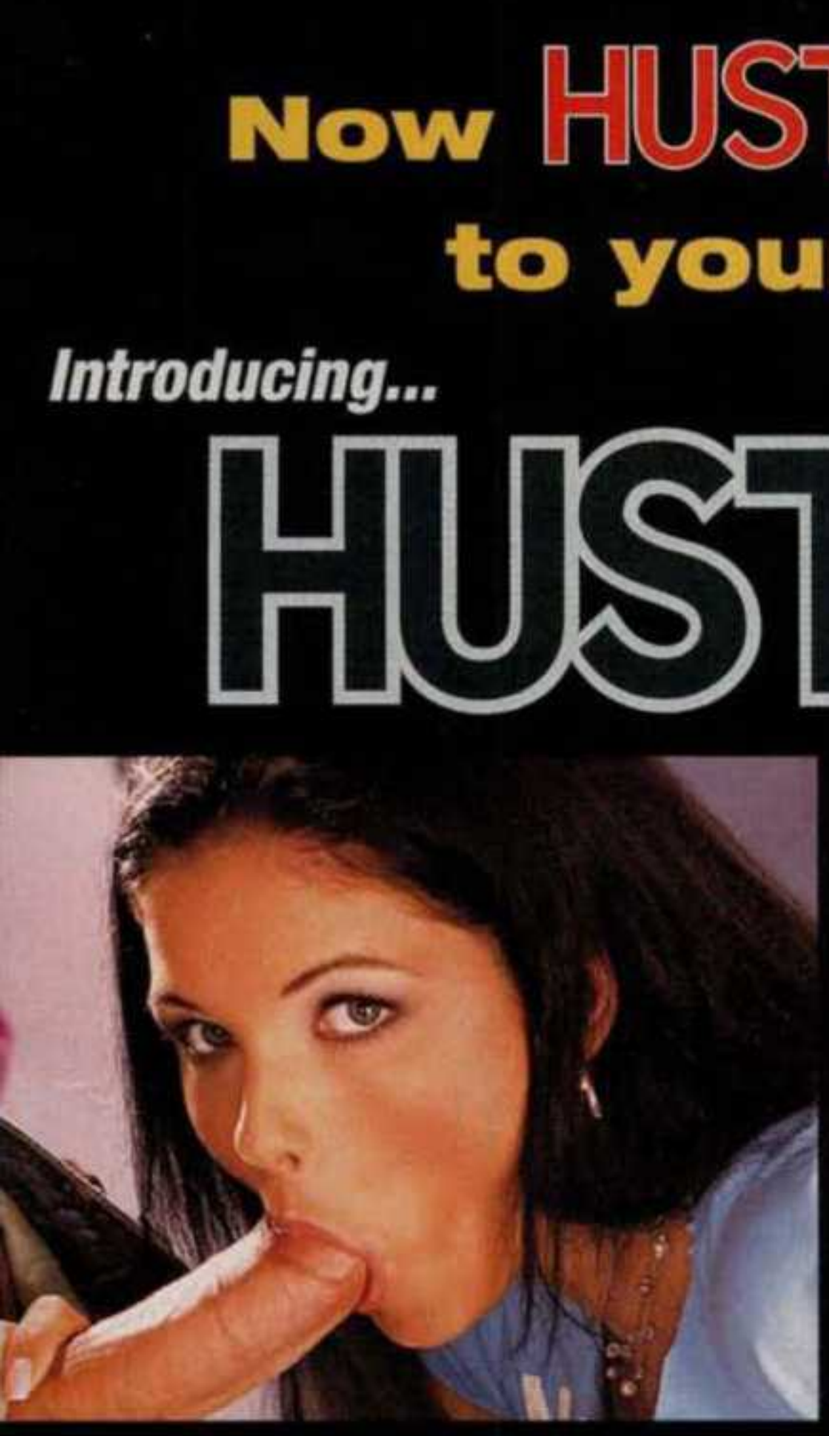

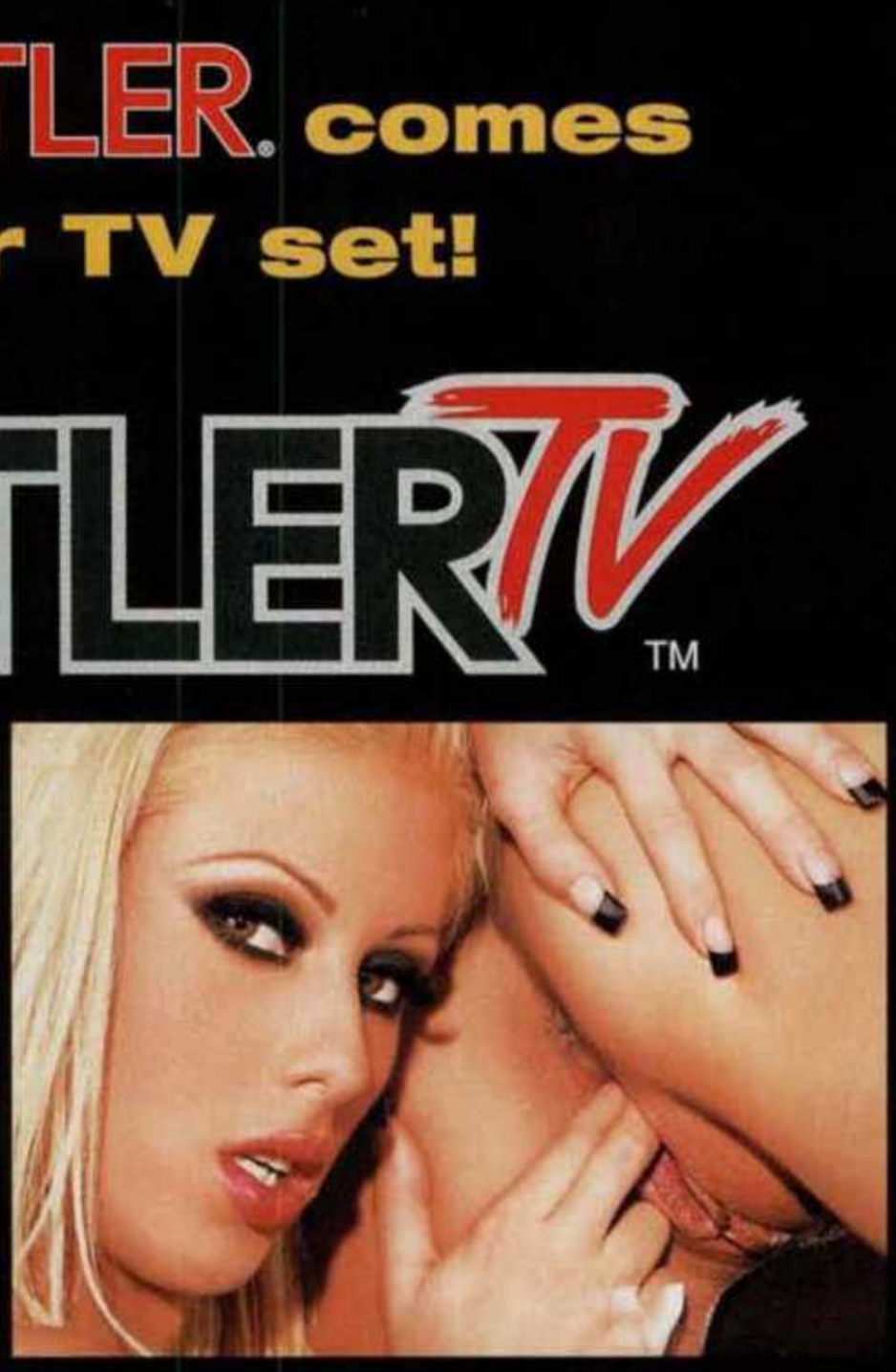

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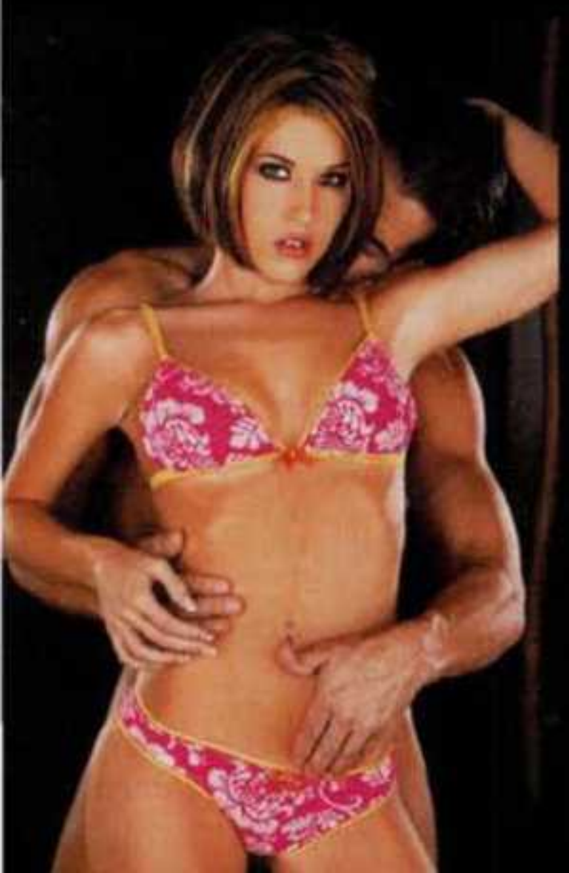

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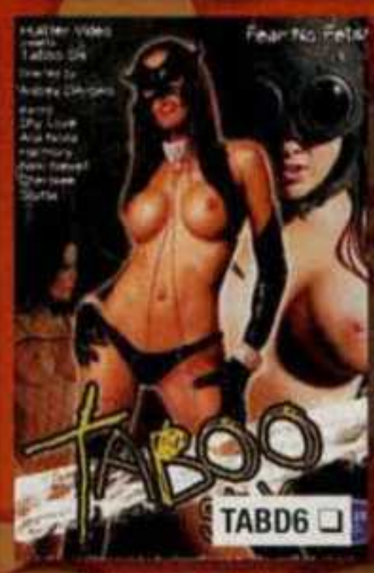

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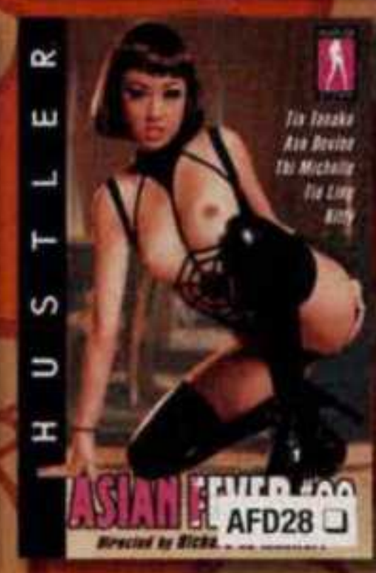

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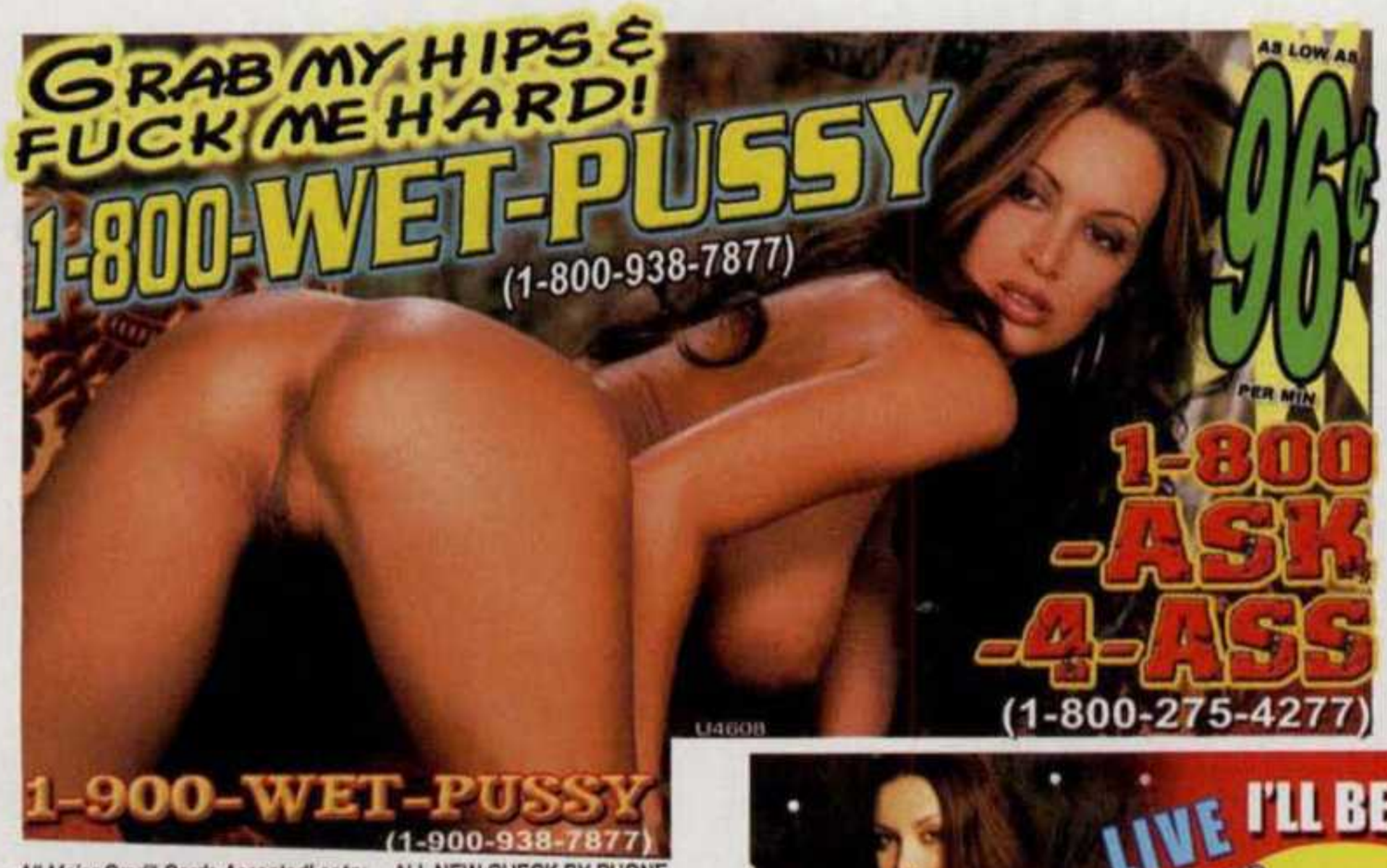

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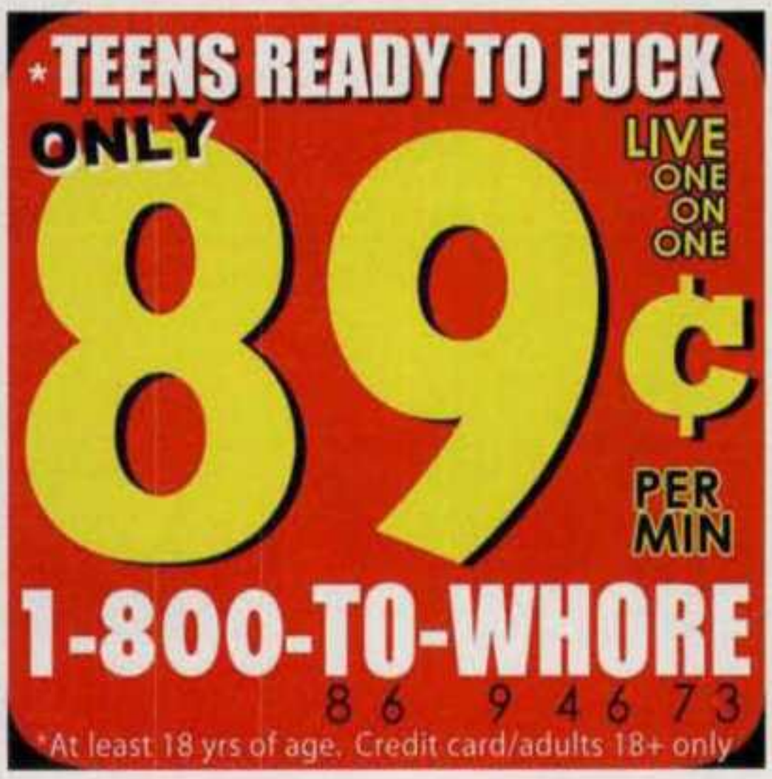
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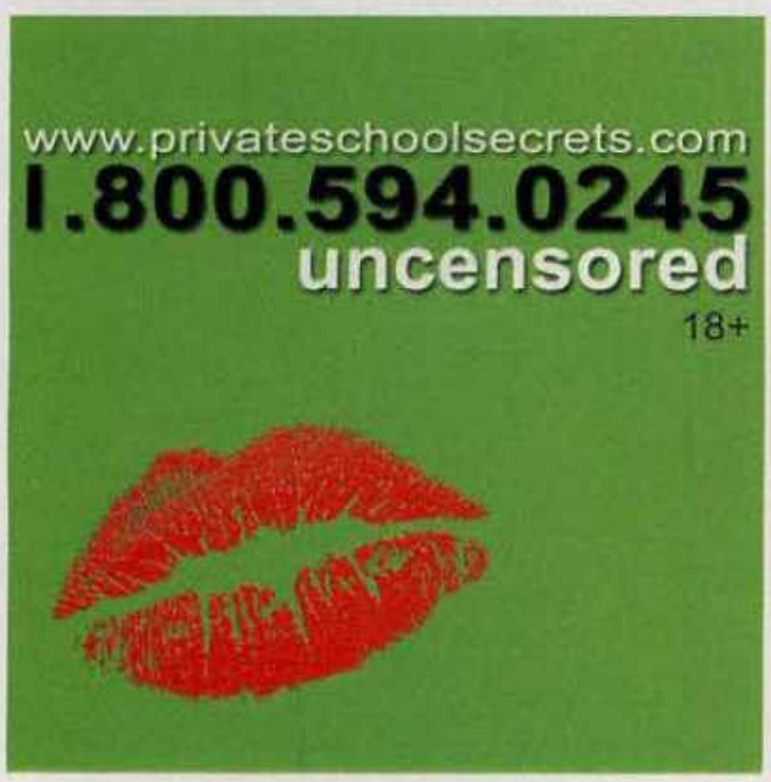

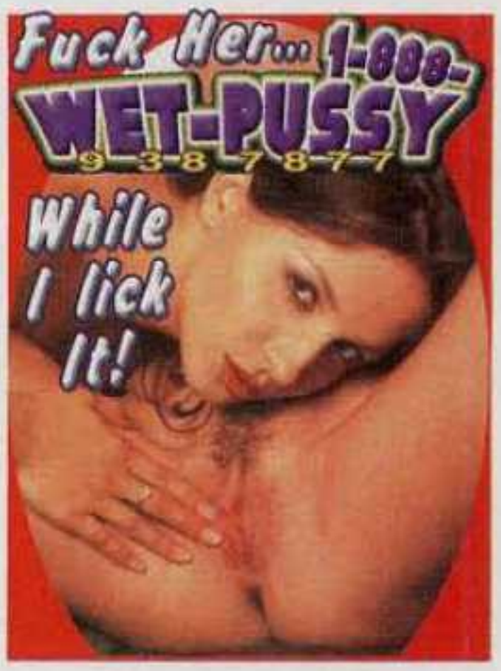

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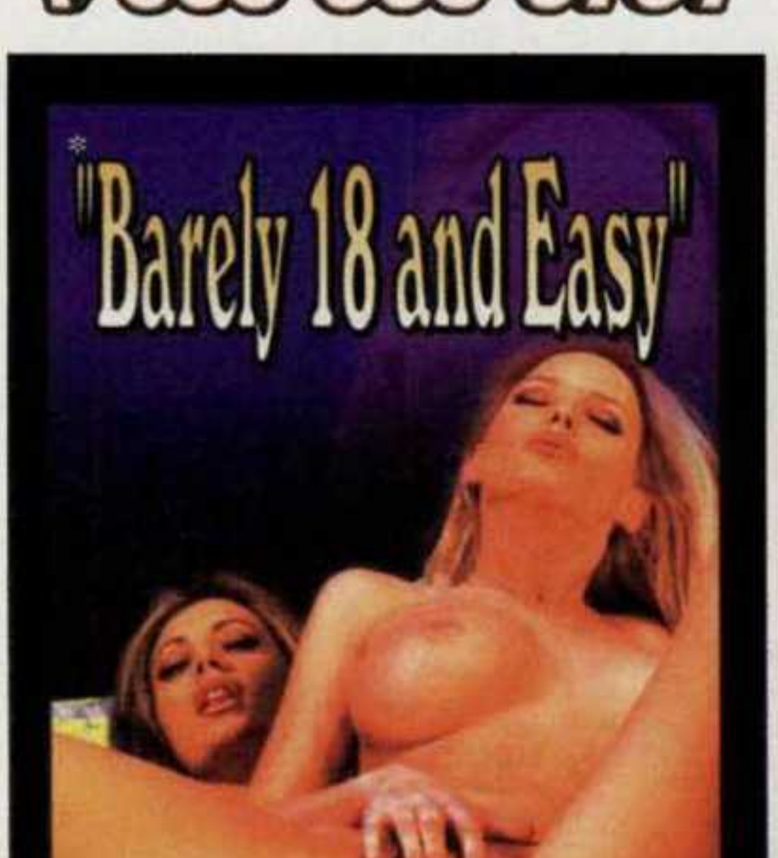
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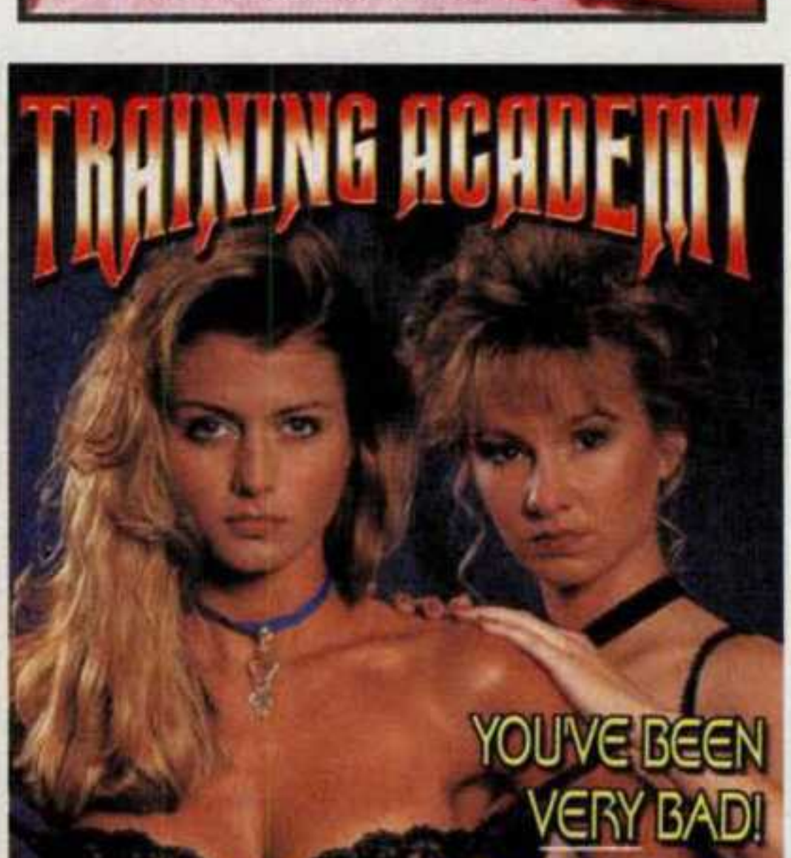
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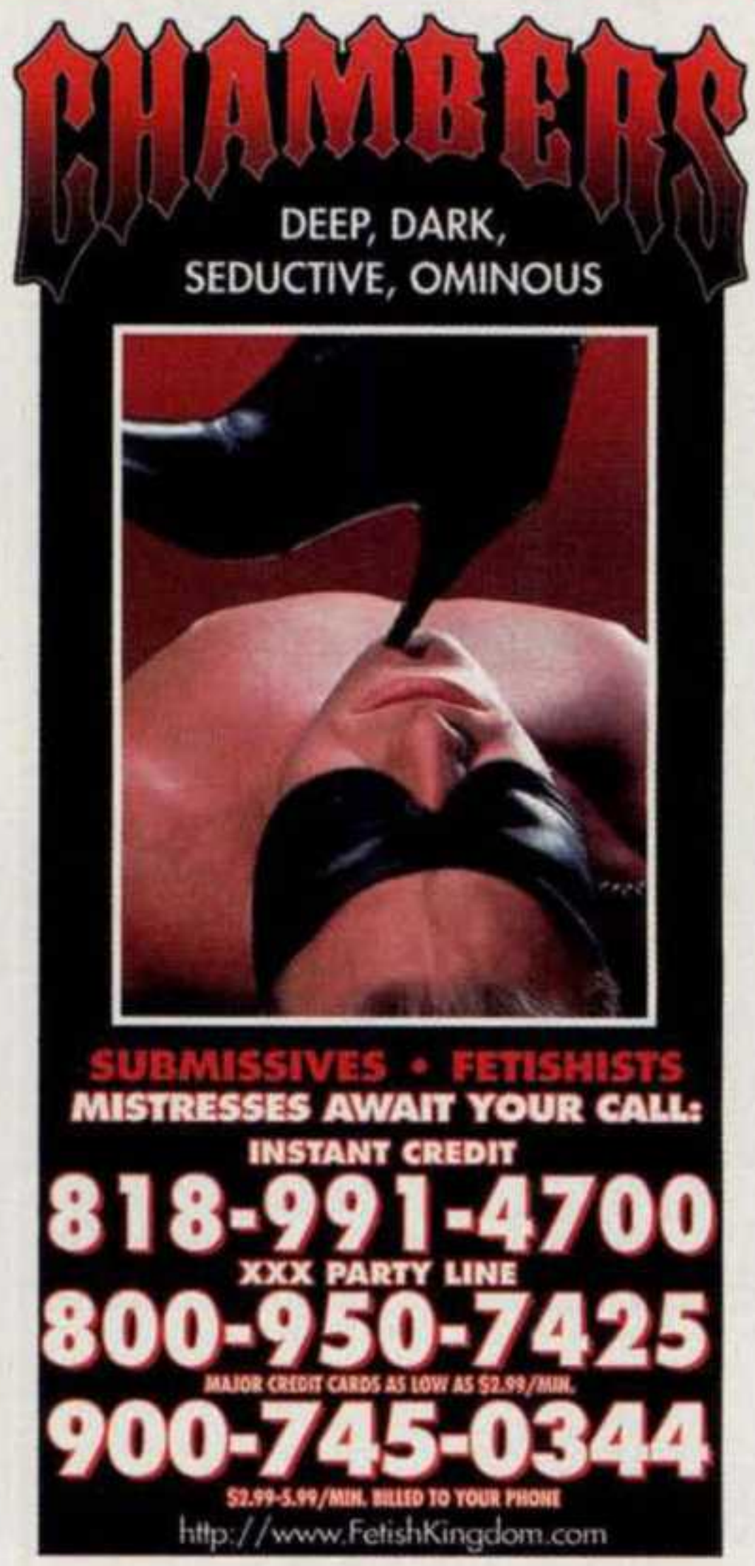
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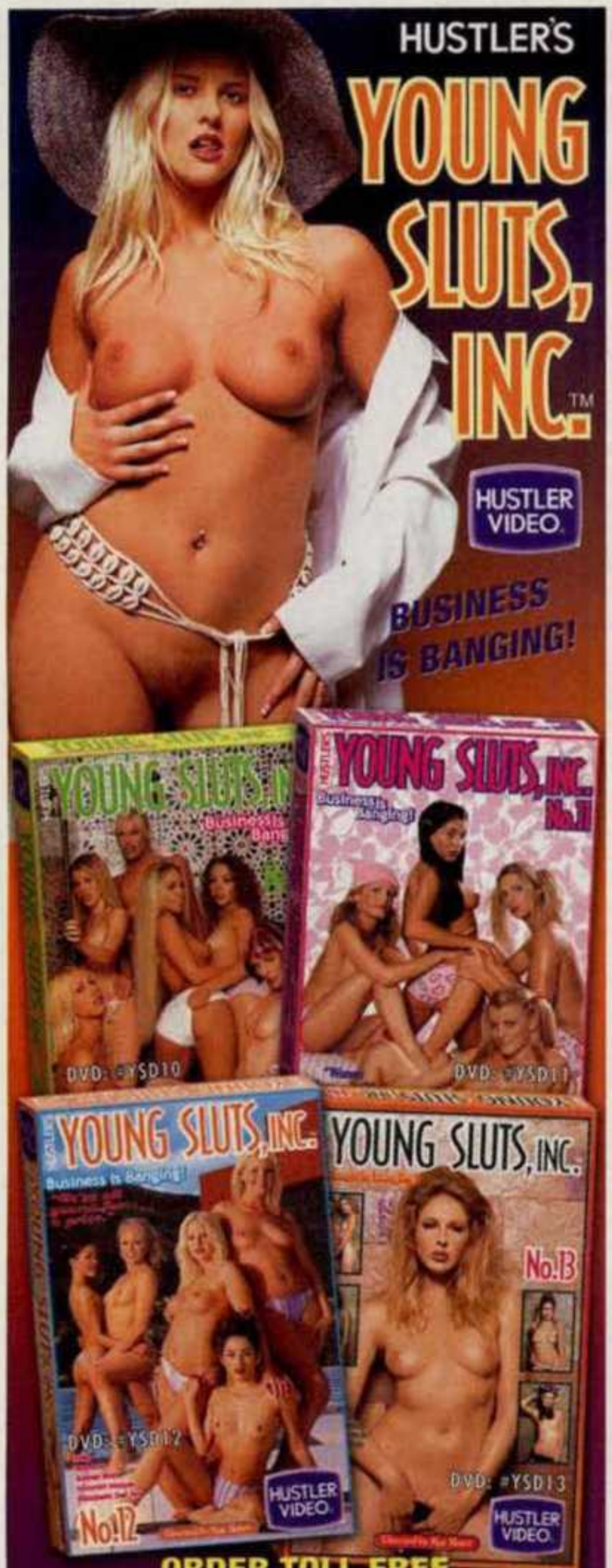

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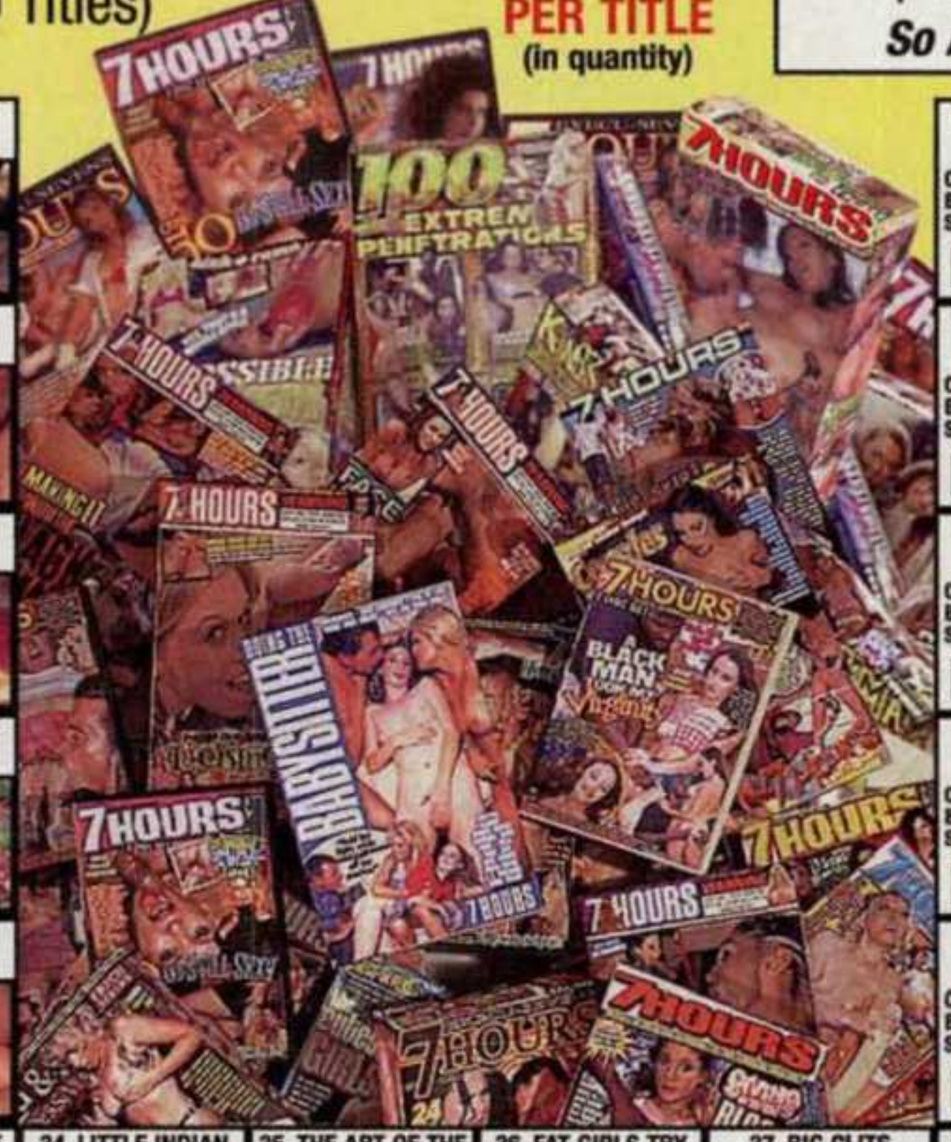

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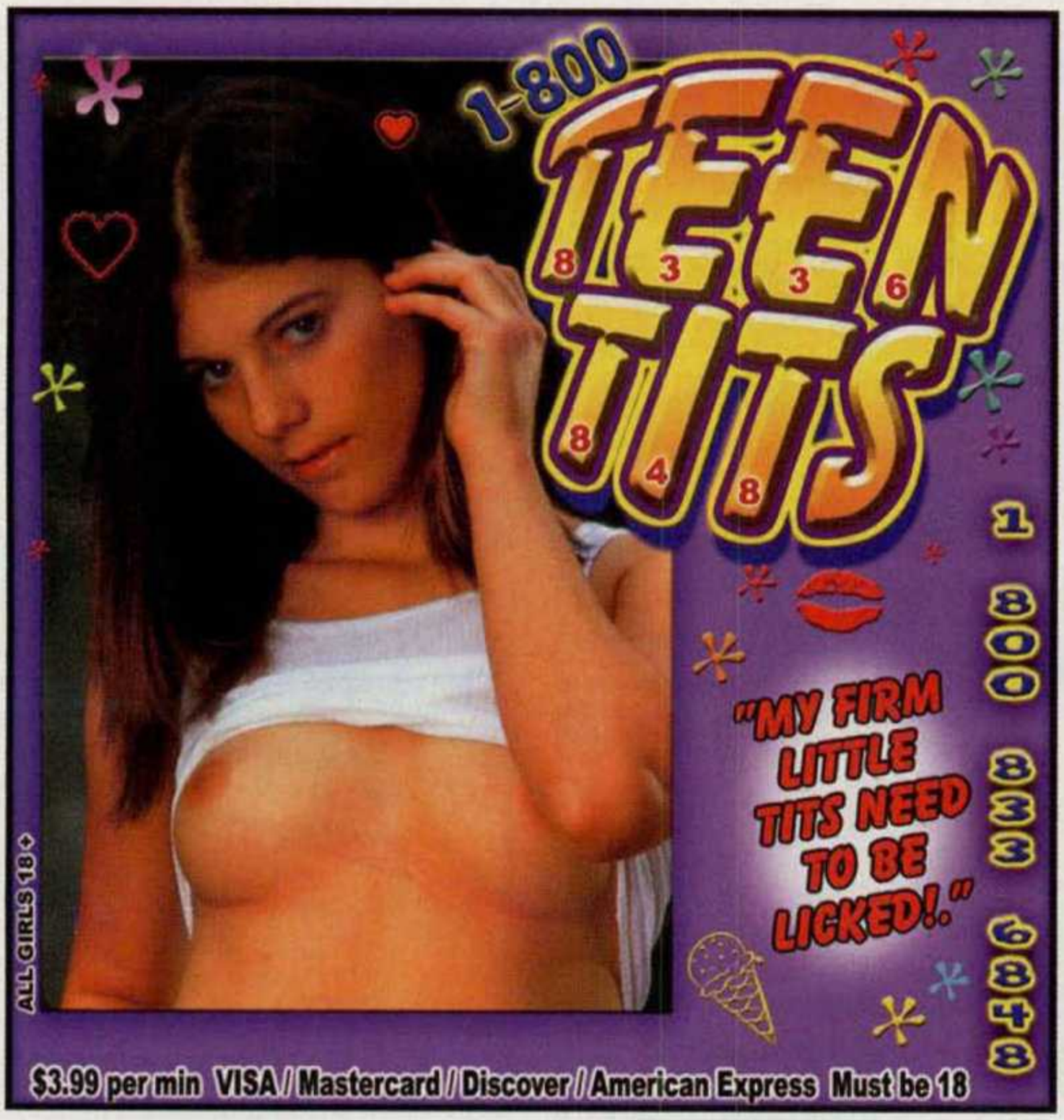
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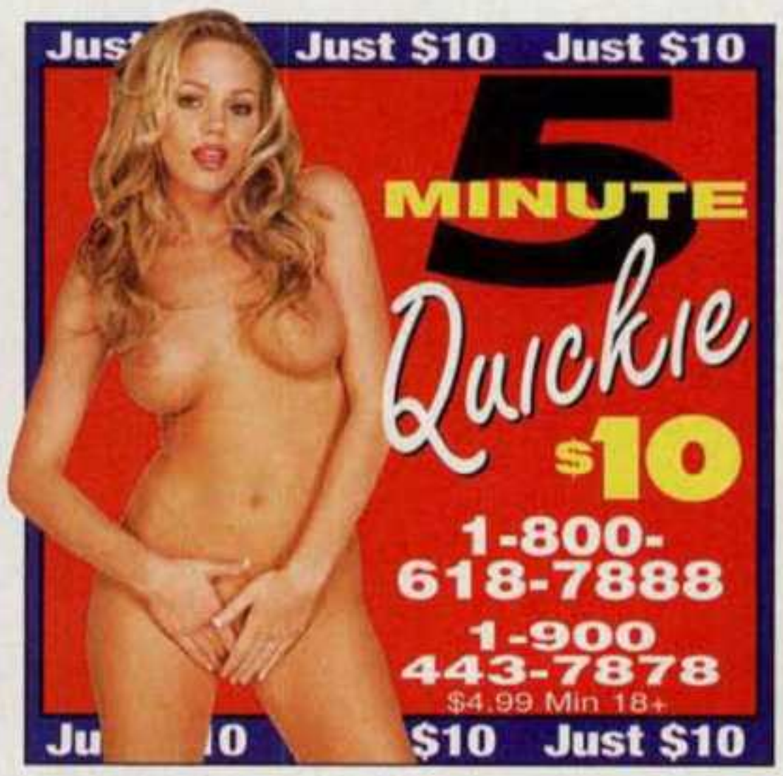

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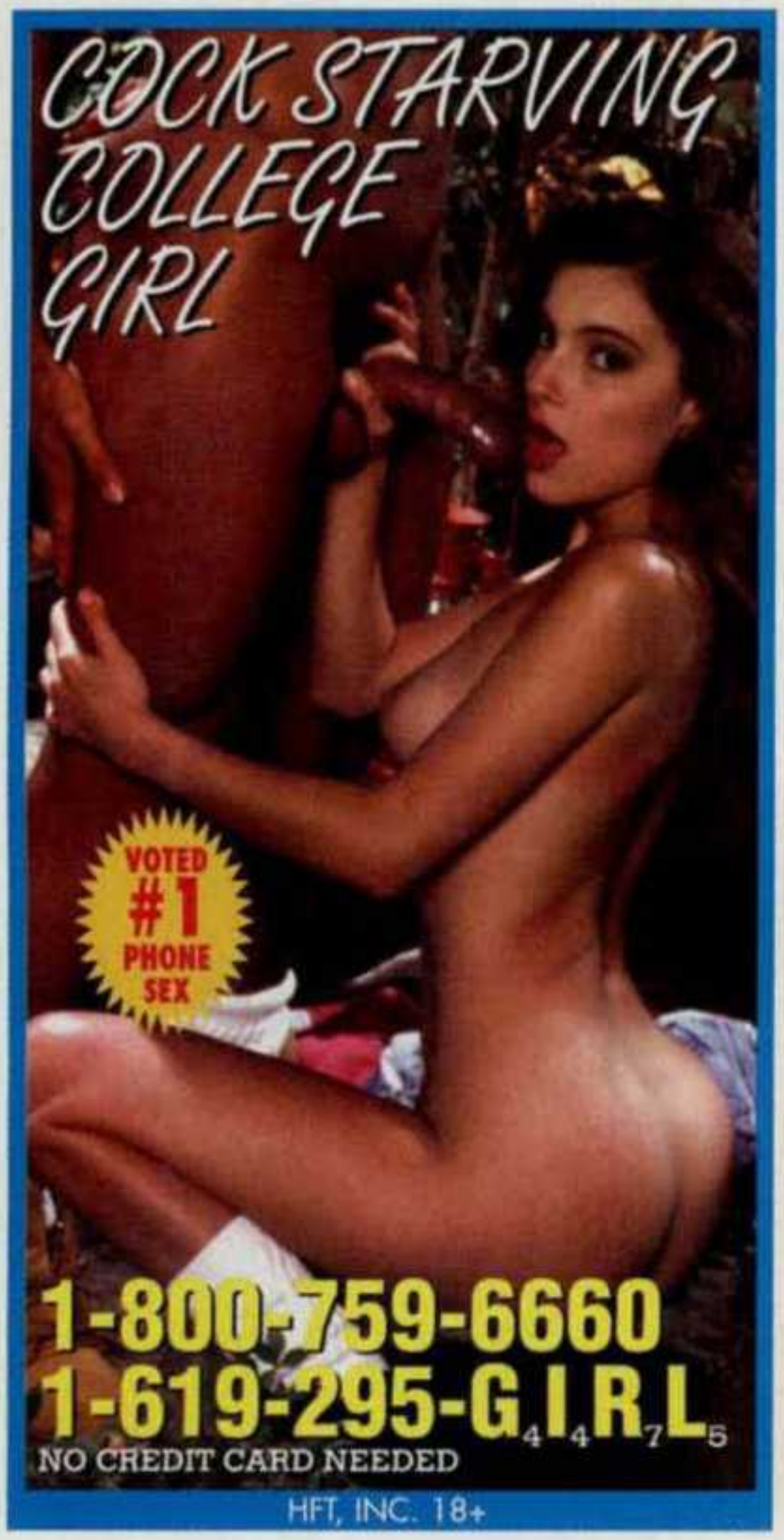
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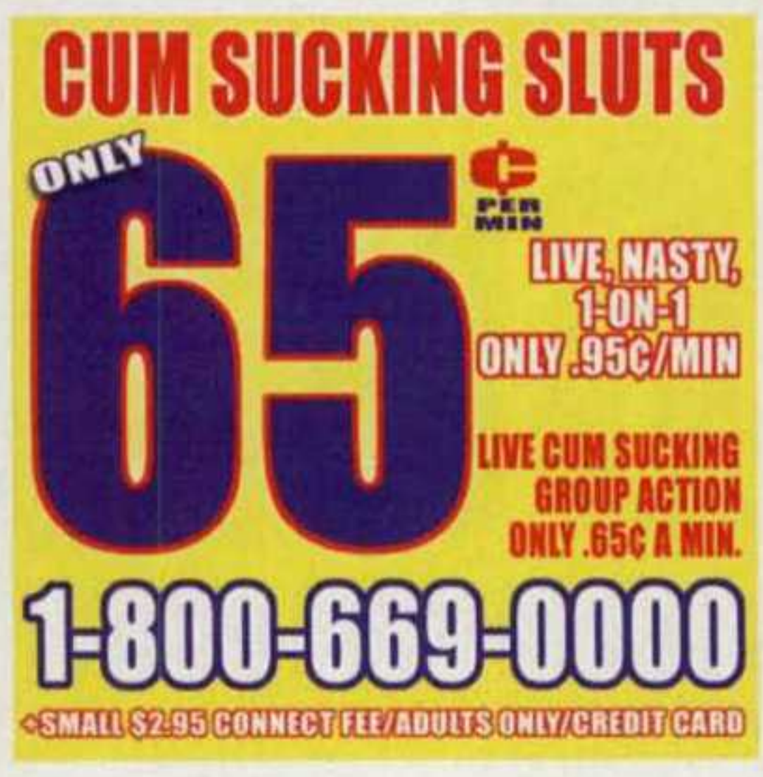

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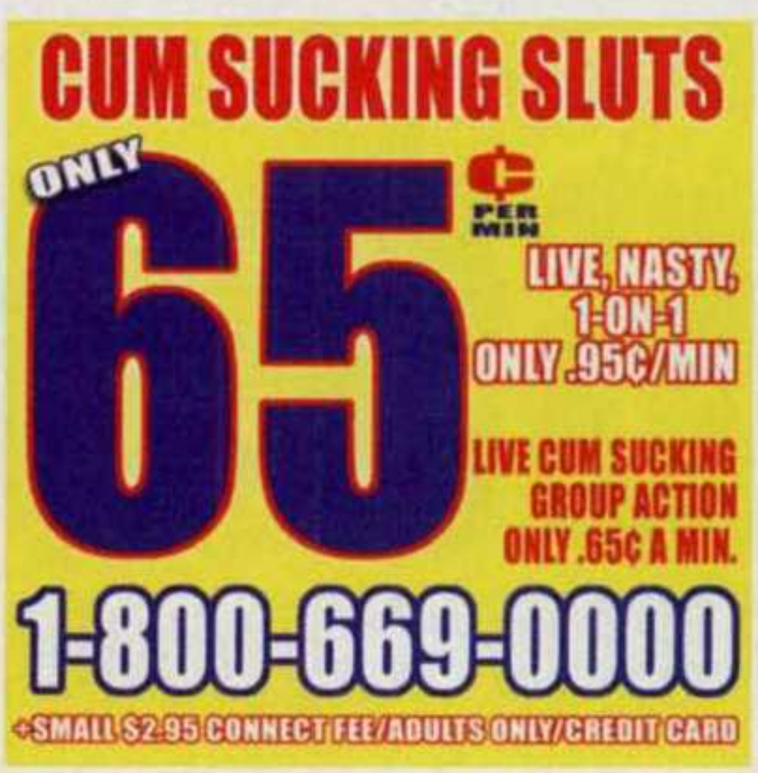
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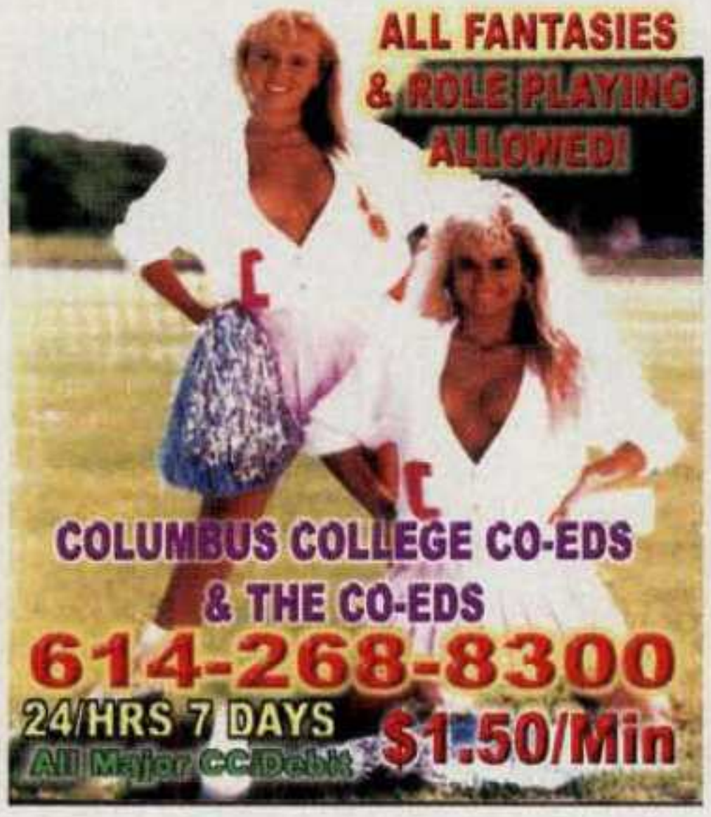
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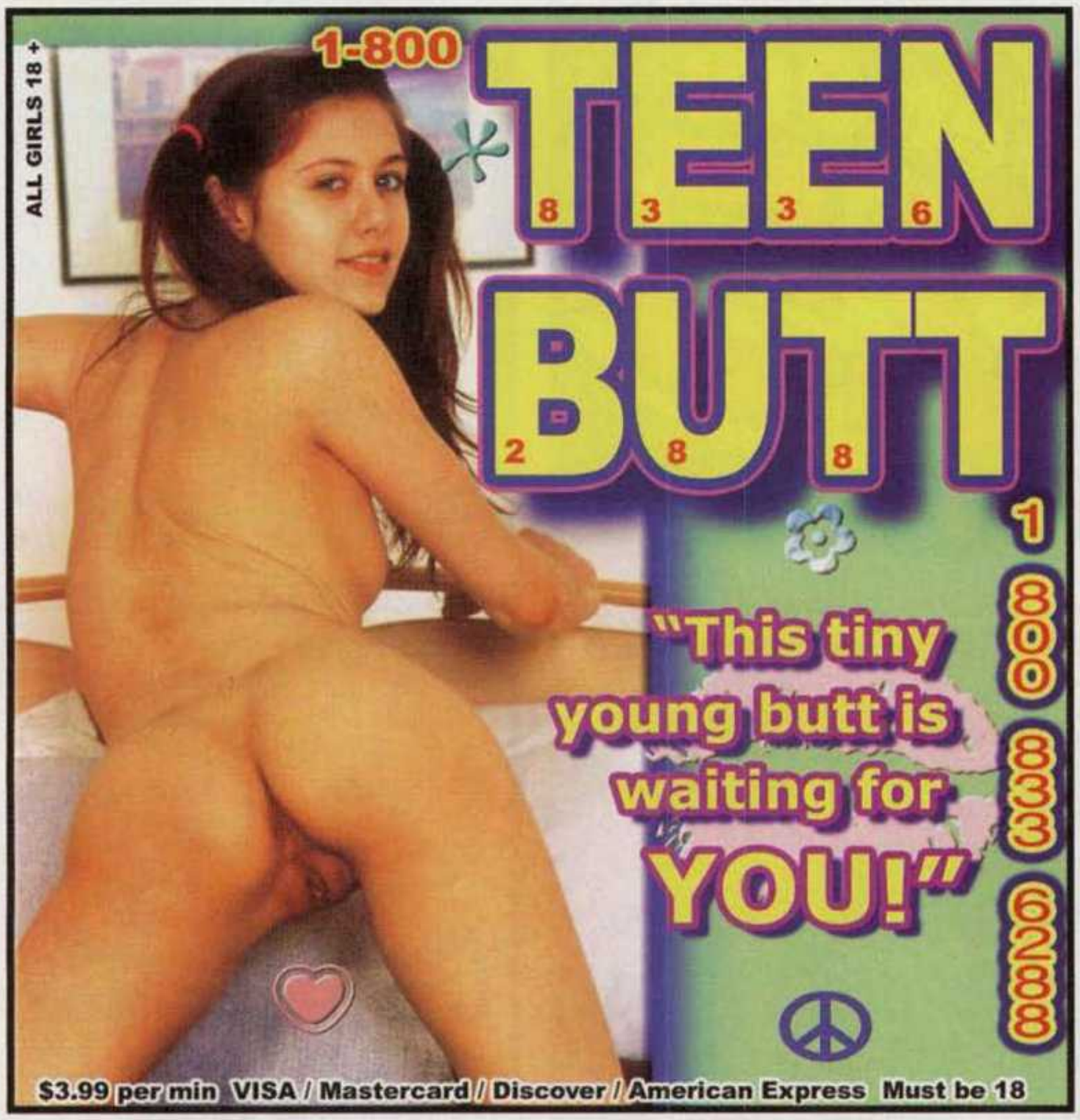
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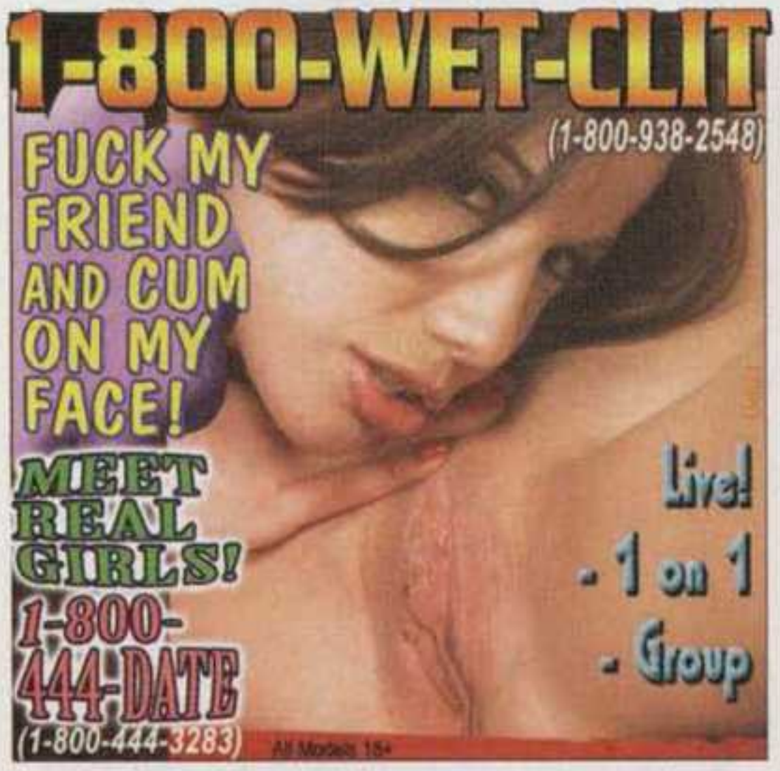
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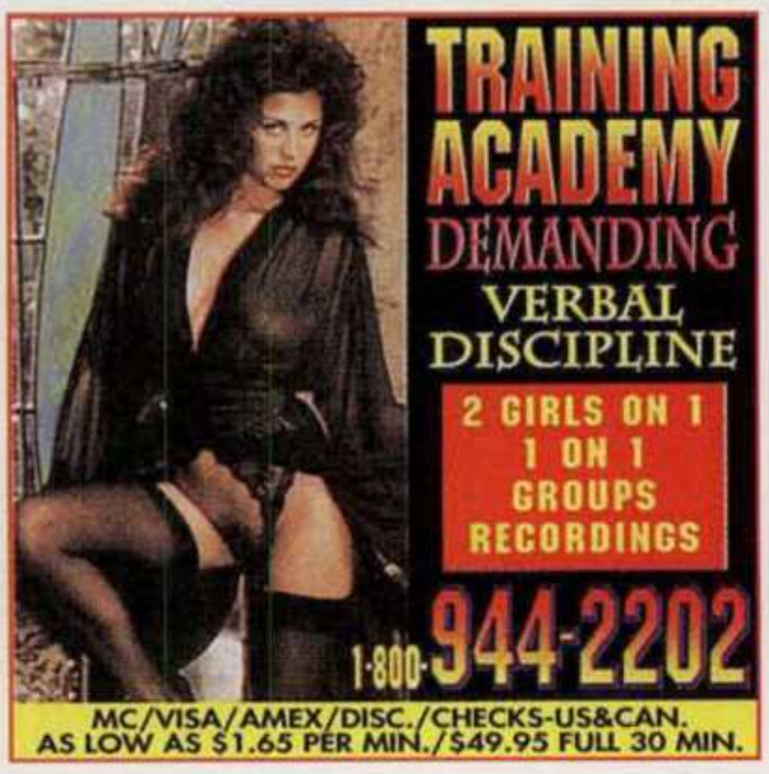
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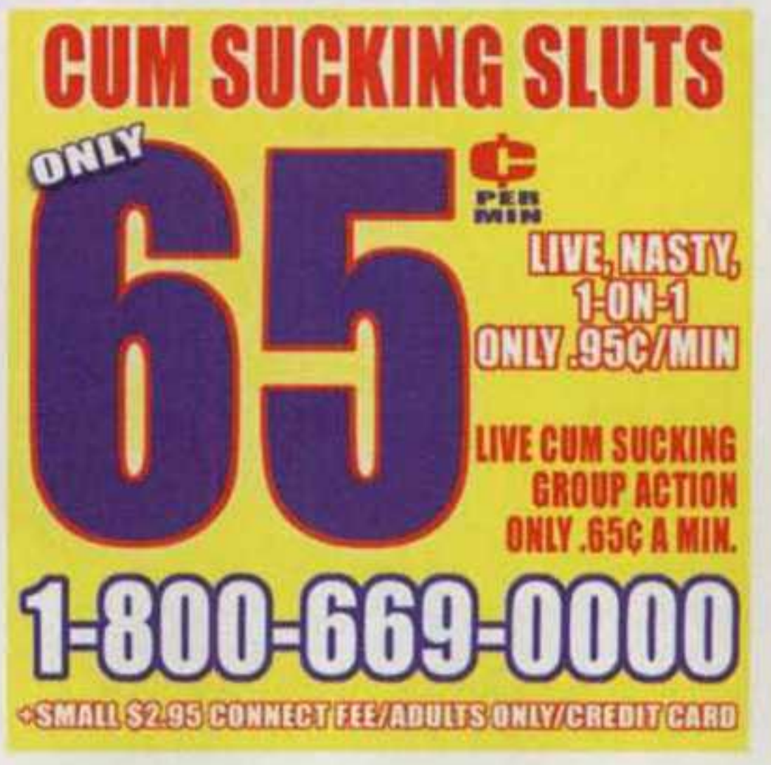
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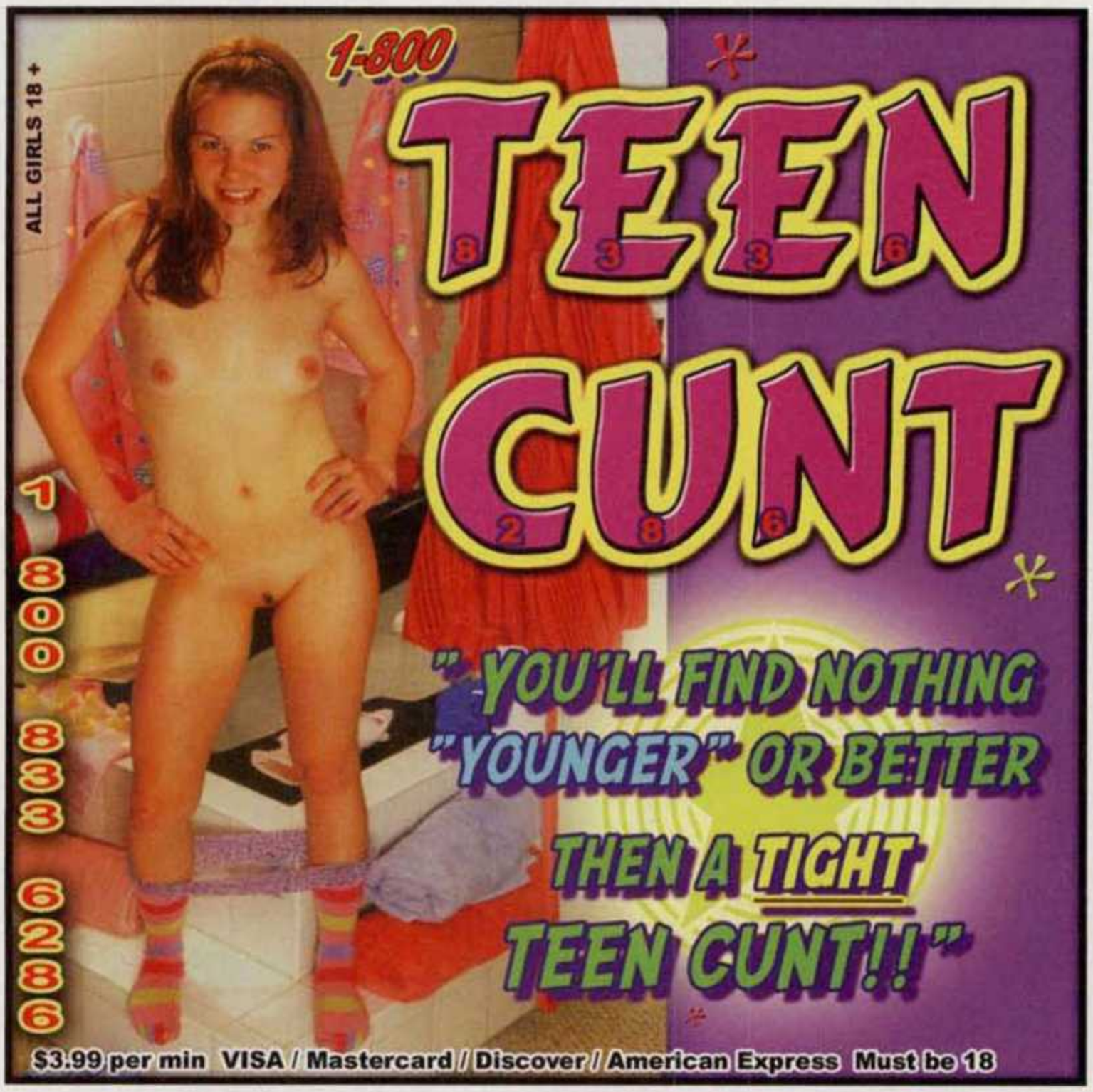
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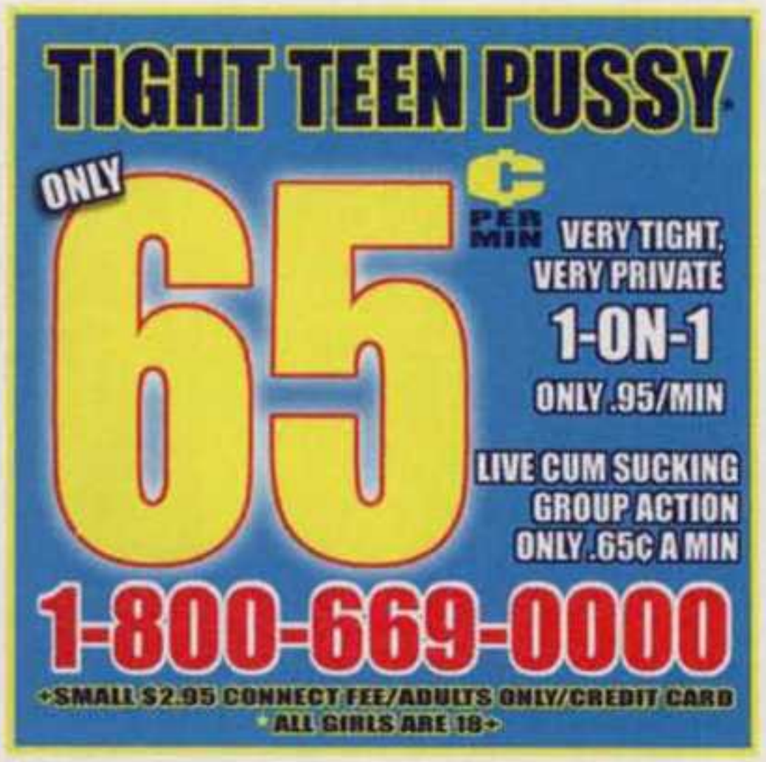
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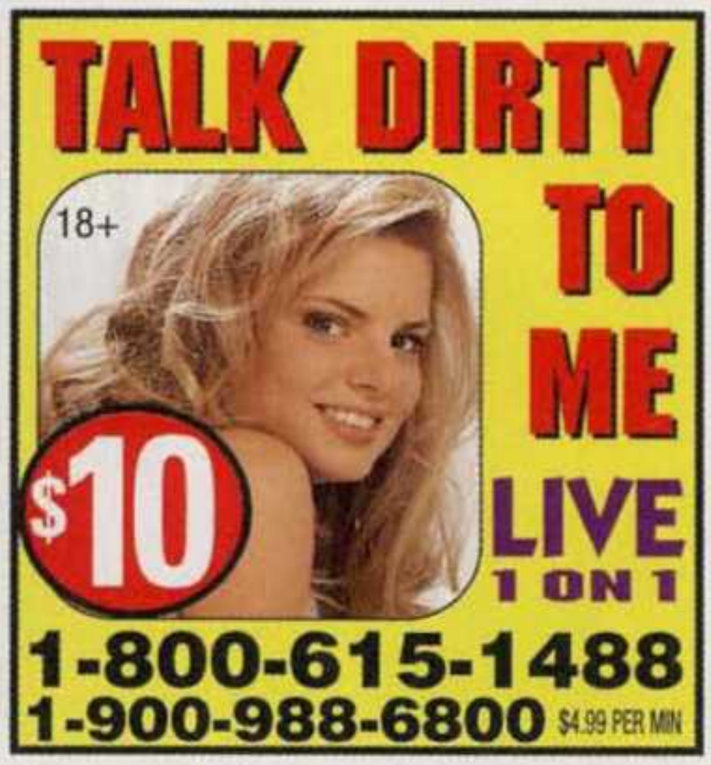
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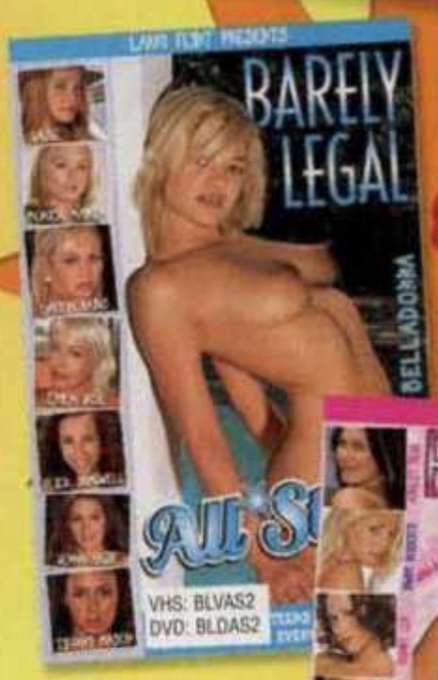

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ERIN COMPACT CHASSIS

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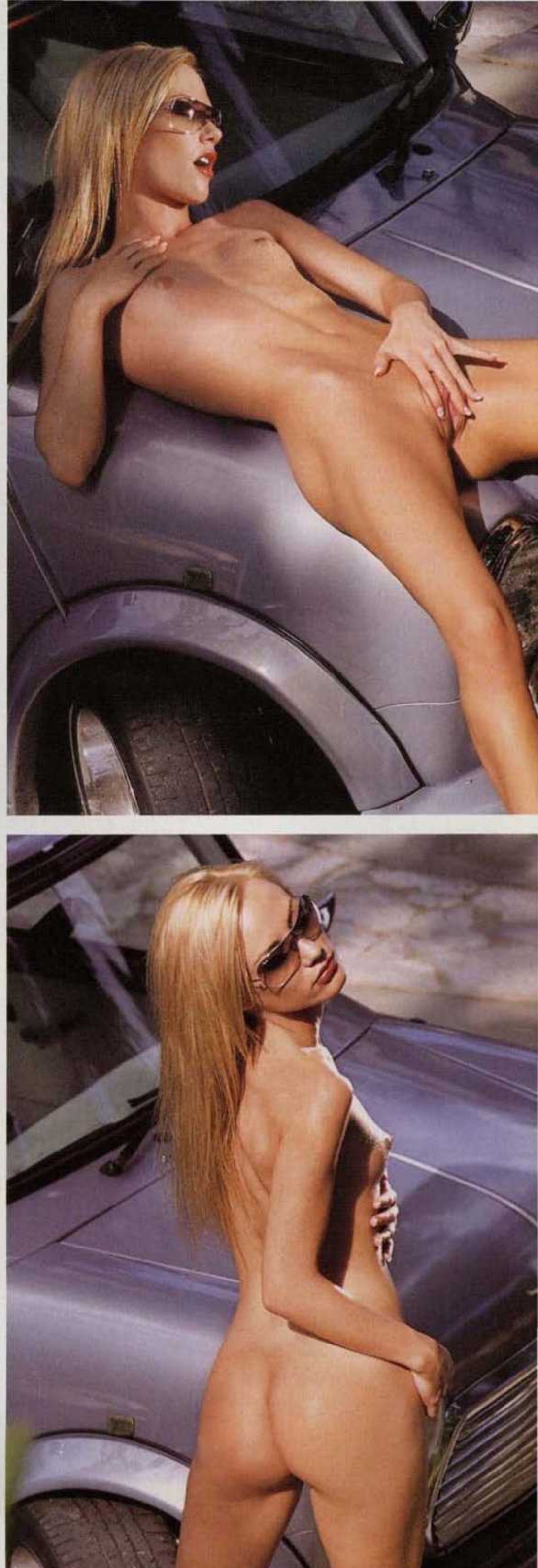
This perky 21-year-old just couldn't wait to take her clothes off for our illustrious magazine. "I love modeling," Erin chirps, "and I've been lucky enough to do a little here and there. HUSTLER wasn't the first time I got naked for the camera, but it was the best! I really had a great time."

Besides disrobing for master photographers, Erin does it for regular Joes night after night. So if you recognize the blue-eyed doll, you must be a patron of the Ecstasy Theatre in Santa Ana, California. "Working the pole is a great job," she extols. "It pays well, and I get to keep my body tight."

Erin loves to spend her free time buying clothes and people-watching, and not just close to home. "I went to Italy and Paris recently," the half-Apache hottie recalls. "The food and shopping were so much fun—not to mention the foreign men and girls!"

What kind of sex does Erin prefer? "All kinds!" she ecstatically responds. "I love it to be a little rough. I like having my hair pulled and having my legs jammed up over my head. Then again, I also go crazy for soft kisses on my neck."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★



"Working the pole is a great job. It pays well, and I get to keep my body tight."

ERIN

So tell us about your craziest escapade, Erin. "Wow! I've done a lot of wild things in the bedroom with both guys and girls. I guess the craziest was the time I fucked a married couple. The husband picked me up and took me back to eat his wife and screw him. Crazy, right?"

Despite her penchant for baring it all in magazines and nudie bars, Erin hopes to pursue a mainstream-modeling career. "I think I can make a go of it," the unbashful babe declares. "If I can't make a living wearing high-fashion clothes, I can always strip them off and do more HUSTLER layouts. That is, if you guys let me." Larry, what do you think?

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

"I love it to be a little rough. I like having my hair pulled and having my legs jammed up over my head."

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SHAY LAUREN

COMING NEXT MONTH

THE PRICE OF FREEDOM

Diebold is the right-wing manufacturer of hackable electronic voting machines. Stephen Heller was a temp employee who exposed Diebold's use of illegal software prior to the 2004 Presidential election. His reward for alerting California state officials? The brave whistle-blower faces felony criminal charges and financial ruin. Report by Brad Friedman.

ARMED MADHOUSE: PART 2

Union members give up their pensions and benefits just to keep their jobs, while executives make millions in bonuses. When wages are adjusted for inflation, the average worker is making less today than he did 30 years ago. A class war is under way in America, and we—the Middle Class—are losing. Greg Palast reports.

CELEBRITY NIPPLE-SLIPS: PAMELA ANDERSON & EVE

Everyone's favorite *Baywatch* babe, Pam Anderson, gives us a new peek at her jugs. Plus, rapper/actress/ex-stripper Eve bares her massive melons. Keith Valcourt reports.

Halloween Thrills & Chills

JOANNA ANGEL: THE NEW FACE OF ALT-PORN

Kick off Halloween with Joanna Angel! The AVN Award-winning star of the horror-sex flick *Re-Penetrator* is taking porn in exciting new directions while building a XXX empire. Exclusive interview by Guy Gonzales.

SCARY MOVIE SPOOF

Few film franchises combined nudity and horror as well as *Friday the 13th*. Just in time for Jason's favorite holiday, we give you a hardcore HUSTLER parody written and illustrated by Noel Anderson.

DOGMA BE DAMNED: PART 2

Charles Fort's trailblazing research of real, *X-Files*-type phenomena continues to inspire today's cultural elite. Skylaire Alfvegren's two-part profile of "the Monty Python of the strange and bizarre" comes to its mind-bending conclusion.

GASHES TO ASHES: DEAD PORN STARS

Car crashes, suicides, overdoses, AIDS—some porn stars are as notorious for their shocking deaths as they are for their life's work. Entertainment Editor Tom Farrell details the grisly fates of Savannah and a bevy of tragic XXX performers.

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